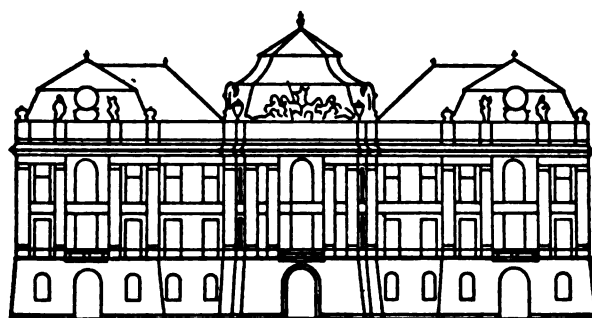


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P O E M S
O N
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By Mr. JOHN GAY.

VOLUME the FIRST.

His jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, querimur, irascimur; describimus aliquid modò pressius, modò elatius: atque ipsâ varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.
Plin. Epist.

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T H E

T H E

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Errata.

ERRATA.

PAge 324. line 14. for *were* read *we're*. page 294. line 19. for *Chelsed* read *Chelsea's*. page 301. line 18. read *is to be good and just*. page 326. line 14. for *frights* read *stares*. page 333. line 3. for *ambition's* read *ambitious*. page 348. line 15. instead of *her* read *thy*.

RURAL SPORTS.

A

G E O R G I C:

INSCRIBED

To Mr. P O P E.

— *Securi Prælia ruris*

Pandimus.

Nemefian.



RURAL SPORTS.

A

G E O R G I C.

To Mr. P O P E.



O U, who the sweets of rural life have
known,

Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town ;
In *Windsor* groves your easie hours em-
ploy,

And, undisturb'd, your self and Muse enjoy.

Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,

And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows,

While all his wond'ring Nymphs around thee throng,

To hear the *Sirens* warble in thy song.

B 2

But

But I, who ne'er was blest'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd plough-shares in paternal land, 10
Long in the noisie town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoak, and all its cares endur'd,
Where news and politicks divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasie mind;
Faction embroils the world; and ev'ry tongue 15
Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to int'rest's dearer ties;
Each rival *Machiavel* with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns; 20
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last; a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harrafs'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme. 26
My muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,

And

And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the *Mantuan* swain, and you. 30

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breaths delight;
Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day, 35
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground, 40
The lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green,
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand:
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows, 45
The fading herbage round he loosely throws;
But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,

His

His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the sowing rake; 50
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright *Phœbus* gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake, 55
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers:
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines; 60
Where flows the murr'ring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bord'ring hazle overhangs the streams
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast, 65
And ev'n at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the *Mantuan's* Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of *Italian* swains;

In

In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
And all *Hesperia* opens to my eyes. 70
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
Here I survey the purple vintage grow, 75
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein; 80
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs, 85
And steer his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend;
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:

Each

Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears. 90

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand;
No warbling cheats the woods; the feather'd choir 95
To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire;
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to *Neptune's* bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day; 100
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides;
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below:
Here pensive I behold the fading light, 105
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.
Now night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrow th'uncloudy skies;

Her

Her borrow'd lustre growing *Cynthia* lends,
And on the main a glitt'ring path extends ; 110
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer.
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of providence.
O could the muse in loftier strains rehearse, 115
The glorious author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays! 120
As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds, 125
But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,

C

With

With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
 Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams, 130
 Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
 And arm himself with ev'ry watry snare;
 His hooks, his lines peruse with careful eye,
 Encrease his tackle, and his rod retye.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
 Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain, 136
 And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
 Bear the loose foil into the swelling tide;
 Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
 And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,
 The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds, 140
 Whose rapid surface purles, unknown to weeds;
 Upon a rising border of the brook
 He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
 Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
 His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught, 145
 Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
 Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows; 150
When if or chance or hunger's pow'rful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line! 155
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to chuse; 160
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morfel flies;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains, 165
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the fully'd reptile race with moss;

12 *R U R A L S P O R T S.*

Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native Soil. 170

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day.

You now a more delusive art must try, 175
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride,
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require; 180

The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.

Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:
Silks of all colours must their aid impart, 185

And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.

So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;

Furs,

Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazles our eyes, and easie hearts betrays. 190

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear ;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft' have I seen a skilful angler try 195
The various colours of the treach'rous fly ;
When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forrest throw ; 200
When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide ;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size.
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds, 205
And on the back a speckled feather binds,
So just the colours shine through ev'ry part,
That nature seems to live again in art.

Let

Let not thy wary step advance too near,
 While all thy hope hangs on a single hair; 210
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,
 With nat'ral motion from thy hand supply'd,
 Against the stream now let it gently play, 215
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
 The scaly shoals float by, and feis'd with fear
 Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate. 220

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
 And all the watry plain in wrinkles flows,
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
 Where bubbling eddys favour the deceit.
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy 225
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
 And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;

Then

Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
 And bears with joy the little spoil away. 230
 Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake,
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
 And now again, impatient of the wound, 235
 He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
 The trembling fins the boiling wave divide;
 Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art; 240
 He views the tumbling Fish with longing eyes,
 While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
 Each motion humours with his steady hands,
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
 Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength, 245
 The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
 He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
 Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;

Then

Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air: 250

Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase;
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores, 255
Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores:
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I, nor chuse to bear 261
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine, 265
No blood of living insect stain my line;
Let me less cruel cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod atwart the pebbled brook,

Silent

Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey. 270

CANTO II.

NOW, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for funny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide-encircling net display, 275
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the soale and turbet hide the fand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watry song. 280

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the plowman's labour vain,
When *Ceres* pours out plenty from her horn,
And cloaths the fields with golden ears of corn.

D

Now,

Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair, 285
Haste, save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for silvan sport thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe. 290
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The suttie hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound 295
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!

What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!
Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray, 301
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the lab'ring horse with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,

To

To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies, 305
 With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
 Wandring in plenty, danger he forgets,
 Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
 The subtle dog scowrs with sagacious nose
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows, 310
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
 Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry, 315
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,
 Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
 And glancing *Phæbus* gilds the mountain's head, 320
 His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes:
 Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
 And drives his chariot down the western way,

Let your obsequious ranger search around, 325
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade; 330
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moist'ned plains;
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear, 335
But what's the fowler's be the muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey;
The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies; 340
The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain fight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;

Now

Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take, 345

Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;

Not closest coverts can protect the game:

Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim;

The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!

The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing, 350

Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:

Let them on high the frightened hern survey,

And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.

Nor shall the mounting lark the muse detain,

That greets the morning with his early strain; 355

When, midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays;

While from each angle flash the glancing rays,

And in the sun the transient colours blaze,

Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:

The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies. 360

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;

The hound must open in these rural strains.

Soon as *Aurora* drives away the night,

And edges eastern clouds with rosie light, The

The healthy huntsman, with the chearful horn, 365
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds;
Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake: 370
The flying game their smoaking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains eccho from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears, 375
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales and forests far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find? 381
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;

Till

Till spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death. 386

But stay, advent'rous muse, hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmov'd hast thou the skill
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill? 390
Canst thou the stag's laborious chace direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters, spare this weak essay.

Oh happy plains, remote from war's alarms, 395
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor: 400
No barb'rous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:

No

No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar, 405
The dreadful signal of invasive war;
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day she spends! 410
She gratefully receives what heav'n has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains, 415
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs: 420
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost:
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.

If

If love's soft passion in her bosom reign, 425
 An equal passion warms her happy swain;
 No homebred jars her quiet state controul,
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
 With secret joy she sees her little race
 Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace; 430
 The fleecy ball their little fingers cull,
 Or from the spindle draw the lengthning wool:
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
 Till Age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife, 435
 The kind rewarders of industrious life;
 Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove;
 Alike indulgent to the muse and love;
 Ye murm'ring streams that in *Mæanders* roll,
 The sweet composers of the pensive soul, 440
 Farewel.—The city calls me from your bow'rs:
 Farewel amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

E

T H E

3
2

1

THE
F A N.
A
P O E M.
In THREE BOOKS.

— — — — — ἔνθα δὲ θελήσῃε πάντα τέτυκτο·
Ἐνθα ἐνὶ μῶνι φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερθ', ἐν δ' ὀαριεύς,
Πάρρῃσις ἦτ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονέοντων·
Τὸν ῥά δι' ἔμβαλε χερσίν.

Homer Iliad. 14.

3

21



T H E
F A N.
A
P O E M.

B O O K I.



Sing that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day.
Not the wide fan by *Persian* dames
display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;

Nor

Nor that long known in *China's* artful land, 5
 Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
 Nor shall the muse in *Asian* climates rove,
 To seek in *Indoſtan* ſome ſpicy grove,
 Where ſtretch'd at eaſe the panting lady lies,
 To ſhun the fervor of meridian ſkies, 10
 While ſweating ſlaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
 And with wide-ſpreading fans reſreſh the fair;
 No buſie gnats her pleaſing dreams moleſt,
 Inſlave her cheek, or ravage o'er her breaſt,
 But artificial Zephyrs round her fly, 15
 And mitigate the fever of the ſky.

Nor ſhall *Bermudas* long the Muſe detain,
 Whoſe fragrant forests bloom in *Waller's* ſtrain,
 Where breathing ſweets from ev'ry field aſcend,
 And the wild woods with golden apples bend; 20
 Yet let me in ſome od'rous ſhade reſpoſe,
 Whiſt in my verſe the fair *Palmetto* grows:
 Like the tall pine it ſhoots its ſtately head,
 From the broad top depending branches ſpread; 25

No

No knotty limbs the taper body bears, 25
 Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
 Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,
 Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
 But as the seasons in their circle run,
 Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun: 30
 Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
 Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wand'ring Muse, nor rove in foreign climes,
 To thy own native shore confine thy rhimes.
 Assist, ye Nine, your loftiest notes employ, 35
 Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;
 Say how this instrument of love began,
 And in immortal strains display the fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his am'rous pain,
 Which gay *Corinna* railly'd with disdain: 40
 Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
 Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
 With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
 He dress'd, he laugh'd, he fung, he rhim'd, he danc'd:

Now

Now call'd more pow'rful presents to his aid, 45
 And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid;
 Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours apply'd,
 The surest charm to bind the force of pride:
 But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
 Insults her captive, and derides his flame. 50
 When *Strephon* saw his vows dispers'd in air,
 He sought in solitude to lose his care;
 Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
 It serv'd, like musick, but to feed his pain.
 To *Venus* now the flighted boy complains, 55
 And calls the Goddess in these tender strains.

O potent Queen, from *Neptune's* empire sprung,
 Whose glorious birth admiring *Nereids* sung,
 Who 'midst the fragrant plains of *Cyprus* rove,
 Whose radiant presence gilds the *Paphian* grove, 60
 Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
 And curling clouds of incense hide the skies;
 O beauteous Goddess, teach me how to move,
 Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.

If

If lost *Adonis* e'er thy bosom warm'd, 65
 If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,
 Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
 Think on the restless feaver of thy heart;
 Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain:
 By those uneasy minutes know my pain. 70
 Ev'n while *Cydippe* to *Diana* bows,
 And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,
 The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
 She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame:
 Oh, may my flame, like thine, *Acontius*, prove, 75
 May *Venus* dictate, and reward my love.
 When crouds of suitors *Atalanta* try'd,
 She wealth, and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;
 Each daring lover with advent'rous pace
 Pursu'd his wishes in the dang'rous race; 80
 Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,
 Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O *Venus*, was thy care,
 You taught the swain to stay the flying fair,

F

Thy

Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes, 85
She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
Say, *Cyprian* Deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love *Corinna's* heart;
If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her flight. 90
Thus the desponding youth his flame declares.
The Goddess with a nod his passion bears.

Far in *Cythera* stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to *Venus* and the God of love;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head, 95
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
Here nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends, 100
The rugged stone is cloath'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busie *Cupids*, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;

All

All share the toil; while some the bellows ply, 105

Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:

Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,

Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;

Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,

And with the warlike store their quivers fill. 110

A different toil another forge employs;

Here the loud hammer fashions female toys,

Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,

Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride;

Each trinket that adorns the modern dame, 115

First to these little artists ow'd its frame.

Here an unfinish'd di'mond crosslet lay,

To which soft lovers adoration pay;

There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,

That with quick scents revives the modish spleen: 120

Here the yet rude unjoynted snuff-box lyes,

Which serves the railly'd fop for smart replies;

There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,

The future records of the lover's flames;

Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found, 125
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground.

There stands the *Toilette*, nursery of charms,
Compleatly furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black-lead combs. 130

The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide,
Some work the file, and some the graver guide;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.

Thus when *Semiramis*, in ancient days, 135

Bad *Babylon* her mighty bulwarks raise;

A swarm of lab'ers diff'rent tasks attend:

Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend,

With ecchoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,

While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones; 140

The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,

Till the proud battlements her tow'rs enclose.

Now *Venus* mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to *Cythera's* plains;

Strait

Strait to the grott with graceful step she goes, 145

Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows:

The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,

All drop their silent hammers on the floor;

In deep suspenſe the mighty labour ſtands, 149

While thus the Goddeſs ſpoke her mild commands.

Induſtrious *Loves*, your preſent toils forbear,

A more important task demands your care;

Long has the ſcheme employ'd my thoughtful Mind,

By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.

That glorious bird have ye not often ſeen 155

Who draws the car of the celeftial Queen?

Have ye not oft ſurvey'd his varying dyes,

His tail all gilded o'er with *Argus'* eyes?

Have ye not ſeen him in the ſunny day

Unfurle his plumes, and all his pride diſplay, 160

Then ſuddenly contract his dazling train,

And with long-trailing feathers ſweep the plain?

Learn from this hint, let this inſtruct your art;

Thin taper ſticks muſt from one center part:

Let

Let these into the quadrant's form divide, 165

The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;

Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,

And make a miniature creation grow.

Let the machine in equal foldings close,

And now its plaited surface wide dispose. 170

So shall the fair her idle hand employ,

And grace each motion with the restless toy,

With various play bid grateful *Zephyrs* rise,

While love in ev'ry grateful *Zephyr* flies.

The master *Cupid* traces out the lines, 175

And with judicious hand the draught defigas,

Th' expecting *Loves* with joy the model view,

And the joint labour eagerly pursue.

Some flit their arrows with the nicest art,

And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart; 180

The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,

Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;

Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,

And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:

Of

Of this, the little pin they neatly mold, 185
From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at just distance the wide ribs extend,
Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,
And finish instantly the new machine. 190

The Goddess pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair,

Unhappy lovers, how will you withstand, 195
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd, 200
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
E'er black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play.

How,

How are the Sex improv'd in am'rous arts, 205
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew; 210
In the bright air the dreadful fauchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-waistful death from thundering cannon flies,
One hour with more battalions strows the plain, 215
Than were of yore in weekly battels slain.
So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.
The bosom now its panting beautys shows,
Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws; 220
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dress sinks and now aspires
A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires.

The

The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows, 225
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring!
What force of thought, what numbers can express,
Th' inconstant equipage of female drefs? 230

How the strait stays the slender waste constrain,
How to adjust the manteau's sweeping train?
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?
But stay, presumptuous Muse, nor boldly dare 235

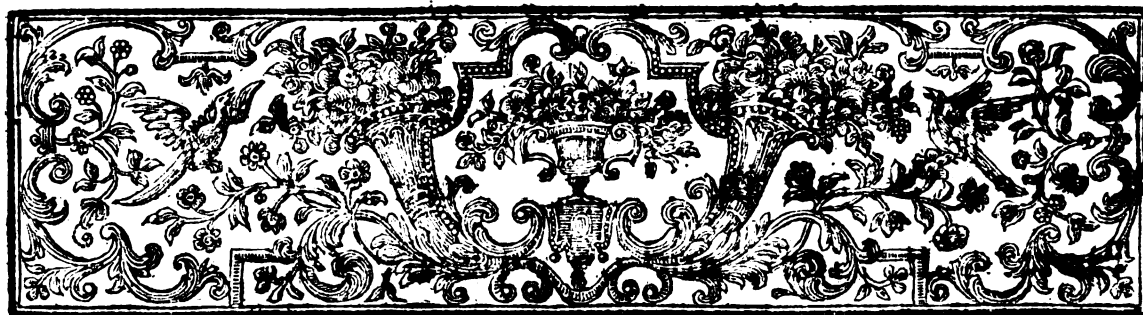
The *Toilette's* sacred mysteries declare;
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.

Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse; 240

Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flow'rs grow stiff with frosted gold,
The dazled Muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

G

T H E



T H E
F A N.
A
P O E M.

B O O K . II.



OLYMPUS gates unfold; in heav'n's high
towers
Appear in council all th' immortal Powers;
Great *Jove* above the rest exalted fate,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate,

His

His awful eye with ray superiour shone,
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see, fair *Venus* comes in all her state,
The wanton *Loves* and *Graces* round her wait;
With her loose robe officious *Zephyrs* play,
And strow with odoriferous flowers the way,
In her right hand she waves the flutt'ring fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began.

Assembled Powers, who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies and earth preside,
Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with gen'rous wine;
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is *Pomona's* care.

I first taught woman to subdue mankind, 25
And all her native charms with dress refin'd:
Celestial Synod, this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool *Zephyrs* play;
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes; 30
No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
From the fan's ambush she directs the dart.
The royal scepter shines in *Juno's* hand,
And twisted thunder speaks great *Jove's* command;
On *Pallas'* arm the *Gorgon* shield appears, 35
And *Neptune's* mighty grasp the trident bears;
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strung bow points out the *Cynthian* Queen;
Henceforth the waving fan my hands shall grace,
The waving fan supply the scepter's place. 40
Who shall, ye Powers, the forming pencil hold?
What story shall the wide machine unfold?
Let *Loves* and *Graces* lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd;

Let

Let *Cupid's* arrows strow the smiling plains 45
With unresisting nymphs, and am'rous swains:
May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
To melt slow virgins with the warm design.

Diana rose; with silver crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground; 50
Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said:

Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?
Does man against her charms too pow'rful prove, 55
Or are the sex grown novices in love?
Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprize?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows; 60
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let *Cupid* rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.

Have

Have not the Gods already cherish'd pride, 65
And woman with destructive arms supply'd?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines: 70
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm oar is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.
Does not the di'mond sparkle in her ear, 75
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if *Venus*' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastick engine be decreed, 80
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy, and *Hymen*'s woe.
Here let the wretched *Ariadne* stand,
Seduc'd by *Theseus* to some desert land,

Her

Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind, 85
 The crytal tears confess her tortur'd mind;
 The perjurd youth unfurles his treach'rous sails,
 And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
 Be still, ye winds, she crys, stay, *Theseus*, stay;
 But faithless *Theseus* hears no more than they. 90
 All desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
 And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
 His less'ning vessel plows the foamy main,
 She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.
 Paint *Diis* there amidst her last distress, 95
 Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:
 Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd,
 And gushing blood streams purple from the wound;
 Her sister *Anna* hov'ring o'er her stands,
 Accuses heav'n with lifted eyes and hands, 100
 Upbraids the *Trojan* with repeated cries,
 And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
 View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe;
 They're *Trojans* all, and vow but to deceive.

Here

Here draw *OEnone* in the lonely grove,
 Where *Paris* first betray'd her into love;
 Let wither'd garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
 Which the false youth wove for *OEnone's* brow,
 The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
 And like their odours all his vows are fled;
 On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
 And *Xanthus'* waves with mournful look surveys;
 That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
 When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame:
These streams shall sooner to their fountain move,
Than I forget my dear OEnone's love.
 Roll back, ye streams, back to your fountain run,
Paris is false, *OEnone* is undone.
 Ah wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
 E'er you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew,
 When groves could please, and when you lov'd the plain,
 Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the fan,
 In his true colours view perfidious man,

Pleas'd

Pléas'd with her virgin state in forests rove, 125
And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.

The Goddefs ended. Merry *Momus* rose,
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
Then with a noisie laugh forestalls his joke,
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke. 130

Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaste *Diana* on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own the *Cynthian* Queen;
On *Latmos*' top see young *Endymion* lies, 135
Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes,
See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
No more her hand the glitt'ring Jav'lin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds. 140
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still---while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on some flow'ry bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a grateful shade,

H

Her

Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace, 145
 And glowing expectation paints her face,
 O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
 Stand off, ye shepherds; fear *Actæon*'s head;
 Let vig'rous *Pan* th' unguarded minute seize,
 And in a shaggy goat the virgin please. 150
 Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
 Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

There with just warmth *Aurora*'s passion trace,
 Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face;
 See *Cephalus* her wanton airs despise, 155
 While she provokes him with desiring eyes;
 To raise his passion she displays her charms,
 His modest hand upon her bosom warms;
 Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force his heart persuade,
 But with disdain he quits the rosie maid. 160

Here let dissolving *Leda* grace the toy,
 Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
 Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
 While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.

There

There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its pow'r, 165
And soften *Danae* in a glitt'ring show'r.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage *Minerva* place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face; 170
See, where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe hears the resounding wood:
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes;
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain 175
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.

With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,
What, spoil her face! no. Warbling strains farewell.
Shall arts, shall sciences employ the fair?
Those trifles are beneath *Minerva's* care. 180

From *Venus* let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the *Cyprian* dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the growing flame;

The God of war within her clinging arms; 185
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping *Vulcan* with a husband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace. 190
Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be seen;
So shall the fair, as long as fans shall last,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.



T H E



T H E
F A N.

A
P O E M.

B O O K III.



HUS *Momus* spoke. When sage *Mi-*
nerva rose,

From her sweet lips smooth elocution
flows,

Her skillful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.

As

As Gods are blest'd with a superior skill, 5
And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will,
Strait she proposes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design.
Th' assembled Pow'rs consent. She now began,
And her creating pencil stain'd the fan. 10

O'er the fair field, trees spread, and rivers flow,
Tow'rs rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;
Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear, 15
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Through the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies. 20

She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind.

The fate of pride in *Niobe* she drew:
Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue.

In

In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood, 25
 Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood ;
 Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
 Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air ;
 A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
 Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround : 30
 She made *Latona's* altars cease to flame,
 And of due honours robb'd her sacred name,
 To her own charms she bad fresh incense rise,
 And adoration own her brighter eyes.
 Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loyns were born, 35
 Sev'n graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
 Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
 Were by *Latona's* double offspring slain.
 Here *Phæbus* his unerring arrow drew,
 And from his rising steed her first-born threw, 40
 His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
 And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
 Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
 See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,

Diana'

Diana's arrow joins them face to face, 45
And death unites them in a strict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain ;
When heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.
This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
And 'midst his humble adoration dies. 50
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart :
While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear, 55
With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood ;
Some with their tresses stopp'd the gushing blood,
They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action share their fate. 60
Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care ;
To save her only care in vain she tries,
Close at her feet the latest victim dies.

Down

Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows, 65
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose,
 Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,
 The plain all purple with her children's blood;
 She stiffens with her woes: no more her hair
 In easie ringlets wantons in the air; 70
 Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
 All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
 Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans display, 75
 And the just fate of lofty pride survey;
 Though lovers oft extoll your beauty's power,
 And in celestial families adore,
 Though from your features *Cupid* borrows arms,
 And Goddesses confess inferior charms, 80
 Do not, vain maid, the flatt'ring tale believe,
 Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours *Procris*' passion tell,
 Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.

Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife, 85
 Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;
 Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
 And purple gore her snowy bosom dies.
 What guilt, what horror on his face appears!
 See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears, 90
 With agony his wringing hands he strains,
 And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives; bid vain suspicion cease,
 Lose not in sullen discontent your peace.
 For when fierce love to jealousy ferments, 95
 A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents,
 No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
 And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the *Kaliscian* Queen expir'd,
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd; 100
 Gay *Chlorens*' arms attract her longing eyes,
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;

Down

Down dropt the martial maid; the bloody ground,
 Floats with a torrent from the purple wound. 106
 The mouthfull nymphs her drooping head sustain,
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
 Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays; 110
 His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
 And his bright sword-knot lure her wand'ring eyes;
 Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young *Narcissus* o'er the fountain stood, 115
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood;
 The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,
Eccho in vain the flying boy pursu'd, 120
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires:
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,

Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows, 125
 And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows.

Let vain *Narcissus* warn each female breast,
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.
 Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,
 And age like winter robs the blooming fair. 130

Oh *Araminta*, cease thy wonted pride,
 Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
 Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
 Their lustre and thy rosie colour flies! 135

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine,
 And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The *Cyprian* Queen the painted gift receives,
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.
 To the low world she bends her steepy way
 Where *Strephon* pass'd the solitary day; 140
 She found him in a melancholy grove,
 His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love,
 The wounded bark confess'd his flighted flame,
 And ev'ry tree bore false *Corinna's* name;

In

In a cool shade he lay with folded arms, 145
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
 When *Venus* to his wond'ring eyes appears,
 And with these words relieves his am'rous cares.

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,
 Whose ratt'ling sticks my busie fingers sway, 150
 This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
 And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
 And various fashions learn from various lands.
 For this, shall elephants their ivory shed; 155
 And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
 On this shall *Indians* all their art employ,
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy; 160
 Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
 Their drefs, their customs, their religion show,
 So shall the *British* fair their minds improve,
 And on the fan to distant climates rove.

Here

Here *China's* ladies shall their pride display, 165
 And silver figures gild their loose array ;
 This boasts her little feet and winking eyes ;
 That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies :
 Here cross-leg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine. 170
 The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies ;
 This shall in temples the fly maid conceal,
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
 Gay *France* shall make the fan her artist's care, 175
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
 As learned Orators that touch the heart,
 With various action raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue. 180
 So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
 From noisie anger to the sullen spleen.

While *Venus* spoke, joy shone in *Strephon's* eyes,
 Proud of the gift, he to *Corinna* flies.

But

But *Cupid* (who delights in am'rous ill,
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
 With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
 Which to *Leander's* panting bosom flew :
Leander lov'd ; and to the sprightly dame
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame ;
 Sweet smiles *Corinna* to his sighs returns,
 And for the fop in equal passion burns.

185

190

Lo *Strephon* comes ! and with a suppliant bow,
 Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of *Niobe* beheld,
 Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd ?
 She sighing cry'd : Disdain forsook her breast,
 And *Strephon* now was thought a worthy guest.

195

In *Procris'* bosom when she saw the dart ;
 She justly blames her own suspicious heart,
 Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
 And knows her *Strephon's* constancy sincere.

200

When on *Camilla's* fate her eye she turns,
 No more for show and equipage she burns ;

She

She learns *Leander's* passion to despise, 205
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies,
Love then, ye virgins, e'er the blossom dies. 210

Thus *Pallas* taught her. *Strephon* weds the dame,
And *Hymen's* torch diffus'd the brightest flame.



T H E



The Shepherd's Week.

T H E
S H E P H E R D ' s W E E K.
I N
S I X P A S T O R A L S.

—————*Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas.—*

Virg.

K

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ACQUISITIONS DEPARTMENT



T H E
P R O E M E
To the Courteous
R E A D E R.



RE AT marvell bath it been, (and that not unworthily to diverse worthy wits, that in this our Island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of Poesie highly flourishing, no Poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) bath hit on the right simple Eclogue after the true ancient guise of

Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other Poet travailling in this plain high-way of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious plough-men, in no wise sure more unworthy a British Poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement

The P R O E M E.

rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral. Whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instilled Golden, as this of our Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and schoolboys) unto that ancient Dorick Shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

Ὀπόλλει δὲ καὶ ἰσορῇ τὰς μικὰδας οἷα βατιῶντι
Ταχέεται ὀρθαλμῶς ὅτι ἔ τεύχεται αὐτὸς ἔγχετο.

Theoc.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred tast, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the Burgeffes of this realme.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landschape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season: even as maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the aire,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain or tedded grasse or kine
Or dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thom

The P R O E M E.

Thou wilt not find my Shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray driving them to their styas. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields, he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as maister Spencer well observeth.

Well is known that since the Saxon King
Never was wolf seen, many or some
Nor in all Kent nor in christendom.

For as much, as I have mentioned maister Spencer, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at some times raised his rustick reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, the shepherd's calendar, and divided the same into the twelve months, I have chosen (paradventure not overrashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be christian shepherds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further of many of maister Spencer's eclogues it may be observed; though months they be called, of the said months therein, nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. It having too much
of

The P R O E M E.

of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language, I seem unto my self, as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point, no reason can I alledge, only deep learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again, much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time that some lover of Simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thy self with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

thy Loving Countryman,

JOHN GAY.

P R O-



P R O L O G U E.

To the Right Honourable the

Lord Viscount BOLINGBROKE.



O, I who erst beneath a tree
Sung *Bumkinet* and *Bowzybee*,
And *Blouzelind* and *Marian* bright,
In apron blue or apron white,

Now write my sonnets in a book,

For my good lord of *Bolingbroke*.

As lads and lasses stood around

To hear my boxen haut-boy sound,

Our *Clerk* came posting o'er the green

With doleful tidings of the *Queen*;

That

That Queen, he said, to whom we owe
Sweet *Peace* that maketh riches flow;
That *Queen* who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!--- and lay in state.

At this, in tears was *Cic'ly* seen,
Buxoma tore her pinnars clean,
In doleful dumps stood ev'ry clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd *Queen ANNE* to *Elizabeth*,
I broke my reed, and sighing swore
I'd weep for *Blouzelind* no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our Liege was passing well.
A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They said had wrought this blessed deed,
This leach *Arbutnot* was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept;

But

But watch'd our gracious Sov'raign still:
For who could rest when she was ill?
Oh, mayst thou henceforth sweetly sleep!
Sheer, fwains, oh sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch; for well I ween,
He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, please God, I'll hye with glee
To court, this *Arbutnot* to see.

I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue:
My boxen haut-boy sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For *Lightfoot* and my scrip I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dread;
For Peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of Granadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row
Before their Queen in seemly show.

L

No

No more I'll sing *Buxoma* brown,
Like goldfinch in her *Sunday* gown;
Nor *Clumfilis*, nor *Marian* bright,
Nor damsel that *Hobnelia* hight.
But *Lansdown* fresh as flow'r of *May*,
And *Berkely* lady blithe and gay,
And *Anglesey* whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming *Hyde*, with eyes so rare,
And *Montague* beyond compare.
Such ladies fair wou'd I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green.
As *Oxford*, who a wand doth bear,
Like *Moses*, in our Bibles fair;
Who for our traffick forms designs,
And gives to *Britain* Indian mines.
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare,

Ye

Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,
 And bid broad-cloths and serges grow,
 For trading free shall thrive again,
 Nor leasings leud affright the swain.

There saw I *St. John*, sweet of mien,
 Full stedfast both to Church and Queen.
 With whose fair name I'll deck my strain,
St. John, right courteous to the swain ;

For thus he told me on a day,
 Trim are thy sonnets, gentle *Gay*,
 And certes, mirth it were to see
 Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
 With preface meet, and notes profound,
 Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
 All suddenly then home I sped,
 And did ev'n as my Lord had said.

Lo here, thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
 But let not these detain thine ear.
 Let not th' affairs of States and Kings
 Wait, while our *Bowzybeus* sings.

Rather than verfe of fimple fwain
Should ftay the trade of *France* or *Spain*,
Or for the plaint of Parfon's maid,
Yon' Emp'ror's packets be delay'd;
In footh, I fwear by holy *Paul*,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.



M O N-



M O N D A Y;

O R, T H E
S Q U A B B L E.

Lobbin Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole.

L O B B I N C L O U T.



H Y younglings, *Cuddy*, are but just a-
wake,

No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush for-
fake,

No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,

No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;

Line

3. Welkin the same as Welken, an old Saxon word signifying a Cloud; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the Element or Sky, as may appear by this verse in the *Dream* of Chaucer. Ne in all the Welkin was no Cloud.

Sheen or Shine, an old word for shining or bright.

O'er

78 *F I R S T P A S T O R A L.*

O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does *Cuddy* leave his cott so rear?

C U D D Y.

Ah *Lobbin Clout*! I ween, my plight is guest,
For *he that loves, a stranger is to rest*;
If fwains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And *Blouzelinda's* mistress of thy heart. 10
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy *Blouzelind*.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee *Blouzelinda* smites, *Buxoma* me.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Ah *Blouzelind*! I love thee more by half, 15
Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue! may blisters fore it gall,
That names *Buxoma, Blouzelind* withal.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Hold, witless *Lobbin Clout*, I thee advise,
Left blisters fore on thy own tongue arise. 20

5. Scant, used in ancient British authors for scarce.

6. Rear, an expression in several counties of England, for early in the morning.

7. To ween, derived from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

Lo yonder *Cloddipole*, the blithsome swain,
 The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
 From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the skies,
 To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
 He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view, 25
 When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue;
 He first that useful secret did explain,
 That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.
 When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
 He told us that the welkin would be clear. 30
 Let *Cloddipole* then hear us twain rehearse,
 And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
 I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
 That *Cloddipole* shall give the prize to me.

C U D D Y.

See this tobacco-pouch that's lin'd with hair, 35
 Made of the skin of fleckest fallow deer.
 This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
 I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

25. erst, a contraction of ere this, it signifies sometime ago or formerly.

C U D D Y.

C U D D Y.

Begin thy carrol then, thou vaunting flouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

L O B B I N C L O U T.

My *Blouzelinda* is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows,
Fair is the gillyflow'r, of gardens sweet, 45
Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet.
But *Blouzelind's* than gillyflow'r more fair,
Than daisie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

C U D D Y.

My brown *Buxoma* is the feateft maid,
That e'er at Wake delightfome gambol play'd. 50
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her *Sunday* gown.
The witlefs lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping fwain,

The

The S Q U A B B L E. 81

The wanton calf may skip with many a bound, 55
And my cur *Tray* play deftest feats around:
But neither lamb nor kid, nor calf nor *Tray*,
Dance like *Buxoma* on the first of *May*.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Sweet is my toil when *Blouzelind* is near,
Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year. 60
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come *Blouzelinda*, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow and my winter's fire!

C U D D Y.

As with *Buxoma* once I work'd at hay, 65
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday. 70

Line 56. Deft, an old word signifying brisk or nimble.

69. Eftsoons from eft an ancient British word signifying soon. So that eftsoons is a doubling of the word soon, which is, as it were, to say twice soon, or very soon.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As *Blouzelinda* in a gamefome mood,
 Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
 I nily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kifs,
 She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amifs.
 Believe me, *Cuddy*, while I'm bold to fay, 75
 Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay,

C U D D Y.

As my *Buxoma* in a morning fair,
 With gentle finger ftroak'd her milky care,
 I queintly ftole a kifs; at firft, 'tis true
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80
Lobbin, I fwear, believe who will my vows,
 Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the *Welch*, to *Dutchmen* butter's dear,
 Of *Irish* fwains potatoe is the chear;

Line 79. Queint has various fignifications in the ancient English authors. I have ufed it in this place in the fame fense as Chaucer hath done in his Miller's Tale. As Clerkes been full fubtle and queint, (by which he means arch or waggifh) and not in that obfcene fense wherein he ufeth it in the line immediately following.

83. *Populus Alcidæ gratiffima, vitis Iaccho,*
Formofæ Myrtus Veneri, fua Laurea Phæbo.
Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laurea Phæbi. &c.

Virg.

Oats

The SQUABBLE. 83

Oats for their feasts, the *Scottish* shepherds grind, 85

Sweet turnips are the food of *Blouzelind*.

While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,

Nor leeks nor oatmeal nor potatoe prize.

C U D D Y.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,

The capon fat delights his dainty wife, 90

Pudding our Parson eats, the Squire loves hare,

But white-pot thick is my *Buxoma's* fare.

While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,

Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

L O B B I N' C L O U T.

As once I play'd at *Blindman's-buff*, it hapt 95

About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.

I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on *Blouzelind*;

True speaks that ancient proverb, *Love is blind*.

C U D D Y.

As at *Hot-Cockles* once I laid me down,

And felt the weighty hand of many a clown; 100

Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

On two near elms, the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low my *Blouzelinda* swung.
With the rude wind her ruffled garment rose, 105
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

C U D D Y.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And my self pois'd against the tottering maid,
High leapt the plank; adown *Buxoma* fell;
I spy'd----but faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

L O B B I N C L O U T.

This riddle, *Cuddy*, if thou canst, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain.
† *What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name,*
The richest metal joined with the same?

C U D D Y.

Answer, thou Carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight. 116

† *Marygold.*

* *What*

* *What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin, and 'tis strown on graves.*

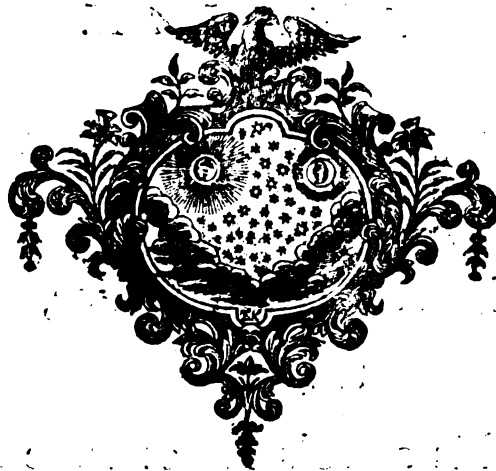
C L O D D I P O L E.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains,
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 120
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman *Hodges'* barn.
Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They're weary of your songs---and so am I.

117. *Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regu'
Nascantur Flores.* Virg.

* *Rosemary.*

120. *Et vitula tu dignus & hic.* Virg.



TUESDAY;



T U E S D A Y;

O R, T H E

D I T T Y.

M A R I A N.



Y O U N G *Colin Clout*, a lad of peerless
meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune
the reed;

In ev'ry wood his carrols sweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.

THE END

When

When in the ring the rustick routs he threw, 5
 The damsels pleasures with his conquests grew;
 Or when assant the cudgel threats his head,
 His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,
 But chief of *Marian*. *Marian* lov'd the swain,
 The Parson's maid, and neatest of the plain. 10
Marian that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
 Or lessen with her sieve the barley mow;
 Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
 And yellow butter *Marian's* skill confess'd;
 But *Marian* now devoid of country cares, 15
 Nor yellow butter nor sage cheese prepares.
 For yearning love the witless maid employs,
 And *Love*, say swains, *all busie heed destroys*.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
 A lass that *Cic'ly* hight, had won his heart, 20
Cic'ly the western lass that tends the kee,
 The rival of the Parson's maid was she.

21. Kee, a West-Country Word for Kine or Cows.

In dreary shade now *Marian* lyes along,
And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song.

Ah woful day ! ah woful noon and morn ! 25
When first by thee my younglings white were thorn,
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were filly, but more filly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
They lost but fleeces while I lost a heart. 30

Ah *Colin* ! canst thou leave thy Sweetheart true !
What I have done for thee will *Cic'ly* do ?
Will she thy linnen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own-spun yarn ?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat, 35
And ev'ry *Sunday* morn thy neckcloth plait ?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew *Cic'ly's* eyes aside.

Where-e'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new difasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown, 40
So thin my features that I'm hardly known ;

Our

Our neighbours tell me oft in joking talk
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran and chalk ;
Unwittingly of *Marian* they devine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet *Colin Clout*, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

45

Whilom with thee 'twas *Marian's* dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the foil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care.
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In mising days when I my thresher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd ;
Lost in the musick of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoaking pail ;
In harvest when the Sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought supply ;
When-e'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake ;

50

55

60

N

When

90 SECOND PASTORAL.

When in the welkin gath'ring flow'rs were seen,
I lagg'd the last with *Colin* on the green;

And when at eve returning with thy carr, 65

Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;

Strait on the fire the footy pot I plac't,

To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.

When hungry thou stood'st *fearing, like an Oaf*;

I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf, 70

With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.

Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last *Friday's* eve, when as the sun was set;

I, near yon stile, three fallow gypsies met.

Upon my hand they cast a pewing look, 75

Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook,

They said that many crosses I must prove,

Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.

Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,

And off the hedge two pinnens and a smock. 80

I bore these losses with a christian mind;

And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.

But

But since, alas! I grew my *Colin's* scorn,
 I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
 Help me, ye gypsies, bring him home again, 85
 And to a constant lass give back her swain.

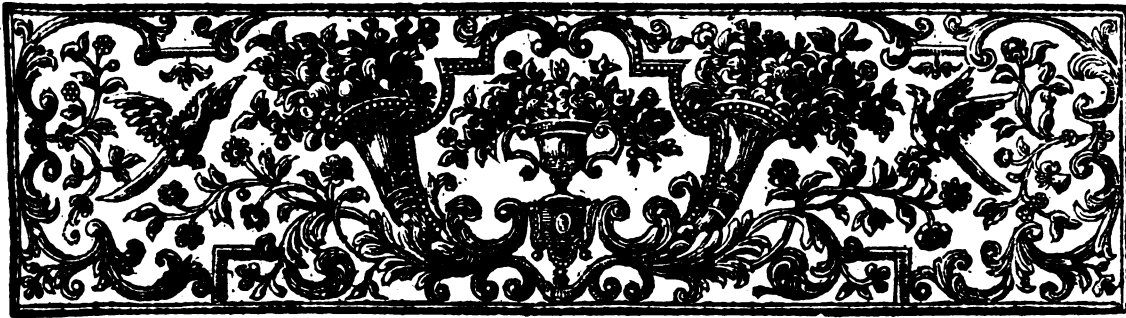
Have I not fate with thee full many a night,
 When dying embers were our only light,
 When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lye,
 Besides our cat, my *Colin Clout*, and I? 90
 No troublous thoughts the cat or *Colin* move,
 While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, *Colin*, when at last year's wake,
 I bought the costly present for thy sake,
 Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife, 95
 And with another change thy state of life?
 If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,
 My memory can tell the verse so sweet.
As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine. 100
 But woe is me! Such presents luckless prove,
 For *Knives*, they tell me, *always sever Love.*

Thus *Marian* wail'd, her eye with tears brimfull,
When Goody *Dobbins* brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears she fought, 105
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.



W E D.

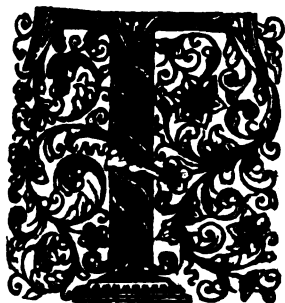


W E D N E S D A Y;

O R, T H E

* D U M P S.

S P A R A B E L L A.



H E wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that *Sparabella* hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the lin-
net's throat,

Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note,

* Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the Sullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumops, a King of Egypt, that built a Pyramid, and dy'd of Melancholy. So Mopes after the same manner is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian King that dy'd of the same distemper; but our English Antiquaries have conjectured that Dumps, which is, a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word Dumplin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

No

94 *THIRD PASTORAL.*

No mag-pye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
 No ox was heard to low, nor aſs to bray.
 No ruſſing breezes play'd the leaves among,
 While thus her madrigal the damſel ſung.

A while, O *D'Urfey*, lend an ear or twain,
 Nor, though in homely guiſe, my verſe diſdain; 10
 Whether thou ſeek'ſt new kingdoms in the ſun,
 Whether thy muſe does at *New-market* run,
 Or does with goſſips at a feaſt regale,
 And heighten her conceits with ſack and ale,
 Or elſe at wakes with *Joan* and *Hodge* rejoice, 15
 Where *D'Urfey's* lyricks ſwell in every voice;
 Yet ſuffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,
 Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the Sun drove adown the western road,
 And oxen laid at reſt forget the goad, 20

Line 5. *Immemor Herbarum quos eſt mirata juventa
 Certantes quorum ſupeſacta carmine Lynceſ;
 Et mutata ſuos requierunt flumina curſus.*

Virg.

9. *Tu mihi ſeu magni ſuperas jam ſaxa Timavi,
 Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris* —

11. *An Opera written by this Author, called the World in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Birds; he is alſo famous for his Song on the New-market Horſe Race, and ſeveral others that are ſung by the Britiſh Swains.*

17. Meed. an old word for Fame or Renown.

18. — *Hanc ſine tempora circum
 Inter viſtrices ederam tibi ſerpere lauros.*

The

The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
 Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade :
 When *Sparabella* pensive and forlorn,
 Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
 Lean'd on her rake, and strait with doleful guise 25
 Did this sad plaint in meanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
 From *Sparabella Bumkinet* is fled ;
 The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
 Last *Sunday* happier *Clumfils* put on. 30
 Sure if he'd eyes (*but Love, they say, has none*)
 I whilome by that ribbon had been known.
 Ah, well-a day ! I'm shent with baneful smart,
 For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid, 35
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Shall heavy *Clumfils* with me compare ?
 View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.

25. *Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit Olive.*

33. Shent, and old word signifying Hurt or harmed.

37. *Mopso Nisi datur. quid non speremus Amantes?* Virg.

Her

Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
 And in her breath tobacco whiffs are born; 40
 The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
 Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
 If e'er she brew'd, the drink wou'd strait go sour,
 Before it ever felt the thunder's power:
 No hufwifry the dowdy creature knew; 45
 To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
 Nor are my features of the homeliest make. 50
 Though *Clumfilis* may boast a whiter dye,
 Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye;
 And fairest blossoms drop with ev'ry blast,
 But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
 Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek, 55
 While *Katherine* pears adorn my ruddy cheek.

49. *Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in Littore vidi.*
 53. *Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.*

Virg.
 Virg.

Yet

Yet she, alas! the witlefs lout hath won,
 And by her gain, poor *Sparabell's* undone!
 Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
 The clocking hen make friendship with the kite,
 Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose, 61
 And join in wedlock with the wadling goose;
 For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
 The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid, 65
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
 And speckled mackrels graze the meadows fair,
 Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
 And the flow afs on trees, like squirrels, play, 70
 Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
 Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love!

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

59. *Jungentur jam Gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
 Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula Damae.* Virg.

67. *Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere Cervi
 Et freta destituent nudos in littore Pisces—
 Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.* Virg.



Ah!

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood, 75
 When late I met the *Squire* in yonder wood!
 To me he sped, regardless of his game,
 While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
 My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
 Then from his purse of silk a *Guinea* took, 80
 Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
 While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
 He swore that *Dick* in liv'ry strip'd with lace,
 Should wed me soon, to keep me from disgrace:
 But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee, 85
 For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

*My plaint, ye tasses, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard for true a damsel dies a maid.*

Now plain I ken whence *Love* his rise begun.
 Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son. 90

89. To ken. Scire Chaucero, to Ken, and Kende notus A. S. cunnan Goth. Kunnan. Germanis Kennen, Danis Kiende. Islandis Kunnna, Belgis Kennen. This word is of general use, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. Ken for prospicere is well known and used to discover by the eye. Ray. F. R. S.

Nunc scio quid sit Amor, &c.

Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?

Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.

Ving.

Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
 Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.

The father only silly sheep annoys,
 The son the sillier shepherds destroys.

Does son or father greater mischief do? 95

The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Farewel, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that flow;
 A sudden death shall rid me of my woe. 100

This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.

What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd!

No--To some tree this carcass I'll suspend.

But worrying curs find such untimely end!

I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool 105

On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,

That stool, the dread of ev'ry scolding quean

Yet, sure a lover should not dye so mean!

99. ——— vivite Sylva,
 Præcep̃s aerii specula de montis in undas
 Deferar. Virg.

100 *THIRD PASTORAL.*

There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
 Though all the parish say I've lost my wits; 110
 And thence, if courage holds, my self I'll throw,
 And quench my passion in the lake below.

*Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan,
 And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.*

The sun was set; the night came on apace, 115
 And falling dew bewet around the place,
 The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
 And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
 The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
 And 'till to morrow comes defers her fate. 120



THURSDAY;



T H U R S D A Y;

O R, T H E

S P E L L.

H O B N E L I A.



OBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining eccho answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When *Lubberkin* to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;

Line.

8. Dight or bedight, from the Saxon word *dightan*, which signifies to set in order.

The

The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
 And for the village he forsakes the plains. 10
 Return my *Lubberkin*, these ditties hear;
 Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

When first the year, I heard the cuckow sing, 15
 And call with welcome note the budding spring,
 I straitway set a running with such haste,
Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast.
 'Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
 Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20
 Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizled hair,
 As like to *Lubberkin's* in curl and hue,
 As if upon his comely pate it grew.

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground, 25
 And turn me thrice around, around, around,*

At eve last *Midsummer* no sleep I fought,
 But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought,

21. Doff and don, contracted from the words do off and do on.

I scatter'd round the seed on ev'ry side,
 And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30
*This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
 Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.*

I strait look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
 With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground, 35
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

Last *Valentine*, the day when birds of kind
 Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
 I rearly rose, just at the break of day,
 Before the sun had chas'd the stars away; 40

A-field I went, amid the morning dew
 To milk my kine (for so should hufwives do)
 Thee first I spy'd, and the first swain we see,
 In spite of fortune shall our true-love be;
 See, *Lubberkin*, each bird his partner take, 45
 And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

Last

Last *May-day* fair I search'd to find a snail
 That might my secret lover's name reveal; 50
 Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
 For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
 I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,
 And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
 Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell, 55
 In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*:
 Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
 For *L* is found in *Lubberkin* and *Love*.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.* 60

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
 And to each nut I gave a sweet-heart's name.
 This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
 That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
 As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow, 65
 For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

64. ——— ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
 ἄλθω. ἥ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακίαι μέγα καπνυρίσασα.

Theoc.

With

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I crop'd I safely home convey'd, 71
And o'er my door the spell in secret laid,
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew ;
The latch mov'd up, when who shou'd first come in,
But in his proper person,----*Lubberkin.* 76
I broke my yarn surpriz'd the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted flight,
So may again his love with mine unite ! 80

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

This *Lady-fly* I take from off the grafs,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.

66. *Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.*

Fly, Lady-Bird, North, South, or East or West, 85

Fly where the Man is found that I love best.

He leaves my hand, see to the West he's flown,

To call my true-love from the faithless town.

With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around. 90

This mellow pippin, which I pare around,
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground.

I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,

Upon the grass a perfect L is read;

Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen 95

Than what the paring marks upon the green.

With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This pippin shall another tryal make,

See from the core two kernels brown I take; 100

This on my cheek for *Lubberkin* is worn,

And *Booby* clod on t'other side is born.

93. *Transque Caput jace; ne respexeris.*

Virg.

But

But *Booby* soon drops upon the ground,

A certain token that his love's unsound,

While *Lubberkin* sticks firmly to the last; 105

Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As *Lubberkin* once slept beneath a tree,

I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee; 110

He wist not when the hempen string I drew,

Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;

Together fast I tye the garters twain,

And while I knit the knot repeat this strain.

Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure, 115

Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day

To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay. 120

109. *Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores*
Necte, Amarylli modo; & Veneris dic vincula necto.

Virg.

I made my market long before 'twas night,
 My purse grew heavy and my basket light.
 Strait to the pothecary's shop I went,
 And in love-powder all my money spent;
 Behap what will, next funday after prayers, 125
 When to the ale-house *Lubberkin* repairs,
 These *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
 And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.* 130

But hold---our *Light-foot* barks, and cocks his ears,
 O'er yonder stile see *Lubberkin* appears.
 He comes, he comes, *Hobnelia's* not bewray'd,
 Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.
 He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown,
 Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

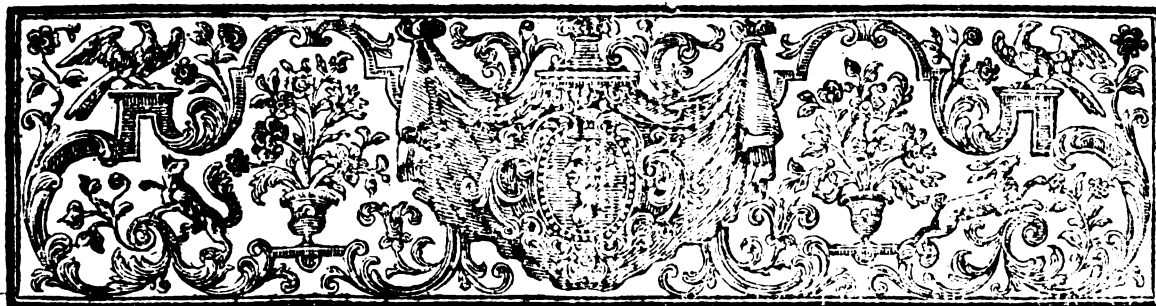
123. *Has Herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
 Ipse dedit Maris.* Virg.

127. ————— Ποτὸν κακὸν εὖρευν ὁιστᾷ.

Theoc.

131. *Nescio quid certe est: Et Hylax in limine latrat.*

FRIDAY;



F R I D A Y;

O R, T H E

* D I R G E.

B U M K I N E T. G R U B B I N O L.

B U M K I N E T.



W H Y, *Grubbinol*, dost thou so wistful seem?

There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.

'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
pear,

And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;

* *Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful Ditty or Song of Lamentation over the dead, not a contraction of the Latin Dirige in the popish Hymn Dirige Gressus meos, as some pretend. But from the Teutonic Dyrke, Laudare, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their Dyrke and our Dirge, was a laudatory Song to commemorate and applaud the Dead. Cowell's Interpreter.*

From

110 FIFTH PASTORAL.

From the tall elm a show'r of leaves is born, 5
 And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
 Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords,
 Now the squeez'd prefs foams with our apple hoards.
 Come, let us hye, and quaff a cheary bowl,
 Let cyder new *wash sorrow from thy soul.* 10

G R U B B I N O L.

Ah *Bumkinet*! since thou from hence wert gone,
 From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
 Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy chear,
 And make thine eye o'er-flow with many a tear.

B U M K I N E T.

Hang Sorrow! Let's to yonder hutt repair, 15
 And with trim sonnets *cast away our care.*
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
 Thou sing'st most sweet, *o'er hills and far away.*
 Of *Patient Griffel* I devise to sing,
 And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring. 20

15. *Incipe Mopse prior si quos aut Phyllidis ignes
 Aut Alconis babes Laudes, aut jurgia Codri.*

Come,

Come, *Grubbino!* beneath this shelter, come,
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

G R U B B I N O L.

Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my woe shall distant valleys ring.
The tale shall make our kiddings droop their head,
For woe is met---our *Blouzelind* is dead. 26

B U M K I N E T.

Is *Blouzelinda* dead? farewell my glee!
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood pigeon cooes without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30
Of *Blouzelinda* fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excell.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;
The rolling streams with watry grief shall flow, 35
And winds shall moan aloud---when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;

27. Glee, Joy, from the Dutch, Glooren, to recreate.

This

This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn *Blouzelinda* dy'd. 40

Where-e'er I gad, I *Blouzelind* shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.

Thither I've often been the damsel's guide, 45
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown; 50
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;
Th'untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way --- or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55
I shall her goodly countenance espie,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean.

Sometimes,

Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lilly prints the pound. 60

Whilome I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And prefs from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine furround the dairy door,
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray, 65

To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine, in gruntings spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the founding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly, 70
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.

No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their *Blouzelind*.

Whenever by yon barley mow I pass, 75
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.

Q

There

There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,
 There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd. 80
 Ah *Blouzelind*! that mow I ne'er shall see,
 But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields; and rueful symptoms show,
 Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
 Let weeds instead of butter-flow'rs appear, 85
 And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
 For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
 For *Blouzelinda*, blithsome maid, is dead!
 Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone. 90
Here Blouzelinda lyes---Atas, alas!
Weep shepherds---and remember flesh is grass.

G R U B B I N O L.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
 Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;

84. *Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo Narcisso.**Carduus, & spinis surgit Paliurus acutis.*

Virg.

90. *Et Tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite Carmen.*93. *Tale tuum Carmen nobis, Divinus Poeta,**Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum**Dulcis aquæ sapienter sitim restringere, rivo:**Nos tamen hæc quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim**Dicemus, Daphninq̃ue tuum tollemus ad astra.*

Virg.

Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth, 95
Or bunnis and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet *Blouzelinda's* name shall tune my lay,
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When *Blouzelind* expir'd, the weather's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
The boding raven on her cottage fate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred, 105
Drop'd on the plains that fatal infant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
Which erst I saw when goody *Dobson* dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
While on her dearling's bed her mother fate! 110
These words the dying *Blouzelinda* spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke.

96. Κέλευσον μετεπομινε του ανθρωπου η μηδὲ λείψαν.

Theoc.

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
 And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed,
 Be these my sister's care---and ev'ry morn 115
 Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
 The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
 Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
 Yet e'er I die---see, mother yonder shelf,
 There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120
 Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
 Be ten the Parson's, for my sermon paid.
 The rest is yours---my spinning-wheel and rake,
 Let *Susan* keep for her dear sister's sake;
 My new straw-hat that's trimly lin'd with green, 125
 Let *Peggy* wear, for she's a damsel clean.
 My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
 Be *Grubbinol's*---this silver ring beside:
 Three silver pennies, and a ninepence bent,
 A token kind, to *Bumkinet* is sent. 130
 Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To

To show their love, the neighbours far and near,
Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.

Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore, 135

While dismally the Parson walk'd before.

Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,

The daisie, butter-flow'r and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,

That none cou'd tell whose turn would be the next;

He said, that heav'n would take her soul, no doubt, 141

And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands string,

O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.

With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around, 145

To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,

Left her new grave the Parson's cattle raze,

For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,

To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm. 150

For gaffer *Tread-well* told us by the by,

Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While

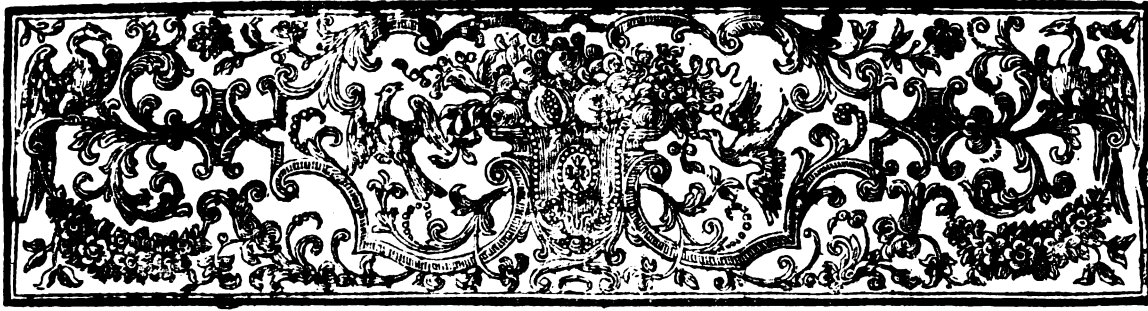
While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
 Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
 While padding ducks the standing lake desire, 155
 Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
 While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
 So long shall swains tell *Blouzelinda's* praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
 'Till bonny *Susan* sped a-cross the plain; 160
 They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
 And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;
 In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
 And *Susan Blouzelinda's* loss repairs.

153. *Dum juga montis Aper, fluvios dum Piscis amabit
 Dumque Thymo pascentur apes, Dum rore cicadae,
 Semper bonos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*



SATUR



S A T U R D A Y;

O R, T H E

F L I G H T S.

B O W Z Y B E U S.



U B L I M E R strains, O rustick Muse,
prepare;

Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,

The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays,

With *Bowzybeus'* songs exalt thy verse, 5

While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;

Wide

Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
 Clean damfels bound the gather'd sheaves about, 10
 The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
 Cut down the labours of the winter plow.

To the near hedge young *Susan* steps aside,
 She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd,
 What-e'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen, 15
 And merry reapers, what they list, will ween.
 Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill
 That eccho answer'd from the distant hill;
 The youths and damfels ran to *Susan's* aid,
 Who thought some adder had the lads dismay'd. 20

When fast asleep they *Bowzybeus* spy'd,
 His hat and oaken staff lay close beside.
 That *Bowzybeus* who could sweetly sing,
 Or with the rozin'd bow torment the string;
 That *Bowzybeus* who with finger's speed 25
 Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;

Line 22. *Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant.*

Virg.

That

That *Bowzybeus* who with jocond tongue,
 Ballads and roundelays and catches fung.
 They loudly laugh to see the damfel's fright,
 And in disport furround the drunken wight. 30

Ah *Bowzybee*, why didst thou stay so long?
 The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
 Thou should'st have left the Fair before 'twas night,
 But thou sat'st toping 'till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout, 35
 And kifs'd with smacking lip the snoring lout.
 For custom says, *Whoe'er this venture proves,*
For such a kifs demands a pair of gloves.
 By her example *Dorcas* bolder grows,
 And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40
 He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
 The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke.
 To you, my lads, I'll sing my carrols o'er,
 As for the maids,---I've something else in store.

40. *Sanguineis frontem moris & tempora pingit.*

Virg.

43. *Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis.*
Huic aliud mercedis erit.

Virg.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song, 45
 But lads and lasses round about him throng.
 Not ballad-singer plac'd above the croud
 Sings with a note so thrilling sweet and loud,
 Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
 Like *Bowzybeus* sooths th' attentive ear. 50

Of nature's laws his carrols first begun,
 Why the grave owle can never face the sun.
 For owles, as swains observe, detest the light,
 And only sing and seek their prey by night.
 How turnips hide their swelling heads below, 55
 And how the closing colworts upwards grow ;
 How *Will-a-Wisp* mis-leads night-faring clowns,
 O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
 Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
 And of the glow-worms light that gilds his tail. 60
 He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
 And in what climates they renew their breed ;

47. *Nec tantum Phæbo gaudet Parnasia rupes
 Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orphea.*

Virg.

51. Our swain had probably read Tusser, from whence he might have collected these philosophical observations.

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta &c.

Virg.

Some

Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.
Where swallows in the winter's season keep, 65
And how the drowsie bat and dormouse sleep.
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
'Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose.
For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind. 70
Now he goes on, and sings of Fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long filken laces hang upon the twine, 75
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lads, knives, combs, and scissars spys,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won and rings of gold. 80
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crouded in his song.

The mountebank now treads the stage, and fells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;

Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs, 85

And on the rope the ventrous maiden swings;

Jack pudding in his parti-coloured jacket

Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.

Of *Raree-shows* he sung, and *Punch's* feats,

Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats. 90

Then sad he sung *the Children in the Wood*.

Ah barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!

How blackberrys they pluck'd in desarts wild,

And fearless at the glittering fauchion smil'd;

Their little corps the robin-red-breasts found, 95

And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.

Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,

Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom *Joan* he sung the doubtful strife,

How the sly sailor made the maid a wife. 100

97. *Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.*

Virg.

99. *A Song in the Comedy of Love for Love, beginning* A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
 What woeful wars in *Chevy-chace* befell,
 When *Piercy* drove the deer with hound and horn,
 Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
 Ah *With'rington*, more years thy life had crown'd, 105
 If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
 Yet shall the Squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
 By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
 How to fleek mares starch quakers turn gallants; 110
 How the grave brother stood on bank so green.
 Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
 And on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of *Taffey Welch*, and *Sarwney Scot*, 115
Lilly-bullero and the *Irish Trot*.

Why should I tell of *Bateman* or of *Shore*,
 Or *Wantley's Dragon* slain by valiant *Moore*,

109. *A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his Poems.*

112. *Et fortunatam si nunquam Armenta fuissent*
Pasiphaen.

117. *Qu'd loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c.*

Virg.

117. *Old English Ballads.*

The bow'r of Rosamond, or Robin Hood, 119

And how the *grass* now grows where Troy town *stood*?

His carols ceas'd: the list'ning maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.

Sudden he rose; and as he reels along

Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.

The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown 125

Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;

The pow'r that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,

'Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.



An

An ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE.

O F

Names, Plants, Flowers, Fruits, Birds, Beasts,
Insects, and other material things mentio-
ned in these Pastorals.

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T R I V I A.

T R I V I A;

O R, T H E

A R T of W A L K I N G

the Streets of

L O N D O N.

Quo te Mæri pedes? An, quo via ducit, in Urbem?

Virg.

1 2 3 4 5

11 12 13

14 15 16 17 18

19 20 21

22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The criticks may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allowed me an honour hitherto only shown to better writers: That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it some person of greater merit; I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. And if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto.

---Non tu, in Triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere carmen?

TRIVIA.



T R I V I A.

B O O K I.

*Of the Implements for walking the Streets, and Signs
of the Weather.*



THROUGH winter streets to steer your
course aright,

How to walk clean by day, and safe by
night,

How jostling crouds, with prudence to decline,

When to assert the wall, and when resign,

I

I sing: *Thou, Trivia*, Goddess, aid my song, 5
 Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
 By thee transported, I securely stray
 Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
 The silent court, and op'ning square explore,
 And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 10
 To pave thy realm, and smoothe the broken ways,
 Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
 For thee, the sturdy paver thumps the ground,
 Whilst ev'ry stroke his lab'ring lungs resound;
 For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide 15
 Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
 My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
 From the great theme to build a glorious name,
 To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
 And bind my temples with a Civic crown; 20
 But more, my country's love demands the lays,
 My country's be the profit, mine the praise.

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
 And *clean your shoes* resounds from ev'ry voice;

When

When late their miry sides stage-coaches show, 25
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the *Mall* in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster cries:
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the *Spanish* or *Morocco* hide; 30
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:
Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big laste extend the shoe too wide, 35
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside:
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shooes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40
Nor should it prove thy less important care,
To chuse a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy *D'oil*y habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;

T

The

The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain, 45
 And show'rs soon drench the camlet's cockled grain.
 True * *Witney* broad-cloth with its shag unshorn,
 Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
 Be this the horse-man's fence; for who would wear
 Amid the town the spoils of *Russia's* bear? 50
 Within the *Roquetaure's* clasp thy hands are pent,
 Hands, that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.
 Let the loop'd *Bavaroy* the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloak be spatter'd o'er with lace.
 That garment best the winter's rage defends, 55
 Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends;
 By † various names in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true *Surtout* alone:
 Be thine of *Kersey* firm, though small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60
 If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;

* *A Town in Oxfordshire.*† *A Joseph, a Wrap-Rascal, &c.*

Ev'n sturdy carr-men shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, 65
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaus their canes with amber tip produce,
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use,
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily insure a life's disease; 70
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To Court, to **White's*, Assemblies, or the Play;
 Rosie-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
 Imprudent men heav'n's choicest gifts prophane. 75
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
 And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace:
 O! may I never such misfortune meet,
 May no such vicious walkers croud the street, 80

* *White's Chocolate-house in St. James's Street.*

May Providence o'er-shade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sings:

Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.

Let *Paris* be the theme of *Gallia's* muse, 85

Where slav'ry treads the street in wooden shoes;

Nor do I rove in *Belgia's* frozen clime,

And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme;

Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,

No miry ways industrious steps offend, 90

The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,

And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.

Let others *Naples'* smoother streets rehearse,

And with proud *Roman* structures grace their verse;

Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,

And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones; 96

Nor shall the Muse thro' narrow *Venice* stray,

Where *Gondolas* their painted oars display.

O happy streets, to rumbling wheels unknown,

No carts, no coaches shake the floating town! 100

Thus

Thus was of old *Britannia's* city blest'd,
 E'er pride and luxury her sons possess'd:
 Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
 Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way:
 Then the proud lady trip'd along the town, 105
 And tuck'd up petticoats secur'd her gown,
 Her roſie cheek with diſtant viſits glow'd,
 And exerciſe unartful charms beſtow'd;
 But ſince in braided gold her foot is bound,
 And a long trailing-manteau ſweeps the ground, 110
 Her ſhoe diſdains the ſtreet; the lazy fair
 With narrow ſtep affects a limping air.
 Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
 And the ſtreets flame with glaring equipage;
 The tricking gameſter insolently rides, 115
 With *Loves* and *Graces* on his chariot's ſides;
 In ſawcy ſtate the griping broker ſits,
 And laughs at honeſty, and trudging wits:
 For you, O honeſt men, theſe uſeful lays
 The Muſe prepares; I ſeek no other praiſe. 120

When

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries;
 From sure prognosticks learn to know the the skies,
 Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain;
 Surpriz'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
 When suffocating mists obscure the morn, 125
 Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
 This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,
 Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
 Be thou, for ev'ry season, justly dress'd,
 Not brave the piercing frost with open breast; 130
 And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
 Let thy *Surtout* defend the drenching show'r.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.
 E'er winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
 You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire, 135
 And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire:
 Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
 And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
 Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame
 In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame; 140

Hov'ring

Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise,
Of milder weather, and serener skies.

The ladies gayly dress'd, the *Mall* adorn

With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn; 145

The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,

And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:

* Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,

Endu'd by instinct, or by reason taught, 150

The seasons operate on ev'ry breast;

'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.

When on his box the nodding coachman snores,

And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern doors

The chairmen idly croud; then ne'er refuse 155

To trust thy busie steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend

With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;

* *Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis,
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.*

Virg. Georg. 1.

Soon

Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the *Thames*. 160

The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning strips the rails, the rowing crew
To tempt a fare, cloath all their tilts in blue:
On hosier's poles depending stockings ty'd, 165

Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side;
Church-monuments foretell the changing air;
Then *Niobe* dissolves into a tear,
And sweats with secret grief; you'll hear the sounds
Of whistling winds, e'er kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse, 171

And dropping vaults distill unwholesom dews
E'er the tiles rattle with the smoaking show'r,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel. 175

Let cred'lous boys, and prattling nurses tell,
How, if the festival of *Paul* be clear,
Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year;

When

When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
 The lab'ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain; 180
 But if the threatening winds in tempests roar,
 Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
 How, if on *Swithin's* feast the welkin lours,
 And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,
 Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain, 185
 And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
 Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
 Nor *Paul* nor *Swithin* rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
 And slight the faithful warning of the skies, 190
 Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
 Wrapt in th'embraces of a kersey coat,
 Or double-button'd frieze; their guarded feet
 Defie the muddy dangers of the street,
 While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread 195
 Of spouts high-streaming, and with cautious tread
 Shun ev'ry dashing pool; or idly stop,
 To seek the kind protection of a shop.

U

But

But bus'ness summons; now with hasty scud
 You jostle for the wall; the spatter'd mud 200
 Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scow'r,
 Thy wig alas! uncurl'd, admits the show'r.
 So fierce *Alecto's* snaky tresses fell,
 When *Orpheus* charm'd the rig'rous pow'rs of hell,
 Or thus hung *Glaucus'* beard, with briny dew 205
 Clotted and strait, when first his am'rous view
 Surpriz'd the bathing fair; the frightened maid
 Now stands a rock, transform'd by *Circe's* aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
 Defended by the riding-hood's disguise: 210
 Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
 Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread.
 Let *Persian* dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
 To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
 Or sweating slaves support the shady load, 215
 When eastern Monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
 To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.

But

But, O! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays ; 220
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origine deduce the name.

Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny foil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil ;
One onely daughter blest his nuptial bed, 225
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed :
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid ; 230
As years encreas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And *Patty's* fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the gray-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears, 235
And singing to the distant field repairs :
And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,
The milky burthen smoaks upon her head.

Deep, thro' a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay.

240

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes,
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.

Ah *Mulciber*! recal thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy *Paphian* spouse,
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for *Patty's* arms?

245

The *Lemnian* Pow'r forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love:

250

Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.
Here smoaks his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the founding anvil warm ;
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

255

When blue-ey'd *Patty* near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.

To

To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays ;

What woman can resist the force of praise? 260

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,

And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood :

With headless nails he now furrounds her shoes,

To save her steps from rains and piercing dews ;

She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore, 265

And granted kisses, but would grant no more.

Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,

And on her cheek the fading rose declines ;

No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,

And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost. 270

This *Vulcan* saw, and in his heav'nly thought,

A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,

Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,

And bear her safely through the wintry ways.

Strait the new engine on his anvil glows, 275

And the pale virgin on the patten rose.

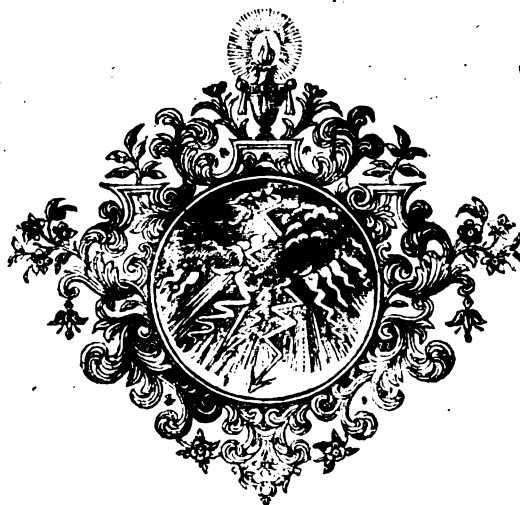
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,

And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.

The

The God obtain'd his suit; though flatt'ry fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280

The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the name.



T R I V I A.



T R I V I A.

B O O K II.

Of Walking the Streets by Day.



H U S far the Muse hastrac'd in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways ;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies.

Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town, s
And for the publick safety risque thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best ;
No tides of passengers the street molest.

You'll see a draggled damsel, here and there,
From *Billingsgate* her fishy traffick bear ;

10

On

On doors the fallow milk-maid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians with their milky chear, 15
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellom thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace? 20
Now industry awakes her busie sons,
Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloath'd in black, you tread the busy town, 25
Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,
Three trades avoid; oft in the mingling press,
The barber's apron soils the sable dress;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh: 30

Ye

Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,
 Three fulying trades avoid with equal care;
 The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
 And marks with footy stains the heedless throng;
 When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat, 35
 From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:
 The dust-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes,
 When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;
 But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
 The chandler's basket, on his shoulder born, 40
 With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
 To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
 Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,
 And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid. 45
 The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
 Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
 Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:
 And when the porter bends beneath his load,
 And pants for breath; clear thou the crouded road. 50

X

But

But, above all, the groping blind direct,
 And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
 You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
 Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,
 At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose, 55
 And risques, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes,
 Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
 Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
 But when the bully, with assuming pace,
 Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
 Yield not the way; defie his strutting pride, 61
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
 He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
 But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown, 65
 Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
 Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
 Like faithful land-marks to the walking train.
 Seek not from prentices to learn the way,
 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray; 70

Ask

Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd *St. Giles's* ancient limits spread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day, 75
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft the peasant, with enquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place ;
He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze, 80
Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy *Theseus* with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of *Crete* ;
But still the wandering passes forc'd his stay, 85
Till *Ariadne's* clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy ventrous footsteps to a female guide ;
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When waggish boys the stunted beefom ply
 To rid the flabby pavement ; pass not by
 E'er thou hast held their hands ; some heedless flirt
 Will over-spread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.
 Where porters hogsheds roll from carts aslope, 95
 Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
 Where counted billets are by carmen toft
 Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,
 The voice of industry is always near. 100
 Hark ! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
 And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
 Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
 Adorn her precepts with digressive song ;
 Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace, 105
 And show the parent of the sable race.

Like mortal man, great *Jove* (grown fond of change)
 Of old was wont this nether world to range
 To seek amours ; the vice the monarch lov'd
 Soon through the wide etherial court improv'd, 110
 And

And ev'n the proudest Goddeſs now and then
 Would lodge a night among the ſons of men;
 To vulgar Deitys deſcends the faſhion,
 Each, like her betters, had her earthly paſſion.

Then * *Cloacina* (Goddeſs of the tide 115
 Whoſe ſable ſtreams beneath the city glide)
 Indulg'd the modiſh flame; the town ſhe rov'd,
 A mortal ſcavenger ſhe ſaw, ſhe lov'd;
 The muddy ſpots that dry'd upon his face,
 Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace: 120
 She gaz'd; ſhe ſigh'd. For love can beauties ſpy
 In what ſeems faults to ev'ry common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his ſecond round;
 When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling ſound
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well ſhe knows 125
 That pleaſing thunder: ſwift the Goddeſs roſe,
 And through the ſtreets purſu'd the diſtant noiſe,
 Her boſom panting with expected joys.

* *Cloacina* was a Goddeſs whoſe image Tatius (a King of the Sabines) found in the common ſhore, and not knowing what Goddeſs it was, he called it *Cloacina* from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Laſtant. i. 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

With

With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast; 130
 In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
 When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame;
 To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
 O may no link-boy interrupt their love!

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
 The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace) 136
 Descends to earth; but fought no midwife's aid,
 Nor midst her anguish to *Lucina* pray'd;
 No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
 Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy. 140

The child through various risques in years improv'd,
 At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
 His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
 Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear 145
 The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,
 While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
 Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain!

The

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
 And long had fought his sufferings to redress; 150
 She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
 To teach his hands some beneficial art
 Practis'd in streets; the Gods her suit allow'd,
 And made him useful to the walking croud,
 To cleanse the mity feet, and o'er the shoe 155
 With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
 Each Power contributes to relieve the poor:
 With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the God of day
 A tripod gives, amid the crouded way 160
 To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
 Kind *Neptune* fills his vase with fetid oil
 Prest from th' enormous whale; The God of fire,
 From whose dominions smoaky clouds aspire,
 Among these gen'rous presents joins his part, 165
 And aids with foot the new jpanning art:
 Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
 Lights in *Fleet-ditch*, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes, 170
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common-shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from *Holborn's* fatal steep:
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face;
At length he sighing cry'd; That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those, (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own: 180
But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year. 186
Had I the precepts of a Father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coach-man's fare had earn'd,

For

For leffer boys can drive; I thirsty stand
 And see the double flaggon charge their hand, 190
 See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain;
 While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
 In widen'd circles beats on either side;
 The Goddess rose amid the inmost round, 195
 With wither'd turnip tops her temples crown'd;
 Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
 As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
 Around her waste a circling eel was twin'd,
 Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
 Now beck'ning to the boy; she thus begun, 201
 Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
 Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil, 205
 And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
 On this methinks I see the walking crew
 At thy request support the miry shoe,

Y

The

The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence found. 210

The Goddefs plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her show'rs of mud :

The youth strait chose his post ; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from *Charing-cross* divide ;
His treble voice reounds along the *Meuse*, 215

And *White-hall* echoes—*Clean your Honour's shoes*.

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way ;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng ;
The busy city asks instructive song. 220

Where elevated o'er the gaping croud,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat ; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips, and half-hatch'd eggs, (a mingled show'r)
Among the rabble rain : Some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow. 225

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.

Here

Here laden carts with thundring waggons meet,
 Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street;
 The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain, 234
 And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
 O barb'rous men, your cruel breasts assuage,
 Why vent ye on the gen'rous steed your rage?
 Does not his service earn your daily bread? 235
 Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
 If, as the *Samian* taught, the soul revives,
 And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives;
 Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
 Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range: 240
 Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
 Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of *Watling-street* the dangers share,
 When the broad pavement of *Cheap-side* is near?
 Or who * that rugged street would traverse o'er, 245
 That stretches, O *Fleet-ditch*, from thy black shore

* *Thames-street.*

To the *Tow'r's* moated walls? Here steams ascend
 That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
 Where chandlers cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
 Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea; 250
 And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
 And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil,
 Thy breathing nostril hold; but how shall I
 Pass, where in piles † *Cornavian* cheeses lye;
 Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies, 255
 And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.

O bear me to the paths of fair *Pell-mell*,
 Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
 At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
 Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
 No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd, 260
 The soft supports of laziness and pride;
 Shops breathe perfumes, thro' fashes ribbons glow,
 The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.

† *Cheshire, anciently so called.*

Yet

Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide, 265
 Oft' the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
 Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
 Mortar, and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,
 And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270

But sometimes let me leave the noisic roads,
 And silent wander in the close abodes
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
 In studious thought, the long uncrouded way.
 Here I remark each walker's diff'rent face, 275
 And in their look their various business trace.
 The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
 Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
 Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
 He seeks bye streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
 Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane, 281
 For fair recluse, who travels *Drury-lane*;
 Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
 His *Fleet-street* draper's everlasting dun.

Careful

Careful observers, studious of the town, 285
 Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
 Untempted, they condemn the jugler's feats,
 Pass by the *Meuse*, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
 Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind: 290
 And when up *Ludgate-hill* huge carts move flow,
 Far from the straining steeds securely go,
 Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
 And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
 The *Parthian* thus his jav'lin backward throws, 295
 And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
 Who 'gainst the centry's box discharge their tea.
 Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,
 Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300
 Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
 Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong;

* A Cheat commonly practis'd in the streets with three thimbles and a little ball.

Why should I teach the maid when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden show'r?
Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam, when summer's sultry rays 315
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways,
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoak o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets.

Let

Let not the virgin tread these slipp'ry roads,
 The gath'ring fleece the hollow patten loads;
 But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost, 325
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
 On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
 Oft' look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
 In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
 To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw. 330
 Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
 To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
 How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
 Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
 At *White's* the harness'd chairman idly stands, 335
 And swings around his waste his tingling hands:
 The sempstrefs speeds to '*Change*' with red-tipt nose;
 The *Belgian* stove beneath her footstool glows;
 In half-whipt muslin needles usefess lie,
 And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340
 These sports warm-harmless; why then will ye prove,
 Deluded maids, the dang'rous flame of love?

Where

Where *Covent-garden's* famous temple stands,
 That boasts the work of *Jones'* immortal hands;
 Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345
 And graceful porches lead along the square:
 Here oft' my course I bend, when lo! from far,
 I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:
 The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
 Encreasing crouds the flying game pursue. 350
 Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
 The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.
 But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
 The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
 The dextr'ous glazier strong returns the bound, 355
 And gingling fashes on the pent-house sound.

O roving Muse, recal that wond'rous year,
 When winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia's* air;
 When hoary *Thames*, with frosted ozers crown'd,
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound. 360
 The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
 Pensive reclines upon his uselefs oar,

Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town ;
 And wander roads unstable, not their own :
 Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide, 365
 And rase with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.
 Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
 Booths sudden hide the *Thames*, long streets appear,
 And num'rous games proclaim the crouded fair. 370
 So when a gen'ral bids the martial train
 Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain ;
 Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
 And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate: 375
 Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
 Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
 When silent ev'ning closes up the flow'rs ;
 Lulling as falling water's hollow noise ;
 Indulging grief, like *Philomela's* voice. 380

Doll ev'ry day had walk'd these treach'rous roads ;
 Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads

Of

Of various fruit ; she now a basket bore,
 That head, alas ! shall basket bear no more.
 Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain, 385
 And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain,
 Ah *Doll* ! all mortals must resign their breath,
 And industry it self submit to death !
 The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dyes,
 Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies ; 390
 Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
 And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.
 So when the *Thracian* furies *Orpheus* tore,
 And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
 His sever'd head floats down the silver tide, 395
 His yet warm tongue for his lost comfort cry'd ;
Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
 And *Heber's* banks *Eurydice* return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
 And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds,
 The wooden town its frail foundation leaves, 401
 And *Thames'* full urn rolls down his plenteous waves ;

From ev'ry penthouse streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways, 405
Need not the Calendar to count their days.
When through the town with flow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear ;
Behind him moves majestically dull,
The pride of *Hockley-hole*, the furly bull ; 410
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and *Thursdays* are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid ;
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver joul, 415
The joynted lobster, and unscaly soale,
And luscious 'scallops, to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts ;
Wednesdays and *Fridays* you'll observe from hence,
Days, when our fires were doom'd to abstinence. 420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damsels twirle the sprinkling mop,

And

And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs;
 Know *Saturday's* conclusive morn appears.

Successive crys the seasons change declare, 425
 And mark the monthly progress of the year.
 Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,
 To sell the bounteous product of the spring!
 Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,
 With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood: 430
 And when *June's* thunder cools the sultry skies,
 Ev'n *Sundays* are prophan'd by mackrell cries.

Wallnuts the fruit'er's hand, in autumn, stain,
 Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;
 Next oranges the longing boys entice, 435
 To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays the Poet's crown,
 Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
 Then judge the festival of *Christmas* near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year. 440
 Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
 With lawrel green, and sacred misletoe.

Now,

Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy blessings shed;
 Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head;
 Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm; let plenty's bowle 445
 In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.
 See, see, the heav'n-born maid her blessings shed;
 Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
 Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
 While selfish Avarice alone is sad. 450

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
 Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
 While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
 His lib'ral purse relieves the lame and blind.
 Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd, 455
 Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
 Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
 Nor let old-age long stretch his palsy'd hand.
 Those who give late, are importun'd each day,
 And still are teaz'd, because they still delay. 460
 If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
 He thinly spreads them through the publick square,

Where

Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
 And from each other catch the doleful cry; 464
 With heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,
 Lifts up his eyes, and hasts to beggar more.

Where the brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
 Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
 Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
 Waits with impatience for the dying breath; 470
 As vultures, o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
 Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
 Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a pray'r,
 That heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare?

Come, F*** sincere, experienc'd friend, 475
 Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend;
 Come let us leave the *Temple's* silent walls,
 Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls:
 Through the long *Strand* together let us stray: 480
 With thee conversing I forget the way.
 Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
 Whose building to the slimy shore extends;

Here

Here *Arundel's* fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
 The street alone retains an empty name: 485
 Where *Titian's* glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
 And *Raphael's* fair design, with judgment, charm'd,
 Now hangs the bell-man's song, and pasted here
 The colour'd prints of *Overton* appear.
 Where statues breath'd, the work of *Phidias's* hands,
 A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands. 490
 There *Essex's* stately pile adorn'd the shore,
 There *Cecil's*, *Bedford's*, *Villers's*, now no more.
 Yet *Burlington's* fair palace still remains;
 Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
 Beneath his eye declining art revives, 495
 The wall with animated picture lives;
 There *Handel* strikes the strings, the melting strain
 Transports the soul, and thrills through ev'ry vein;
 There oft' I enter (but with cleaner shoes)
 For *Burlington's* belov'd by ev'ry Muse. 500

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
 Upon your state what happiness attends!

What,

What, though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
 Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;
 Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy, 505
 Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
 No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
 Of burning gout, or sedentary stone. 510
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,
 Or in the leaky boat the *Thames* divide;
 Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
 And trust their safety to another's feet,
 Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale 515
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous fail.
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore
 The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns. 520
 Who can recount the coach's various harms,
 The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

A a

I've

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
 When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the show'r
 In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain 525
 Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain;
 With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
 Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer!
 The dust-man lashes on with spiteful rage,
 His pond'rous spokes thy painted wheel engage, 530
 Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
 The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,
 Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
 And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
 So when dread *Jove* the son of *Phæbus* hurl'd, 535
 Scarr'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;
 The headstrong couriers tore the silver reins,
 And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weak'ning ills,
 His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills: 540
 From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,
 From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall

Shall the large mutton smoak upon your boards?
 Such, *Newgate's* copious market best affords.
 Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
 Seek *Leaden-hall*; *St. James's* sends thee veal. 546
Thames-street gives cheeses; *Covent-garden* fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and *Monmouth-street* old suits.
 Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,
 Support thy family, and cloath thy wife. 550

Volumes, on shelter'd stalls expanded lye,
 And various science lures the learned eye;
 The bending shelves with pond'rous scholiasts groan,
 And deep divines to modern shops unknown:
 Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing 555
 Collects the various odours of the spring,
 Walkers, at leisure, learning's flow'rs may spoil,
 Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,
 May morals snatch from *Plutarch's* tatter'd page,
 A mildew'd *Bacon*, or *Stagyra's* sage. 560
 Here faunt'ring prentices o'er *Otway* weep;
 O'er *Congreve* smile, or over *D*** sleep;

Pleas'd sempstresses the *Lock's* fam'd *Rape* unfold,
And † *Squirts* read *Garth*, 'till apozems grow cold.

O *Lintot*, let my labours obvious lie, 565
Rang'd on thy stall, for ev'ry curious eye;
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six? 570
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

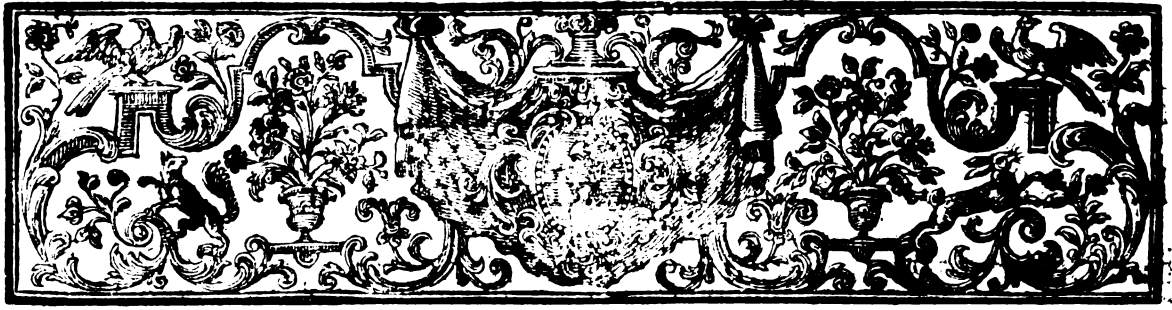
See yon bright chariot on its harness swing,
With *Flanders* mares, and on an arched spring;
That wretch to gain an equipage and place, 575
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps; 580

† The name of an Apothecary's boy, in the Poem of the Dispensary.

There

There flames a fool, begirt with tinsell'd slaves,
 Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
 That other, with a clustring train behind,
 Owes his new honours to a fordid mind.
 This next in court-fidelity excells, 585
 The publick rifles, and his country fells.
 May the proud chariot never be my fate,
 If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate ;
 O rather give me sweet content on foot,
 Wrapt in my virtue, and a good *Surtout* ! 590





TRIVIA.

B O O K III.

Of Walking the Streets by Night.



TRIVIA Goddeſs, leave theſe low abodes,
And traaverse o'er the wide ethereal roads,
Celeſtial Queen, put on thy robes of light,
Now *Cynthia* nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At ſight of thee the villain ſheaths his ſword,
Nor ſcales the wall, to ſteal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy ſilver lamp from heav'n's high bow'r
Direct my footſteps in the midnight hour!

When

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air, 10
Then swarms the busie street; with caution tread,
Where the shop-windows falling threat thy head;
Now lab'ers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tott'ring plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng, 15
And as the passers open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of *St. Clement* stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the *Strand*;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space, 21
And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds 25
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds,
Team follows team, crouds heap'd on crouds appear,
And wait impatient, 'till the road grow clear.

Now

Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
 And the mixt hurry barricades the street. 30
 Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
 Cracks the tough harness; here a pond'rous beam
 Lies over-turn'd athwart; for slaughter fed
 Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
 Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar, 35
 And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
 From the high box they whirl the thong around,
 And with the twining lash their skins resound:
 Their rage ferments, more dang'rous wounds they try,
 And the blood gushes down their painful eye. 40
 And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
 And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight;
 Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
 'Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
 So when two boars, in wild * *Itene* bred, 45
 Or on *Westphalia's* fatt'ning chest-nuts fed,

* *New Forest* in Hampshire, antiently so called.

Gnash their sharp tusks, and rous'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire ;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
'Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.

Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtil artist will thy side disarm.

Nor is thy flaxen wigg with safety worn ; 55

High on the shoulder, in a basket born

Lurks the fly boy ; whose hand to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.

Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd flight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light. 60

Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown ?

And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.

But lo ! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,

Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies ;

Dex'trous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,

Whilst ev'ry honest tongue *stop thief* resounds. 66

B b

So

So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
 Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
 Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
 And injur'd tenants joyn the hunter's cries. 70
 Breathless he stumbling falls: Ill-fated boy!
 Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
 Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
 And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout:
 Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies, 75
 Mud choaks his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-singer's thrilling strain
 Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain:
 Guard well thy pocket; for these *Syrens* stand,
 To aid the labours of the diving hand; 80
 Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
 And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the song.
 But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
 The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
 So *Jove's* loud bolts the mingled war divide, 85
 And *Greece* and *Troy* retreat on either side.

LE

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
 And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
 Stop short; nor struggle through the croud in vain,
 But watch with careful eye the passing train. 90
 Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide
 Tumultuous, bear my partner from my side,
 Impatient venture back; despising harm,
 I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
 Thus his lost bride the *Trojan* sought in vain 95
 Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain.
 Thus *Nisus* wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
 To find the brave companion of his love,
 The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more. 100

That walker, who regardless of his pace,
 Turns oft' to pore upon the damsel's face,
 From side to side by thrusting elbows toft,
 Shall strike his aking breast against the post;
 Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain 105
 His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.

But if unwarily he chance to stray,
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground. 110
Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side;
Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,
Nor need th' officious link-boy's smoaky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road, 115
Where alehouse benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft' the truant school-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace. 120
Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,
Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie;
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall,
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though

Though you through cleaner allies wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the publick way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
Mind only safety, and contemn the mire. 130
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering ale-wives bid thee turn again.

Where *Lincoln's-Inn*, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with vent'rous step; there oft' is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone, 135
Made the walls eccho with his begging tone:
That crutch which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall; 140
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.
Still keep the publick streets, where oily rays
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy *Augusta*! law-defended town! 145
Here no dark lanthorns shade the villain's frown;

No

No *Spanish* jealousies thy lanes infest,
 Nor *Roman* vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
 Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
 But liberty and justice guard the land; 150
 No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
 Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
 Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:
 The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet 155
 Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
 Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
 Whose flambeau gilds the flashes of *Pell-mell*,
 When in long rank a train of torches flame,
 To light the midnight visits of the dame? 160
 Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
 May where the chairman rests, with safety tread;
 Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
 Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road, where streets are crost, 165
 With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:

He

He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,
 But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
 Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
 To cross the way where carts and coaches roll; 170
 Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
 Nor rashly risque the kennel's spacious stride;
 Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
 Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
 Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone, 175
 And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
 Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand
 Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
 And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
 And car-men drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180
 Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
 On ev'ry side the pressing spokes are nigh.
 So sailors, while *Carybdis'* gulph they shun,
 Amaz'd, on *Scylla's* craggy dangers run.
 Be sure observe where brown *Ostrea* stands, 185
 Who boasts her shelly ware from *Wallfleet* sands;
 There

There may'st thou pass, with safe unmired feet,
 Where the raised pavement leads athwart the street.
 If where *Fleet-ditch* with muddy current flows,
 You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows 190
 Are ranged beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
 And with the sav'ry fish indulge thy taste:
 The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
 While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er 195
 With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
 First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
 And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
 What will not lux'ry taste? Earth, sea and air
 Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare. 200
 Blood stuff'd in skins is *British* christian's food,
 And *France* robs marshes of the croaking brood;
 Spungy morells in strong ragousts are found,
 And in the soupe the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall, 205
 Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;

For

For should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along ;

All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210

Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.

Yet rather bear the show'r, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risque thy blood.

O think on *OEdipus*' detested state, 215
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his fire unknown ;
(Unhappy fire, but more unhappy son !)

Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd ! 220

Hence sprung the fatal plague that thin'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest ! and thy children slain !

Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Through *Theban* streets, and cheerless groap thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years ; 225
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears !

Whether some heir attends in sable state,
 And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
 Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
 A croud of lovers follow to her tomb. 230

Why is the herse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
 And with the nodding plume of 'Ostrich crown'd?
 No: The dead know it not, nor profit gain;
 It only serves to prove the living vain.
 How short is life! how frail is human trust! 235
 Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
 Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;
 Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
 And spot indelible thy pocket soil. 240

Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
 With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
 Has she not given us hands, to grope aright,
 Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
 And think'st thou not the double nostril meant, 245
 To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who

* Who can the various city frauds recite,
 With all the petty rapines of the night?
 Who now the Guinea-dropper's bait regards,
 Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards? 250
 Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
 Where the sham-quarrel interrupts the way?
 Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
 Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threat'ning frown?
 I need not strict enjoyn the pocket's care, 255
 When from the crouded play thou lead'st the fair;
 Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,
 Or handkerchiefs that *India's* shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
 Of *Drury's* ~~mazy~~ courts, and dark abodes, 260
 The harlot's guileful paths, who nightly stand,
 Where *Katherine-street* descends into the *Strand*.
 Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtil arts,
 To lure the stranger's unsuspecting hearts;

* *Various cheats formerly in practice.*

So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread, 265
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strowls with faunt'ring pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scover'd manteau, and the flattern air; 270
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With flatt'ring sounds she soothes the cred'lous ear,
My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!
In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies, 275
Or muffled pinnars hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change;
Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood prophane,
And trudge demure the rounds of *Drury-lane*. 280
She darts from farfnet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who for thirst of gain, 285
 To the great city drove from *Devon's* plain
 His num'rous lowing herd; his herds he fold,
 And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold;
 Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;
 Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290
 She leads the willing victim to his doom,
 Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.
 Thence thro' the street he reels, from post to post,
 Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
 The vagrant wretch th'assembled watchmen spies, 295
 He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
 Deep in the Round-house pent, all night he snores,
 And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah hapless swain, unus'd to pains and ills!
 Canst thou forgo roast-beef for nauseous pills? 300
 How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy eyes and hands,
 When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
 Or else (ye Gods avert that worst disgrace)
 Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face,

Then

Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kifs disdain, 305
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm; 310
But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar
To call their breth'ren to confed'rate war
When rakes resist their pow'r; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scow'ring crew;
Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair, 315
But seek the constable's confid'rate ear;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhet'rick of a silver fee.
Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word;
Fee not the petty clarks, but bribe my Lord. 320

Now is the time that rakes their revells keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying * *Nicker* flings,
And with the copper shov'r the casement rings.

* *Gentl men, who delighted to break windows with half-pence.*

Who has not heard the *Scourer's* midnight fame? 325

Who has not trembled at the *Mohock's* name?

Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?

I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done

Where from *Snow-hill* black steepy torrents run; 330

How matrons, hoop'd within the hoghead's womb,

Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb

O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side.

So *Regulus* to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws 335

O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;

Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,

Or the dark caves to common-shores descend.

Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,

Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies 340

E'er night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;

In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown

Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,

And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.

So.

So when fam'd *Eddystone's* far-shooting ray, 345
That led the failor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind born,
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand. 350

Who then through night would hire the harness'd steed,
And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?

But hark! distress with screaming voice draws nigh'r,
And wakes the slumb'ring street with cries of fire.

At first a glowing red enwraps the skies, 355

And born by winds the scatt'ring sparks arise;

From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;

The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads,

Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,

And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs. 360

Now with thick crouds th'enlighten'd pavement swarms,

The fire-man sweats beneath his crooked arms,

A leathern casque his vent'rous head defends,

Boldly he climbs where thickest smoak ascends;

Mov'd

Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,
 The helpless infant through the flame he bears, 365
 With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
 The *Dardan* hero bore his aged fire.
 See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
 To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
 The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls, 370
 And heaps on heaps the smoaky ruine falls.
 Blown by strong winds the fiery tempest roars,
 Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
 The Heav'ns are all a-blaze, the face of night
 Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light: 375
 'Twas such a light involv'd thy tow'rs, O *Rome*,
 The dire presage of mighty *Cæsar's* doom,
 When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
 And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.
 Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crouds, retire: 380
 Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
 The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
 With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain;

D d

Flames

Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sudden sound 385

The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoaky ground.

So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,

Th' inevitable hour of *Naples'* fate,

Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,

And heave and toss upon the sulph'rous lake; 390

Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,

And in th' abyfs her plunging tow'rs descend.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,

The toils, the perils of the wintry town ;

What riots seen, what bustling crouds I bor'd, 395

How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd;

Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind

Their future safety from my dangers find.

Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,

Whose steps have print'd *Asia's* desert soil, 400

The barb'rous *Arabs* haunt; or shiv'ring coast

Dark *Greenland's* mountains of eternal frost ;

Whom providence in length of years restores

To the wish'd harbour of his native shores;)

Sets

Sets forth his journals to the publick view, 405

To caution, by his woes, the wandring crew.

And now compleat my gen'rous labours lye,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.

Death shall entomb in dust this mould'ring frame,

But never reach th' eternal part, my fame. 410

When *W** and *G***, mighty names, are dead;

Or but at *Chelsea* under custards read;

When Criticks crazy bandboxes repair,

And Tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air; 414

High-rais'd on *Fleet-street* posts, consign'd to fame,

This work shall shine, and walkers blefs my name.



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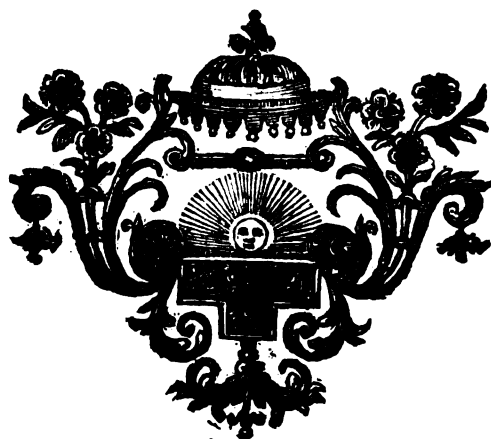
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E c 2

T H E

T H E
W H A T D ' Y E C A L L I T :

A
Tragi-Comi-Pastoral

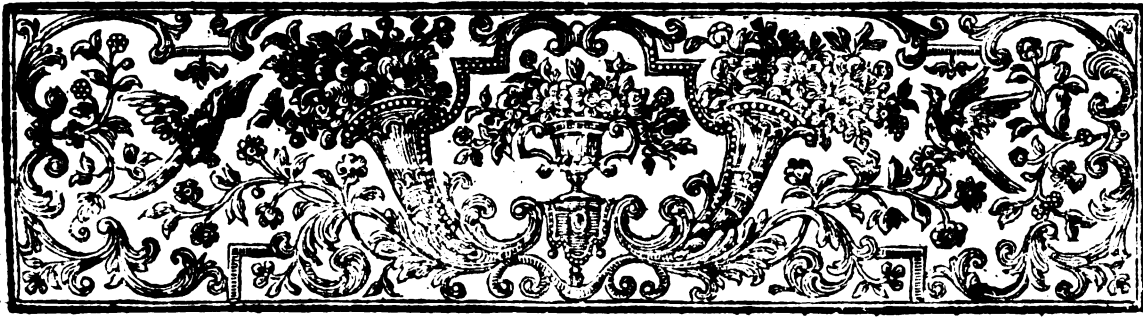
F A R C E .

—*Spirat Tragicum satis, & feliciter audet.* Hor.

—*Locus est & pluribus Umbris.* Hor.

[Illegible handwritten signature]

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 200 million to 400 million. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion.



T H E
P R E F A C E.



S I am the first who have introduced this kind of Dramatick entertainment upon the stage, I think it absolutely necessary to say something by way of Preface, not only to shew the nature of it, but to answer some objections that have been already rais'd against it by the graver sort of Wits, and other interested people.

We have often had Tragi-Comedies upon the English Theatre with success: but in that sort of composition the Tragedy and Comedy are in distinct Scenes, and may be easily separated from each other. But the whole Art of the Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce lies in interweaving the several kinds of the Drama with each other, so that they cannot be distinguish'd or separated.

The objections that are rais'd against it as a Tragedy, are as follow.

First, As to the Plot, they deny it to be Tragical, because its Catastrophe is a wedding, which hath ever been accounted Comical.

Secondly

P R E F A C E.

Secondly, As to the Characters; that those of a Justice of Peace, a Parish-Clark, and an Embryo's Ghost, are very improper to the dignity of Tragedy, and were never introduc'd by the Antients.

Thirdly, They say the Sentiments are not Tragical, because they are those of the lowest country people.

Lastly, They will not allow the Moral to be proper for Tragedy, because the end of Tragedy being to show human life in its distresses, imperfections and infirmities, thereby to soften the mind of man from its natural obduracy and haughtiness, the Moral ought to have the same tendency; but this Moral, they say, seems entirely calculated to flatter the Audience in their vanity and self-conceitedness.

You all have sense enough to find it out.

To the first objection I answer, that it is still a disputable point, even among the best Criticks, whether a Tragedy may not have a happy Catastrophe; that the French Authors are of this opinion, appears from most of their Modern Tragedies.

In answer to the second objection, I cannot affirm, that any of the Antients have either a Justice of Peace, a Parish-Clark, or an Embryo Ghost in their Tragedies; yet whoever will look into Sophocles, Euripides, or Seneca, will find that they greatly affected to introduce Nurses in all their pieces, which every one must grant to be an inferior Character to a Justice of Peace; in imitation of which also, I have introduced a Grandmother and an Aunt.

*To the third objection, which is the meanness of the sentiments, I answer that the sentiments of Princes and clowns have not in reality that difference which they seem to have: their thoughts are almost the same,
and*

P R E F A C E.

and they only differ as the same thought is attended with a meanness or pomp of diction, or receive a different light from the circumstances each Character is conversant with. But these Criticks have forgot the precept of their Master Horace, who tells them,

——Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.

In answer to the objection against the Moral, I have only this to alledge, That the Moral of this piece is conceal'd; and Morals that are couch'd so as to exercise the judgments of the audience, have not been disapprov'd by the best Criticks. And I would have those that object against it as a piece of Flattery, consider, that there is such a Figure as the Irony.*

The Objections against it as a Comedy are,

First, They object to the Plot, that it throws the Characters into the deepest circumstances of distress: Inferiors trampled upon by the Tyranny of Power, a soldier to be shot for desertion, and an innocent maid in the utmost despair.

Secondly, That Ghosts are introduced, which move terror, a Passion not proper to be moved in Comedy.

Thirdly, They will not allow the Sentiments to be comical, because they are such as naturally flow from the deep distresses abovementioned. The Speech of a dying man, and his last advice to his child, are what one could not reasonably expect should raise the mirth of an audience.

First, That the Plot is comical, I argue from the Peripætia and the Catastrophe. Peascod's change of fortune upon the reprieves being produ-

* See Bossu's Chapter of concealed Sentences.

P R E F A C E.

ced, Kitty's distress ending in the discharge of her sweetheart, and the wedding, are all incidents that are truly comical.

*To the second objection I answer, That Ghosts have not been omitted in the antient Comedy; Aristophanes having laid the Scene of his *Baleaxoi* among the shades; and Plautus has introduc'd a *Lar familiaris* in his Prologue to the *Aulularia*, which tho' not actually a Ghost; is very little better.*

As to the third objection, That the Sentiments are not Comical, I answer, That the Ghosts are the only characters which are objected to as improper for Comedy, which I have already proved to be justly introduced, as following the manner of the old Comedy; but as they allow that the Sentiments naturally flow from the characters, those of the Justice, Clowns, &c. which are indisputably Comical characters, must be Comical. For the Sentiments being convey'd in number and rhyme, I have the authority of the best Modern French Comedies.

The only objection against it as a Pastoral falls upon the characters, which they say are partly Pastoral, and partly not so. They insist particularly, that a Sergeant of Granadiers is not a Pastoral character, and that the others are so far from being in the state of innocence, that the clowns are whoremasters, and the damsels with child.

To this I reply, that Virgil talks of Soldiers among his Shepherds.

Impius hæc tam culta Novalia miles habebit:

And the character of the Sergeant is drawn according to the Epithet of Virgil, Impius Miles, which may be seen in that speech of his,

You Dog, die like a Soldier-----and be damn'd.

*For, in short, a Soldier to a Swain is but just the same thing that a Wolf is to his Flocks, and is as naturally talk'd of or introduc'd. As
for*

P R E F A C E.

for the rest of the characters, I can only say I have copied nature, making the youths amorous before wedlock, and the damsels complying and fruitful. Those that are the most conversant in the country are the best judges of this sort of nature.

Lastly, They object against it as a Farce,

First, Because the irregularity of the Plot should answer to the Extravagance of the characters, which they say this piece wants, and therefore is no Farce.

Secondly, They deny the characters to be Farcical, because they are actually in nature.

Thirdly, If it was a true Farce, the Sentiments ought to be strained, to bear a proportional irregularity with the plot and characters.

To the First I answer, That the Farcical Scene of the Ghosts is introduced without any coherence with the rest of the piece, might be entirely left out, and would not be allowed in a regular Comedy. There are indeed a great number of Dramatick entertainments, where are Scenes of this kind; but those pieces in reality are not Comedies, but five Act Farces.

Secondly, Let the Criticks consider only the nature of Farce, that it is made up of absurdities and incongruities, and that those pieces which have these Qualities in the greatest degree are the most Farces; and they will allow this to be so from the characters, and particularly from that of the speaking Ghost of an Embryo, in the conclusion of the first Act. I have 'tis true, Aristophanes' Authority for things of this sort in Comedy, who hath introduced a Chorus of Frogs, and made them talk in the following manner:

P R E F A C E.

Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ,

Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ,

Διμναῖα κρινῶν τέχνη, &c.

Mr. D'Urfe of our own nation has given all the fowls of the air the faculty of speech equal with the parrot. Swans and elbow-chairs in the Opera of Dioclesian have danc'd upon the English Stage with good success. Shakespear hath some characters of this sort, as a speaking wall, and Moonshine. The former he designed to introduce (as he tells us himself) with something rough cast about him, and the latter comes in with a lanthorn and candle; which in my opinion are characters that make a good figure in the modern Farce.*

Thirdly, The sentiments are truly of the Farce kind, as they are the sentiments of the meanest Clowns convey'd in the pomp of numbers and rhyme; which is certainly forc'd and out of nature, and therefore Farcical.

After all I have said, I would have these Criticks only consider, when they object against it as a Tragedy, that I design'd it something of a Comedy; when they cavil at it as a Comedy, that I had partly a view to Pastoral; when they attack it as a Pastoral, that my endeavours were in some degree to write a Farce; and when they would destroy its character as a Farce, that my design was a Tragi-Comi-Pastoral: I believe when they consider this, they will all agree, that I have happily enough executed what I purpos'd, which is all I contend for. Yet that I might avoid the cavils and misinterpretations of severe Criticks, I have not call'd it a Tragedy, Comedy, Pastoral, or Farce, but left the name entirely undetermin'd in the doubtful appellation of the What d'ye call it, which

* See his *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

name

P R E F A C E.

name I thought unexceptionable; but I added to it a Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce, as it comprized all those several kinds of the Drama.

The Judicious Reader will easily perceive, that the unities are kept as in the most perfect pieces, that the Scenes are unbroken, and Poetical Justice strictly observ'd; the Ghost of the Embryo and the Parish-Girle are entire new characters. I might enlarge further upon the conduct of the particular Scenes, and of the piece in general, but shall only say, that the Success this piece has met with upon the Stage, gives encouragement to our Dramatick Writers to follow its Model; and evidently demonstrates that this sort of Drama is no less fit for the Theatre than those they have succeeded in.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

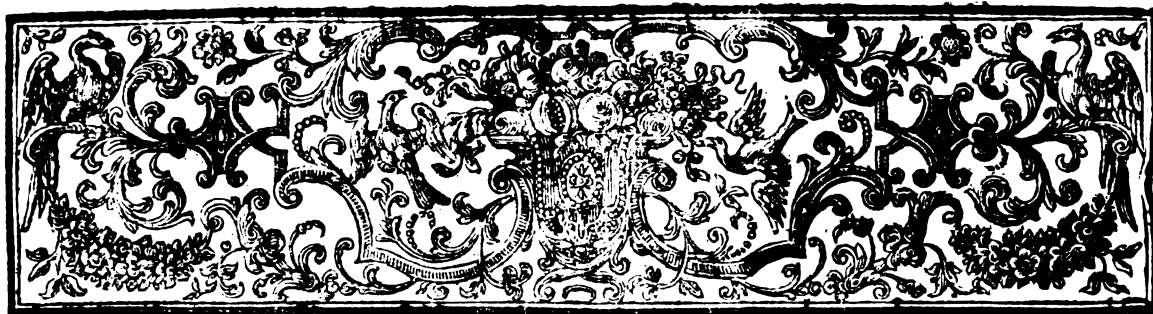
M E N.

Sir <i>Roger</i>	Mr. <i>Miller</i> .
Sir <i>Humphry</i>	Mr. <i>Crofs</i> .
Justice <i>Statute</i>	Mr. <i>Shepherd</i> .
Squire <i>Thomas</i> , Sir <i>Roger</i> 's Son, <i>alias</i> , <i>Thomas Filbert</i> .	Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Jonas Dock</i> , <i>alias</i> <i>Timothy Peascod</i>	Mr. <i>Penkethman</i> .
<i>Peter Nettle</i> , the Sergeant	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
Steward to Sir <i>Roger</i>	Mr. <i>Quin</i> .
Constable	Mr. <i>Penroy</i> .
Corporal	Mr. <i>Weller</i> .
<i>Stave</i> , a Parish-Clark.	
The Ghost of a Child unborn	Mr. <i>Norris Junior</i> .
Countrymen, Ghosts, and Soldiers.	

W O M E N.

<i>Kitty</i> , the Steward's Daughter, <i>alias</i> <i>Kitty Carrot</i>	Mrs. <i>Bicknell</i> .
<i>Dorcas</i> , <i>Peascod</i> 's Sister	Mrs. <i>Willis Senior</i> .
<i>Joyce</i> , <i>Peascod</i> 's Daughter left upon the Parish	Miss <i>Younger</i> .
Aunt	Mrs. <i>Baker</i> .
Grandmother.	

T H E



THE
WHAT D'YE CALL IT:
A
TRAGI-COMI-PASTORAL
FARCE.

SCENE, *A Country Justice's Hall, adorn'd with
Scutcheons and Stag's Horns.*

Enter Steward, Squire, Kitty, Dock, and others in Country Habits.

STEWARD.



O, you are ready in your parts, and in your
dress too, I see; your own best cloaths do
the business. Sure never was Play and
actors so suited. Come, range your selves
before me, women on the right, and men
on the left. Squire *Thomas*, you make a good figure.
[*The Actors range themselves.*]

SQUIRE.

Ay, thanks to *Barnaby's* Sunday cloaths; but call me *Thomas Filbert*, as I am in the Play.

STEWARD.

Chear up, daughter, and make *Kitty Carrot* the shining part: Squire *Thomas* is to be in love with you to night, girle.

KITTY.

Ay, I have felt Squire *Thomas's* love to my cost. I have little stomach to play, in the condition he hath put me into. [*Aside.*]

STEWARD.

Jonas Dock, dost thou remember thy name?

DOCK.

My name? *Jo---Jo---Jonas*. No---that was the name my Godfathers gave me. My play name is *Timothy Pea---Pea---Peascod*; ay, *Peascod*—and am to be shot for a deserter.----

STEWARD.

And you, *Dolly*?

DOLLY.

An't please ye, I am *Dorcas*, *Peascod's* sister, and am to be with child, as it were.

1 COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to take her up, as it were---I am the Constable.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to see *Tim* shot, as it were---I am the Corporal.

STEWARD.

STEWARD.

But what is become of our sergeant?

DORCAS.

Why *Peter Nettle, Peter, Peter.* [Enter Nettle.

NETTLE.

These stockings of *Susan's* cost a woundy deal of pains the pulling on: But what's a sergeant without red stockings?

DOCK.

I'll dress thee, *Peter*, I'll dress thee. Here, stand still, I must twist thy neckcloth; I would make thee hold up thy head, and have a ruddy complexion; but prithee don't look black in the face, man. [Rolling his neckcloth.] Thou must look fierce and dreadful. [Making whiskers with a burnt cork.] But what shall we do for a grenadier's cap?

STEWARD.

Fetch the leathern bucket that hangs in the belfry; that is curiously painted before, and will make a figure.

NETTLE.

No, no, I have what's worth twenty on't: the Pope's mitre, that my master Sir *Roger* seiz'd, when they would have burnt him at our market town.

STEWARD.

So, now let ev'ry body withdraw, and prepare to begin the play. [Exeunt Actors.] My daughter debauched! and by that booby Squire! well, perhaps the conduct of this play may retrieve her folly, and preserve her reputation. Poor girl! I cannot forget thy tears.

Gg

Enter

Enter Sir Roger.

Sir R O G E R.

Look ye, Steward, don't tell me you can't bring them in. I will have a ghost; nay, I will have a competence of ghosts. What, shall our neighbours think we are not able to make a ghost? A play without a ghost is like, is like,---i' gad it is like nothing.

S T E W A R D.

Sir, be satisfied; you shall have ghosts.

Sir R O G E R.

And is the play as I order'd it, both a Tragedy and a Comedy? I would have it a Pastoral too: and if you could make it a Farce, so much the better---and what if you crown'd all with a spice of your Opera? You know my neighbours never saw a Play before; and d'ye see, I would shew them all sorts of Plays under one.

S T E W A R D.

Sir Roger, it is contrived for that very purpose.

Sir R O G E R.

[Enter two Justices.]

Neighbours, you are welcome. Is not this Steward of mine a pure ingenious fellow now, to make such a Play for us these *Christmas* holidays. *[Exit Steward bowing.]*---A rare headpiece! he has it here, i' faith. *[Pointing to his own head.]* But indeed, I gave him the hint---To see now what contrivance some folks have! We have so fitted the parts to my tenants, that ev'ry man talks in his own way!---and then we have made just three justices in the play, to be play'd by us three justices of the *Quorum*.

J U S T I C E.

1 JUSTICE.

Zooks!---so it is;---main ingenious.—and can we sit and smoke at the same time we act?

Sir ROGER.

Ay, ay,---we have but three or four words to say, ---and may drink and be good company in peace and silence all the while after.

2 JUSTICE.

But how shall we know when we are to say these same words?

Sir ROGER.

This shall be the signal—when I set down the tankard, then speak you, Sir *Humphry*,---and when Sir *Humphry* sets down the tankard, speak you, Squire *Statute*.

1 JUSTICE.

Ah, Sir *Roger*, you are old dog at these things.

2 JUSTICE.

To be sure.

Sir ROGER.

Why neighbours, you know, experience, experience—I remember your *Harts* and your *Bettertons*--- But to see your *Othello*, neighbours,—how he would rave and roar, about a foolish flower'd handkerchief!--- and then he would groud so manfully,---and he would put out the light, and put the light out so cleverly! but hush---the Prologue, the Prologue.

[They seat themselves with much ceremony at the table, on which are pipes and tobacco, and a large silver tankard.]

G g 2

T H E

T H E P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. *Pinkethman*.

THE entertainment of this night---or day,
This something, or this nothing of a Play,
Which strives to please all palates at a time,
With ghosts and men, songs, dances, prose and rhyme
This comic story, or this tragic jest,
May make you laugh, or cry, as you like best;
May exercise your good, or your ill-nature,
Move with distress, or tickle you with satyr.
All must be pleas'd too with their Parts, we think:
Our maids have sweethearts, and their Worships drink.
Criticks, we know, by antient rules may maul it;
But sure Gallants must like---the What d'ye call it.

A C T

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir ROGER, *Sir* HUMPHRY, *Justice* STATUTE,
CONSTABLE, FILBERT, SERGEANT, KITTY,
DORCAS, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT.

Sir R O G E R.

HERE, *Thomas Filbert*, answer to your name,
Dorcas hath sworn to you she owes her shame:
Or wed her strait, or else you're sent afar,
To serve his gracious Majesty in war.

F I L B E R T.

'Tis false, 'tis false—I scorn thy odious touch.
[*Pushing Dorcas from him.*]

D O R C A S.

When their turn's serv'd, all men will do as much.

K I T T Y.

Ah, good your Worships, ease a wretched maid.
To the right father let the child be laid.

Art

230 *The WHAT D'YE CALL IT.*

Art thou not perjur'd?—mark his harmless look:
How canst thou, *Dorcas*, kiss the Bible book?
Hast thou no conscience, dost not fear *Old Nick*?
Sure sure the ground will ope, and take thee quick.

SERGEANT.

Zooks! never wed, 'tis safer much to roam;
For what is war abroad to war at home?
Who wou'd not sooner bravely risque his life;
For what's a cannon to a scolding wife?

FILBERT.

Well, if I must, I must—I hate the wench,
I'll bear a musquet then against the *French*.
From door to door I'd sooner whine and beg,
Both arms shot off, and on a wooden leg,
Than marry such a trapes—No, no, I'll not:
—Thou wilt too late repent, when I am shot.
But, *Kitty*, why dost cry?—

GRANDMOTHER.

——Stay, Justice, stay:
Ah, little did I think to see this day!

Must

Must Grandson *Filbert* to the wars be prest?
 Alack! I knew him when he suck'd the breast,
 Taught him his catechism, the fescue held,
 And join'd his letters, when the bantling spell'd.
 His loving mother left him to my care.
 Fine child, as like his Dad as he could stare!
 Come *Candlemas*, nine years ago she dy'd,
 And now lies buried by the yew-tree's side.

A U N T.

O tyrant Justices! have you forgot
 How my poor brother was in *Flanders* shot?
 You press'd my brother—he shall walk in white,
 He shall—and shake your curtains ev'ry night.
 What though a pauntry hare he rashly kill'd,
 That cross'd the furrows while he plough'd the Field?
 You sent him o'er the hills and far away;
 Left his old mother to the parish pay,
 With whom he shar'd his ten pence ev'ry day.
 What kill'd a bird, was from his farm turn'd out;
 You took the law of *Thomas* for a trout:

You

You ruin'd my poor uncle at the sizes,
 And made him pay nine pounds for *Nisiprises*.
 Now will you press my harmless nephew too?
 Ah, what has conscience with the rich to do!

[*Sir Roger takes up the Tankard.*

Though in my hand no silver tankard shine,
 Nor my dry lip be dy'd with claret wine,
 Yet I can sleep in peace—

Sir R O G E R. [After having drunk.

——— Woman, forbear.

Sir H U M P H R Y. [Drinking.

The man's within the act——

Justice S T A T U T E. Drinking also.

——— The law is clear.

S E R G E A N T.

Haste, let their Worships orders be obey'd.

K I T T Y. [Kneeling.

Behold how low you have reduc'd a maid.
 Thus to your Worships on my knees I sue,
 (A posture never known but in the pew)

If

If we can money for our taxes find,
Take that—but ah! our sweethearts leave behind.
To trade so barb'rous he was never bred,
The blood of vermine all the blood he shed:
How should he, harmless youth, how should he then
Who kill'd but poulcats, learn to murder men?

D O R C A S.

O *Thomas, Thomas!* hazard not thy life;
By all that's good, I'll make a loving wife:
I'll prove a true pains-taker day and night,
I'll spin and card, and keep our children tight.
I can knit stockings, you can thatch a barn;
If you earn ten-pence, I my groat can earn.
How shall I weep to hear this infant cry?
[*her hand on her belly.*]
He'll have no father—and no husband I.

K I T T Y.

Hold, *Thomas*, hold, nor hear that shameless witch:
I can sow plain-work, I can darn and stitch;
I can bear sultry days and frosty weather;
Yes, yes, my *Thomas*, we will go together;

H h

Beyond

Beyond the seas together will we go,
In camps together, as at harvest, glow.
This arm shall be a bolster for thy head,
I'll fetch clean straw to make my soldier's bed;
There, while thou sleep'st, my apron o'er thee hold,
Or with it patch thy tent against the cold.
Pigs in hard rains I've watch'd, and shall I do
That for the pigs, I would not bear for you?

F I L B E R T.

Oh, *Kitty, Kitty*, canst thou quit the rake,
And leave these meadows for thy sweetheart's fake?
Canst thou so many gallant soldiers see,
And captains and lieutenants slight for me?
Say, canst thou hear the guns, and never shake,
Nor start at oaths that make a christian quake?
Canst thou bear hunger, canst thou march and toil
A long long way, a thousand thousand mile?
And when thy *Tom's* blown up, or shot away,
Then canst thou starve?—they'll cheat thee of my pay.

Sir R O G E R.

Sir R O G E R.

[*Drinking.*

Take out that wench——

Sir H U M P H R Y.

[*Drinking.*

————— But give her pennance meet.

Justice S T A T U T E.

[*Drinking also.*

I'll see her stand—next sunday—in a sheet.

D O R C A S.

Ah! why does nature give us so much cause
To make kind-hearted lasses break the laws?
Why should hard laws kind-hearted lasses bind,
When too soft nature draws us after kind?

S C E N E II.

Sir R O G E R, *Sir* H U M P H R Y, *Justice* S T A T U T E,
F I L B E R T, S E R G E A N T, K I T T Y, G R A N D M O -
T H E R, A U N T, S O L D I E R.

S O L D I E R.

Sergeant, the captain to your quarters sent;
To ev'ry ale-house in the town I went.

H h 2

Our

236 *The WHAT D'TE CALL IT.*

Our Corp'ral now has the deserter found;
The men are all drawn out, the pris'ner bound.

SERGEANT.

[To Filbert.

Come, soldier, come—

KITTY.

————— Ah! take me, take me too.

GRANDMOTHER.

Stay, forward wench;——

AUNT.

————— What would the creature do?

This week thy mother means to wash and brew.

KITTY.

Brew then she may her self, or wash or bake ;
I'd leave ten mothers for one sweetheart's sake.
O justice most unjust!——

FILBERT.

————— O tyranny!

KITTY.

How can I part?

FILBERT.

FILBERT.

——— Alas! and how can I?

KITTY.

O rueful day!——

FILBERT.

——— Rueful indeed, I trow.

KITT Y.

O woeful day!

FILBERT.

——— A day indeed of woe!

KITT Y.

When gentlefolks their sweethearts leave behind,
They can write letters, and say something kind;
But how shall *Filbert* unto me endite,
When neither I can read, nor he can write?

Yet, Justices, permit us e'er we part
To break this ninepence, as you've broke our heart.

FILBERT. [Breaking the Ninepence.

As this divides, thus are we torn in twain.

KITT Y.

*KITTY.**[Joining the Pieces.*

And as this meets, thus may we meet again.

*[She is drawn away on one side of the Stage.
by Aunt and Grandmother.*

Yet one look more——

FILBERT.

[Haul'd off on the other side by the Sergeant.

————— One more e'er yet we go.

KITTY.

To part is death.——

FILBERT.

————— 'Tis death to part.

KITTY.

————— Ah!

FILBERT.

————— Oh!

SCENE

SCENE III.

Sir ROGER, *Sir* HUMPHRY, *Justice* STATUTE,
and CONSTABLE.

Sir ROGER. [Drinking.

See, constable, that ev'ry one withdraw.

Sir HUMPHRY. Drinking.

We've business——

Justice STATUTE. [Drinking also,

——— To discuss a point of law.

SCENE IV.

Sir ROGER, *Sir* HUMPHRY, *Justice* STATUTE.

They seem in earnest discourse.

Sir ROGER.

I say the Press act plainly makes it out.

Sir HUMPHRY.

Doubtless, *Sir* Roger.———

Justice

Justice S T A T U T E.

 — Brother, without doubt.
A Ghost rises.

1 G H O S T.

I'm *Jeffry Cackle*.— You my death shall rue ;
 For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.

[*Pointing to the Justices.*]*Another Ghost rises.*

2 G H O S T.

I'm *Smut* the farrier.— You my death shall rue ;
 For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.

A Woman's Ghost rises.

3 G H O S T.

I'm *Bess* that hang'd my self for *Smut* so true ;
 So owe my death to you, to you, to you.

A Ghost of an Embryo rises.

4 G H O S T.

I was begot before my mother married,
 Who whipt by you, of me poor child miscarried.

Another

Another woman's Ghost rises.

5 G H O S T.

Its mother I, whom you whipt black and blue;
Both owe our deaths to you, to you, to you.

[All Ghosts shake their heads.]

Sir R O G E R.

Why do you shake your mealy heads at me?
You cannot say I did it——

B O T H J U S T I C E S.

————— No——nor we.

1 G H O S T.

All three——

2 G H O S T.

————— All three.——

3 G H O S T.

————— All three——

4 G H O S T.

————— All three——

5 G H O S T.

————— All three.

A SONG sung dismally by a GHOST.

YE goblins, and fairys,
 With frisks and vagarys,
 Ye fairys and goblins,
 With hoppings and hobblings,
 Come all, come all
 To Sir Roger's great hall.

All fairys and goblins,
 All goblins and fairys,
 With hoppings and hobblings,
 With frisks and vagarys.

C H O R U S.

Sing, goblins and fairys,
 Sing, fairys and goblins,
 With frisks and vagarys,
 And hoppings and hobblings.

*[The ghosts dance round the Justices, who go off in a
 fright, and the ghosts vanish.]*

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Field.

TIMOTHY PEASCOD *bound*; CORPORAL,
SOLDIERS, *and* COUNTRYMEN.

C O R P O R A L.

STand off there, countrymen; and you, the guard,
Keep close your pris'ner—see that all's prepar'd.
Prime all your firelocks—fasten well the stake.

P E A S C O D.

'Tis too much, too much trouble for my sake.
O fellow-foldiers, countrymen and friends,
Be warn'd by me to shun untimely ends:
For evil courses am I brought to shame,
And from my foul I do repent the same.
Oft my kind *Grannam* told me—*Tim*, take warning,
Be good—and say thy pray'rs—and mind thy learning.
But I, sad wretch, went on from crime to crime;
I play'd at nine-pins first in sermon time:

I rob'd the Parfon's orchard next; and then
 (For which I pray forgivenefs) stole—a hen.
 When I was press'd, I told them the first day
 I wanted heart to fight, so ran away;

[Attempts to run off, but is prevented.]
 For which behold I die. 'Tis a plain case,
 'Twas all a judgment for my want of grace.

[The soldiers prime, with their muskets towards him.]
 Hold, hold, my friends; nay, hold, hold, hold, I pray;
 They may go off—and I have more to say.

1 C O U N T R Y M A N.

Come, 'tis no time to talk——

2 C O U N T R Y M A N.

————— Repent thine ill,
 And pray in this good book.— *[Gives him a book.]*

R E A S C O D.

————— I will, I will.
 Lend me thy handkercher—*The Pilgrim's pro—*
[Reads and weeps.]
 (I cannot see for tears) *Pro—Progress—Oh!*

The

The Pilgrim's Progress---eighth---edi-ti-on
Lon-don-print-ed-for--Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton:
With new ad-di-tions never made before.
Oh! 'tis so moving, I can read no more.

[Drops the book.]

SCENE II.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRY-
MEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT.

SERGEANT.

What whining's this?--boys, see your guns well ramm'd.
You dog, die like a soldier—and be damn'd.

FILBERT.

My friend in ropes!—

PEASCOD.

————— I should not thus be bound,
If I had Means, and could but raise five pound.
The cruel Corp'ral whisper'd in my ear,
Five pounds, if rightly tipt, would set me clear.

FILBERT.

F I L B E R T.

Here—*Peascod*, take my pouch—'tis all I own.
 (For what is Means and life when *Kitty's* gone!)
 'Tis my pres-money—can this silver fail?
 'Tis all, except one sixpence spent in ale.
 This had a ring for *Kitty's* finger bought,
Kitty on me had by that token thought.
 But for thy life, poor *Tim*, if this can do't;
 Take it, with all my soul—thou'rt welcome to't.

[Offers him his purse.]

1 C O U N T R Y M A N.

And take my fourteen pence——

2 C O U N T R Y M A N.

————— And my cramp-ring.

Would, for thy sake, it were a better thing.

3 C O U N T R Y M A N.

And master Sergeant, take my box of copper.

4 C O U N T R Y M A N.

And my wife's thimble.——

5 C O U N T R Y M A N.

————— And this 'bacco-stopper.

SERGEANT.

No bribes. Take back your things--I'll have them not.

PEASCOD.

Oh! must I die?—

CHORUS of COUNTRYMEN.

————— Oh! must poor *Tim* be shot!

PEASCOD.

But let me kiss thee first—— [Embracing Filbert.

SCENE II.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRY-
MEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, DORCAS.

DORCAS.

————— Ah, brother *Tim*,
Why these close hugs? I owe my shame to him.

He scorns me now, he leaves me in the lurch;

In a white sheet poor I must stand at church.

O marry me—[To Filbert.] Thy sister is with child.

[To Tim.

And he, 'twas he my tender heart beguil'd.

*The WHAT D'YE CALL IT.**P E A S C O D.*

Could'st thou do this? could'st thou —

[*In anger to Filbert.*

S E R G E A N T.

————— Draw out the men:
Quick to the stake; you must be dead by ten.

D^o O R C A S.

Be dead! must *Tim* be dead! — —

P E A S C O D.

————— He must—he must.

•D^o O R C A S.

Ah! I shall sink downright; my heart will burst:
—Hold, Sergeant, hold—yet e'er you sing the Psalms,
Ah! let me ease my conscience of its qualms.
O brother, brother! *Filbert* still is true.
I foully wrong'd him—do, forgive me, do. [*To Filb.*
The Squire betray'd me; nay,—and what is worse,
Brib'd me with two gold guineas in this purse,
To swear the child to *Filbert*.——

P E A S C O D.

P E A S C O D.

————— What a *Jew*
My sister is!—Do, *Tom*, forgive her, do. [*To Filb.*

F I L B E R T. [*kisses Dorcas*

But see thy base-born child, thy babe of shame,
Who left by thee, upon our parish came;
Comes for thy blessing——

S C E N E IV.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRY-
MEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, DORCAS, JOYCE.

P E A S C O D.

————— Oh! my sins of youth!
Why on the haycock didst thou tempt me, *Ruth*?
O save me, Sergeant;—how shall I comply?
I love my daughter so—I cannot die.

J O Y C E.

Must father die! and I be left forlorn?
A lack a day! that ever *Joyce* was born!

K k

No

250 *The WHAT D'YE CALL IT.*

No grandfire in his arms e'er dandled me,
And no fond mother danc'd me on her knee.
They said, if ever father got his pay,
I should have two-pence ev'ry market day.

P E A S C O D.

Poor child; hang sorrow, and cast care behind thee,
The parish by this badge is bound to find thee.

[Pointing to the badge on her arm.]

J O R C E

The parish finds indeed—but our church-wardens
Feast on the silver, and give us the farthings.
Then my school-mistress, like a vixen *Turk*,
Maintains her lazy husband by our work:
Many long tedious days I've worsted spun;
She grudg'd me victuals when my task was done.
Heav'n fend me a good service! for I now
Am big enough to wash, or milk a cow.

P E A S C O D,

O that I had by charity been bred!
I then had been much better—taught than fed.

Instead

Instead of keeping nets against the law,
I might have learnt accounts, and sung *Sol-fa*.
Farewel, my child; spin on, and mind thy book,
And send thee store of grace therein to look.
Take warning by thy shameless Aunt; lest thou
Should'st o'er thy bastard weep—as I do now.
Mark my last words—an honest living get;
Beware of Papishes, and learn to knit.

[Dorcas leads out Joyce sobbing and crying.]

SCENE V.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRY-
MEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT.

FILBERT.

Let's drink before we part—for sorrow's dry.
To *Tim's* safe passage——

[Takes out a brandy-bottle, and drinks.]

1 COUNTRYMAN.

I'll drink too.

K k 2

2 COUNTRY.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

 And I.
P E A S C O D..

Stay, let me pledge—'tis my last earthly liquor. [*Drinks.*

—When I am dead you'll bind my grave with wicker.

[*They lead him to the stake.*

1 COUNTRYMAN.

He was a special ploughman— [Sighing!

2 COUNTRYMAN.

 Harrow'd well!
3 COUNTRYMAN.

And at our maypole ever bore the bell!

P E A S C O D.

Say, is it fitting in this very field,

Where I so oft have reap'd, so oft have till'd;

This field, where from my youth I've been a carter,

I, in this field, should die for a deserter?

F I L B E R T.

'Tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard!—

S E R G E A N T.

SERGEANT.

———Zooks, here's a pother.
Strip him; I'd stay no longer for my brother.

PEASCOD.

[Distributing his things among his friends.]
Take you my 'bacco-box—my neckcloth, you.
To our kind Vicar send this bottle-skrew.
But wear these breeches, *Tom*; they're quite bran-new.

FILBERT.

Farewell——

1 COUNTRYMAN.

———B'ye, *Tim*.——

2 COUNTRYMAN.

———B'ye, *Tim*.

3 COUNTRYMAN.

———Adieu.

4 COUNTRYMAN.

———Adieu.

[They all take their leave of Peascod by shaking hands with him.]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRY-
MEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, *to them a SOLDI-
ER in great haste.*

S O L D I E R.

Hold—why so furious, Sergeant? by your leave,
Untye the pris'ner—see, here's a reprieve.

[Shows a paper.]

C H O R U S of C O U N T R Y M E N. *[Huzzaing.]*
A reprieve, a reprieve, a reprieve!

[Peascod is unty'd, and embraces his friends.]

S C E N E VII.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRY-
MEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, CONSTABLE.

C O N S T A B L E.

Friends, reprehend him, reprehend him there.

S E R G E A N T.

For what?—

CONSTABLE.

————— For stealing gaffer Gap's gray mare.

[They seize the Sergeant.]

PEASCOD.

Why, heark ye, heark ye, friend; you'll go to pot.

Would you be rather hang'd—hah!—hang'd or shot?

SERGEANT.

Nay, hold, hold, hold—

PEASCOD.

————— Not if you were my brother.

Why, friend, should you not hang as well's another?

CONSTABLE.

Thus said Sir *John*—the law must take its course;

'Tis law that he may 'scape who steals a horse.

But (said Sir *John*) the statutes all declare,

The man shall sure be hang'd—that steals a mare.

PEASCOD

[to the Sergeant.]

Ay—right—he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

He shall be hang'd—that's certain; and good cause.

A rare good sentence this—how is't?—the laws

No

No—not the laws—the statutes all declare,
The man that steals a mare shall sure—be—hang'd,
No, no—he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

*[Exit Sergeant guarded, Countrymen, &c.
buzzaing after him.]*

S C E N E V I I I.

KITTY, *with her hair loose*, **GRANDMOTHER**, **AUNT**,
HAYMAKERS, **CHORUS of SIGHS and GROANS.**

K I T T Y.

Dear happy fields, farewell; ye flocks, and you
Sweet meadows, glitt'ring with the pearly dew:
And thou, my rake, companion of my cares,
Giv'n by my mother in my younger years:
With thee the toils of full eight springs I've known,
'Tis to thy help I owe this hat and gown;
On thee I lean'd, forgetful of my work,
While *Tom* gaz'd on me, propt upon his fork:

Farewell,

Farewell, farewell; for all thy task is o'er,

Kitty shall want thy service now no more.

[Flings away the rake.]

C H O R U S of SIGHs and GROANS.

Ah—O!—Sure never was the like before!

K I T T Y.

Happy the maid, whose sweetheart never hears

The soldier's drum, nor writ of Justice fears.

Our bans thrice bid! and for our wedding day

My kerchief bought! then press'd, then forc'd away!

C H O R U S of SIGHs and GROANS.

Ah! O! poor soul! alack! and well a day!

• *K I T T Y.*

You, *Bess*, still reap with *Harry* by your side;

You, *Jenny*, shall next *Sunday* be a bride:

But I forlorn!—This ballad shews my care;

[Gives Susan a ballad.]

Take this sad ballad, which I bought at fair:

Susan can sing — do you the burthen bear.

A B A L L A D.

I

TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the rolling billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

III.

The merchant, rob'd of pleasure,

Sees tempests in despair;

But what's the loss of treasure

To losing of my dear?

Should you some coast be laid on

Where gold and di'monds grow,

You'd find a richer maiden,

But none that loves you so.

IV.

How can they say that nature

Has nothing made in vain;

Why then beneath the water

Should hideous rocks remain?

No eyes the rocks discover,

That lurk beneath the deep,

To wreck the wand'ring lover,

And leave the maid to weep.

IV.

All melancholy lying,

Thus wail'd she for her dear ;

Repay'd each blast with sighing,

Each billow with a tear ;

When, o'er the white wave stooping,

His floating corpse she spy'd ;

Then like a lilly drooping,

She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

K I T T Y.

Why in this world should wretched *Kitty* stay ?

What if these hands should make my self away ?

I could not fure do otherways than well.

A maid so true's too innocent for hell.

But hearkye, *Cis* — [*Whispers and gives her a penknife.*

• A U N T.

————— I'll do't — 'tis but to try

If the poor foul can have the heart to die.

[*Aside to the Haymakers.*

Thus

Thus then I strike—but turn thy head aside.

K I T T Y.

'Tis shameless sure to fall as pigs have dy'd.

No—take this cord— [Gives her a cord.]

A U N T.

————— With this thou shalt be sped.

[Putting the noose round her neck.]

K I T T Y.

But curs are hang'd.—

A U N T.

————— Christians should die in bed.

K I T T Y.

Then lead me thither; there I'll moan and weep,
And close these weary eyes in death.

A U N T.

————— or sleep. [Aside.]

K I T T Y.

When I am cold, and stretch'd upon my bier,
My restless sprite shall walk at midnight here:

Here

262 *The* WHAT D'TE CALL IT

Here shall I walk—for 'twas beneath yon tree
Filbert first said he lov'd—lov'd only me.

[*Kitty faints.*

GRANDMOTHER.

She swoons, poor soul—help, *Dolly*.

AUNT.

—She's in fits.

Bring water, water, water.— [Screaming.

GRANDMOTHER.

—Fetch her wits.

[*They throw water upon her.*

KITTY.

Hah!—I am turn'd a stream—look all below;

It flows, and flows, and will for ever flow.

The meads are all afloat—the haycocks swim.

Hah! who comes here!—my *Filbert*! drown not him.

Bagpipes in butter, flocks in fleecy fountains,

Churns, sheep-hooks, seas of milk, and honey mountains.

S C E N E

SCENE IX.

KITTY, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT, HAYMAKERS,
FILBERT.

KITTY.

It is his ghost—or is it he indeed?

Wert thou not sent to war? hah, dost thou bleed?

No——'tis my *Filbert*.

FILBERT.

[embracing her.

————— Yes, 'tis he, 'tis he.

Dorcas confess'd; the Justice set me free.

I'm thine again.——

KITTY.

————— I thine——

FILBERT.

————— Our fears are fled.

Come, let's to Church, to Church.——

KITTY.

K I T T Y.

To wed.

F I L B E R T.

To bed.

C H O R U S of H A Y M A K E R S.

A wedding, a bedding; a wedding, a bedding.

[Exeunt all the Actors.]

Sir R O G E R.

Ay, now for the wedding. Where's he that plays the Parson? Now, neighbours, you shall see what was never shewn upon the *London* stage.—Why, heigh day! what's our Play at a stand?

Enter a Countryman.

C O U N T R Y M A N.

So, please your worship, I should have play'd the Parson, but our Curate would not lend his gown, for he says it is a profanation.

Sir R O G E R.

What a scrupulous whim is this? an innocent thing! believe me, an innocent thing.

[The Justices assent by nods and signs.]

Enter Stave the parish-Clark.

S T A V E.

Master Doctor faith he hath two and twenty good reasons against it from the Fathers, and he is come himself to utter them unto your Worship.

Sir R O G E R.

Sir R O G E R.

What, shall our Play be spoil'd? I'll have none of his reasons—call in Mr. *Inference*.

Stave goes out, and re-enters.

S T A V E.

Sir, he saith he never greatly affected stage Plays.

[*WITHIN.*]

Stave, Stave, Stave.

Sir R O G E R.

Tell him that I say—

[*WITHIN.*]

Stave, Stave.

Sir R O G E R.

What, shall the Curate controul me? have not I the presentation? tell him that I will not have my Play spoil'd; nay, ~~that~~ he shall marry the couple himself—I say, he shall.

Stave goes out, and re-enters.

S T A V E.

The steward hath perswaded him to join their hands in the parlour within—but he saith he will not, and cannot in conscience consent to expose his character before neighbouring gentlemen; neither will he enter into your worship's hall; for he calleth it a stage *pro tempore*.

Sir H U M P H R Y.

Very likely: The good man may have reason.

Justice S T A T U T E.

In troth, we must in some sort comply with the scrupulous tender conscienc'd doctor.

M m

Sir R O G E R.

Sir R O G E R.

Why, what's a Play without a marriage? and what is a marriage, if one fees nothing of it? Let him have his humour—but fet the doors wide open, that we may fee how all goes on. *[Exit Stave.*

[Sir Roger at the door pointing.

So natural! d'ye fee now, neighbours? the ring i-faith. To have and to hold! right again---well play'd, doctor; well play'd, Son *Thomas*. Come, come, I'm fatisfy'd---now for the fiddles and dances.

Enter Steward, Squire Thomas, Kitty, Stave, &c.

S T E W A R D.

Sir Roger, you are very merry.

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,

The dreadful reck'ning, and men smite no more.

I wifh you joy of your Play, and of your daughter. I had no way but this to repair the injury your fon had done my child---she fhall ftudy to deferve your favour.

[Presenting Kitty to Sir Roger.

Sir R O G E R.

Married! how married! can the marriage of *Filbert* and *Carrot* have any thing to do with my fon?

S T E W A R D.

But the marriage of *Thomas* and *Katherine* may, *Sir Roger*.

Sir R O G E R.

Sir R O G E R.

What a plague, am I trick'd then? I must have a stage Play, with a pox!

Sir H U M P H R Y.

If this speech be in the play, remember the tankard, Sir Roger.

Squire T H O M A S.

Zooks, these stage plays are plaguy dangerous things---but I am no such fool neither, but I know this was all your contrivance.

Justice S T A T U T E.

Ay, Sir Roger, you told us it was you that gave him the hint.

Sir R O G E R.

Why blockhead! puppy! had you no more wit than to say the ceremony? he should only have married you in rhyme, fool.

Squire T H O M A S.

Why, what did I know, ha? but so it is---and since murder will out, as the saying is; look ye father, I was under some sort of a promise too, d'ye see---so much for that---If I be a husband, I be a husband, there's an end on't---sure I must have been married some time or other.

[Sir Roger walks up and down fretting, and goes out in a passion.]

M m 2

Sir H U M P H R Y.

Sir HUMPHRY.

In troth, it was in some sort my opinion before; it is good in law.

Justice STATUTE.

Good in law, good in law—but hold, we must not lose the dance.

*A D A N C E.**E P I L O G U E.**S T A V E.*

*Our stage Play has a moral—and no doubt
You all have sense enough to find it out.*

*EPISTLES*

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By Mr. *J O H N G A Y.*

VOLUME *the* SECOND.



L O N D O N:

Printed for *J A C O B T O N S O N*, at *Shakespear's-Head* in the
Strand, and *B E R N A R D L I N T O T*, between the *Temple-*
Gates in *Fleetstreet*. *M D C C X X.*

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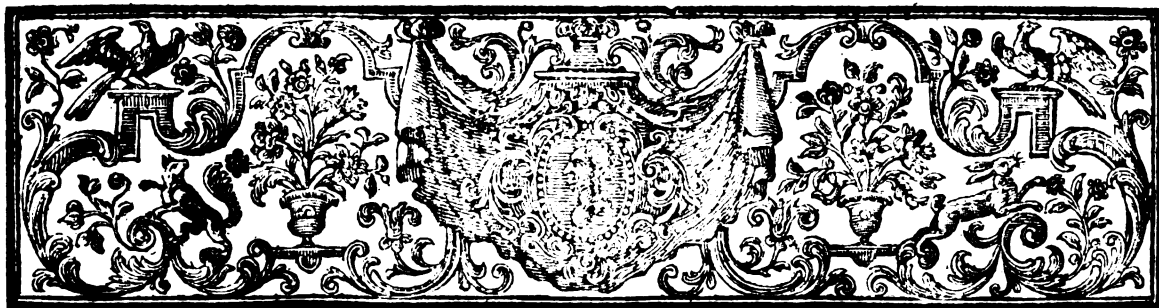
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E P I S T L E S.

E P I S T L E S

O N

Several Occasions.



E P I S T L E I.

T O A

L A D Y.

Occasion'd by the Arrival of HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS.



A D A M, to all your censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since
have writ:

You told me, silence would be thought
a crime,

And kindly strove to tease me into rhyme:

No

No more let trifling themes your Muse employ,
Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy;
No more on plains with rural damsels sport,
But sing the glories of the *British* court.

By your commands and inclination sway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid;
Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,
And to the Princess thus the Poem rose.

*Aid me, bright Phœbus; aid, ye sacred Nine;
Exalt my Genius, and my verse refine.*

*My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
The lovely parent of our royal race.*

*Breathe soft, ye winds, ye waves in silence sleep;
Let prosp'rous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the watry way.*

Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous pray'r,
To rein the winds, and guard the royal Fair;
Bid the blue Tritons found their twisted shells,
And call'd the Nereids from their pearly cells.

Thus

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her song:
I then resolv'd some model to pursue,
Perus'd *French* Criticks, and began anew.
Long open panegyrick drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well address'd.

Strait, *Horace* for some lucky Ode I fought:
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought:
This new performance to a friend I shew'd;
For shame, says he, what, imitate an Ode!
I'd rather ballads write, and *Grubstreet* lays,
Than pillage *Cæsar* for my patron's praise:
One common fate all imitators share,
To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, similies, Lord's names, and ends of wit;
In blotted stanzas scraps of Odes expire,
And fustian mounts in Pyramids of fire.

Ladies, to you I next inscrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way:

N n

For

For still impatient till the Princess came,
You from description wish'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,
For still new graces open'd to my view.
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,
And then I thus pursu'd the growing scheme.

*Beauty and wit were sure by nature join'd,
And charms are emanations of the mind;
The soul transpiercing through the shining frame,
Forms all the graces of the Princely Dame:
Benevolence her conversation guides,
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides:
Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
As softens English to Italian sound:
Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,
As charm the judgment, while they sooth the ear.*

*Religion's chearful flame her bosom warms,
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
Henceforth, ye Fair, at chappel mind your pray'rs,
Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs;*

Re-

*Restrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less,
Nor most devoutly criticize on dress.*

*From her form all your characters of life,
The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
Oft have I seen her little infant train,
The lovely promise of a future reign;
Observ'd with pleasure ev'ry dawning grace,
And all the mother op'ning in their face,
The son shall add new honours to the line,
And early with paternal virtues shine;
When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
His little heart with emulation beats;
With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,
He dreams of triumphs and of vanquish'd foes.
Each year with arts shall store his rip'ning brain,
And from his Grandfire he shall learn to reign.*

Thus far I'd gone: Propitious rising gales
Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails.
Fair *Carolina* lands; the cannons roar
White *Albion's* cliffs resound from shore to shore,

Behold the bright original appear,
All praise is faint when *Carolina's* near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but Poet's cost,
The Princess came, and my new plan was lost.

Since all my schemes were baulk'd, my last resort,
I left the Muses to frequent the Court ;
Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd ;
Enquir'd what news, or such a Lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the same.
Places, I found, were daily giv'n away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd *Gay*.
I ask'd a friend what method to pursue ;
He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
Another ask'd me, why I had not writ :
A Poet owes his fortune to his wit.
Strait I reply'd, With what a courtly grace,
Flows easy verse from him that has a place !
Had *Virgil* ne'er at court improv'd his strains ;
He still had sung of flocks and homely swains ;

And

And had not *Horace* sweet preferment found,
The *Roman* lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once Ladies fair in homely guise I sung,
And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.
Oh, teach me now to strike a softer strain!
The Court refines the language of the plain.

You must, cries one, the Ministry rehearse,
And with each Patriot's name prolong your verse.
But sure this truth to Poets should be known,
That praising all alike, is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish'd success,
To some distinguish'd Lord I must address;
One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and strong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, resolute in fight;
Whose gen'rous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the man that wants a friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble Patron shown,
But I, alas! am to *Argyle* unknown.

Still

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,
 That writing was my method to succeed ;
 But now preferments so possess'd my brain,
 That scarce I could produce a single strain:
 Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,
 Without connection as without design.
 One morn upon the Princess this I writ,
 An Epigram that boasts more truth than wit.

*The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
 She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake :
 For this, on earth, the British crown is giv'n,
 And an immortal crown decreed in heav'n.*

Again, while GEORGE's virtues rais'd my thought,
 The following lines prophetick fancy wrought.

*Methinks I see some Bard, whose heav'nly rage
 Shall rise in song, and warm a future age ;
 Look back through time, and, rapt in wonder, trace
 The glorious series of the Brunfwick race*

*From the first GEORGE these godlike kings descend,
 A line which only with the world shall end.*

The

*The next a gen'rous Prince renown'd in arms,
And bless'd, long bless'd in Carolina's charms;
From these the rest. 'Tis thus secure in peace,
We plow the fields, and reap the year's increase:
Now Commerce, wealthy Goddess, rears her head,
And bids Britannia's fleets their canvas spread;
Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,
And wealth returns with each revolving tide.*

Here paus'd the fullen Muse, in haste I dress'd,
And through the croud of needy courtiers press'd;
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see,
Those eyes that glad a nation, shine on me.





E P I S T L E II.

To the Right Honourable the

EARL of *BURLINGTON*

A Journey to EXETER.



WHILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles
ascend,

Or in your *Chiswick* bow'rs enjoy your
friend;

Where *Pope* unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plumb, and blushing peach;
I journey far.—You knew fat Bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty Squire.

'Twas

'Twas on the day that city dames repair
To take their weekly dose of *Hide-Park* air;
When forth we trot: no carts the road infest,
For still on *Sundays* country horses rest.
Thy gardens, *Kensington*, we leave unseen;
Through *Hammersmith* jog on to *Turnham-green*:
That *Turnham-green*, which dainty pidgeons fed,
But feeds no more: for * *Solomon* is dead.
Three dusty miles reach *Brandford's* tedious town,
For dirty streets, and white-leg'd chickens known:
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths, and furrow'd lanes,
We come, where *Thames* divides the meads of *Stanes*.
We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now *Bagshot-Heath* we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft' repair their loss.
At *Hartley-Row* the foaming bit we prest,
While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry guest.

* *A man lately famous for feeding pidgeons at Turnham-green.*

Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,
Relates the Justices late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What Lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep:
The morning rose; but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
And *Popham-Lane* was scarce in sight by one:
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold;
That gold which had in *London* purchas'd gowns,
And sent her home a *Belle* to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood:
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For should the maiden mother nurse her son,
'Twould spoil her match when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.

Be

Be just, ye Prudes, wipe off the long arrear ;
Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach *Stockbridge* town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears ;
What, no Election come in seven long years !
Of all our race of Mayors, shall *Snow* alone
Be by Sir *Richard's* dedication known ?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain,
Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bow'rs a noonday shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend ;
With wondrous art, he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's a clock.
How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days !
No *Amaryllis* chaunts alternate lays ;

From her no list'ning ecchos learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
See *Sarum's* steeple o'er yon hill ascend;
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud Cathedral, and the lofty spire?
What sempstresses has not prov'd thy seissars good?
From hence first came th' intriguing ridinghood.
Amid *three boarding-schools well stock'd with misses,
Shall three knights errant starve for want of kisses?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And *Blandford* ends the labours of the day.
The morning rose; the supper reck'ning paid,
And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
And as we mount, our halfpence load his hands..

* *There are three boarding-schools in this town.*

Now

Now the steep hill fair *Dorchester* o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
Here sleep my two companions eyes supprest,
And propt in elbow chairs they snoring rest:
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
Now o'er true *Roman* way our horses found,
Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile valleys lye,
The distant prospects tire the trav'ling eye.
Through *Bridport's* stony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud steep descend to *Morcombe's* lake.
As herbes pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pail,
And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And *Axminster* affords a kind repose.

The

The maid, subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.
Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's gear such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels, ev'ry night!
We rise, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when *Venus* stroak'd the beard of *Jove*.

Now from the steep, midst scatter'd cotts and groves,
Our eye through *Honiton's* fair valley roves.
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smoak'd along the road;
When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses side;

For

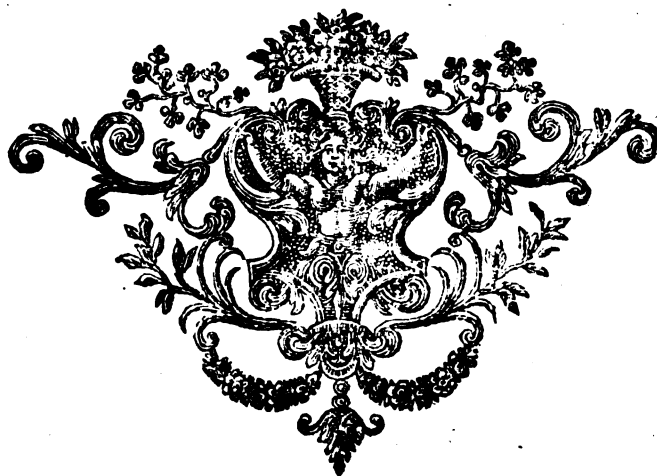
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands.
This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen ;
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame !
Then he, that could not Epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse.
But were his Muse for Elegy unfit,
Perhaps a Distich might not strain his wit ;
If Epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
Then *Hobbinol* might propagate his bays,
And *Tuttle-fields* record his simple lays ;
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses eyes,
While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies.
Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet.
Then *Maurus* in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great *William's* sign.

* *This*

**This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom
I nam'd the brave deliverer to come.*

But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and *Devon's* city gain.
Hail, happy native land!---but I forbear,
What other Counties must with envy hear.

**Prince Arthur, Book 5.*



E P I S T L E



E P I S T L E III.

To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM PULTENEY Esq;



PULT'NEY, methinks you blame my
breach of word;

What, cannot *Paris* one poor page afford?

Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,

Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste,

And each amusement, which we shar'd, review,

Pleas'd with meer talking, since I talk to you.

But how shall I describe in humble prose,

Their Balls, Assemblies, Operas and Beaus?

P p

In

In prose, you cry! Oh no, the Muse must aid,
 And leave *Parnassus* for the *Tuilleries*'s shade;
 Shall he (who late *Britannia*'s city trod,
 And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,
 Through dirty lanes, and alley's doubtful ways)
 Refuse to write, when *Paris* asks his lays!

Well then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine,
 In all the colours of the rainbow shine,
 Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,
 Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn,
 So may ye Balls and gay Assemblies grace,
 And at the Opera claim the foremost place.

Trav'lers should ever fit expression chuse,
 Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.
 When they describe the state of eastern Lords,
 Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;
 And when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
 Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly slide;
 But they, unmindful of Poetick rules,
 Describe alike Mockaws, and great *Moguls*.

Dampier

Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satyr,
Dress forth in simple style the *Petit-maitre*.

In Paris, there's a race of animals,
(I've seen them at their Operas and Balls)
They stand erect, they dance when-e'er they walk,
Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;
They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
And, like camelions, daily change their hue:
From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces,
This custom, as we visibly discern,
They, by frequenting Ladies toilettes, learn.
Thus might the trav'ler easy truth impart.
Into the subject let me nobly start!

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the Ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance;
While wretched is the Wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;

No broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,
 Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;
 No Lady's favour on his sword is hung.

What, though *Apollo* dictate from his tongue,
 His wit is spiritless and void of grace,
 Who wants th' assurance of brocade and lace.

While the gay fop genteely talks of weather,
 The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;
 Like a Court Lady though he write and spell,
 His minuet step was fashion'd by * *Marcell*;

He dresses, fences. What avails to know?

For women chuse their men, like silks, for show.

Is this the thing, you cry, that *Paris* boasts?

Is this the thing renown'd among our Toasts?

For such a flutt'ring fight we need not roam;

Our own Assemblys shine with these at home.

Let us into the field of Beauty start;

Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.

* *A famous dancing-master.*

Think

Think not, ye Fair, that I the Sex accuse:
How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse?
(The Muses all are *Prudes*) she rails, she frets,
Amidst this sprightly nation of *Coquettes*;
Yet let not us their loose coquett'ry blame;
Women of ev'ry nation are the same.

You ask me, if *Parisian* dames, like ours,
With rattling dice prophane the *Sunday's* hours;
If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And stake their honour while their husbands sleep.
Yes, Sir; like *English* Toasts, the dames of *France*
Will risque their income on a single chance.
Nannette last night at tricking *Pharaon* play'd,
The cards the *Taillier's* sliding hand obey'd,
To day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old *Chloris* an Assembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent losses burns,
And no bold *Trente le va* her fortune turns:

Ah,

Ah too rash virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.
Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
Whose debts of honour are so duely paid?

But let me not forget the *Toilette's* cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace;
Madame to day puts on her Opera face,
From this we scarce extract the milk-maid's bloom,
Bring the deep dye that warms across the room:
Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the silken rose looks pale!
Not but that *France* some native beauty boasts,
Clermont and *Charobis* might grace our Toasts.

When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.
Then *Totenham* fields with roving beauty swarm,
And *Hampstead* Balls the city virgin warm,
Then *Chelsea* meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the prest grass defrauds the grazing cows.

'Tis

'Tis here the same; but in a higher sphere,
For ev'n Court Ladies sin in open air.
What Cit with a gallant would trust his spouse
Beneath the tempting shade of *Greenwich* boughs?
What Peer of *France* would let his Dutches rove,
Where *Boulogne's* closest woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blast her husband's fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the grass the shepherd sighs his pain,
And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain?
On *Chloe's* lap here *Damon* lay'd along,
Melts with the languish of her am'rous song;
There *Iris* flies *Palamon* through the glade,
Nor trips by chance---'till in the thickest shade;
Here *Celimene* defends her lips and breast,
For kisses are by struggling closer prest;
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold;
Be wise, *Alexis*; what, so near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!

Such

Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
 When am'rous *Charles Britannia's* scepter bore;
 The nightly scene of joy the *Park* was made,
 And Love in couples peopled ev'ry shade.
 But since at Court the rural taste is lost,
 What mighty summs have velvet couches cost!

Sometimes the *Tuilleries's* gawdy walk I love,
 Where I through crouds of rustling manteau's rove;
 As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
 And gaz'd on all the glitt'ring train that past,
 Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest;
 I knew the bold embroidery of his vest.
 He thus accosts me with familiar air,
Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!
Quelle manche! ce galon est grossièrement rangé;
Voilà quelque chose de fort beau et dégagé!
 This said: On his red heel he turns, and then
 Humms a soft minuet, and proceeds agen.
Well; now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly own
Your boasted London seems a country town;

Has

*Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation?
Are churches built? Are Masquerades in fashion?
Do daily Soupes your dinners introduce?
Are musick, snuff, and coaches yet in use?*
Pardon me, Sir; we know the *Paris* mode,
And gather *Politesse* from Courts abroad.
Like you, our Courtiers keep a num'rous train
To load their coach; and tradesmen dun in vain.
Nor has Religion left us in the lurch,
And, as in *France*, our vulgar croud the Church;
Our Ladys too support the Masquerade,
The sex by nature love th' intriguing trade.
Strait the vain fop in ign'rant rapture crys,
Paris the barbarous world will civilize!
Pray Sir, point out among the passing band
The present Beauties who the town command.
*See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,
Mark in her eye demure the Prude profess;
That frozen bosom native fire must want,
Which boasts of constancy to one Gallant!*

Q q

This

*This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
 Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;
 The necklace Florio's gen'rous flame bestow'd,
 Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load;
 But now, her charms grown cheap by constant use,
 She sins for scarfs, clock'd stockings, knots, and shoes.
 This next, with sober gait and serious leer,
 Wearies her knees with morn and ev'ning prayer;
 She scorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
 But with three Abbots in one night engages.
 This with the Cardinal her nights employs,
 Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.
 Why have I promis'd things beyond my power!
 Five assignations wait me at this hour,
 The sprightly Countess first my visit claims,
 To morrow shall indulge inferior dames.
 Pardon me, Sir; that thus I take my leave,
 Gay Florimella slyly twitch'd my sleeve.
 Adieu, Monsieur---The Opera hour draws near.
 Not see the Opera! all the world is there;*

Where

Where on the stage th'embroider'd youth of *France*

In bright array attract the female glance:

This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,

And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.

But hark! the full *Orchestra* strike the strings;

The Hero struts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,

Hoarse and confus'd, like *Babel's* mingled sound.

Hard chance had plac'd me near a noise throat,

That in rough quavers bellow'd ev'ry note.

Pray Sir, says I, suspend awhile your song,

The Opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous strong;

I wish to hear your *Roland's* ranting strain,

While he with rooted forests strows the plain.

Sudden he shrugs surprize, and answers quick,

Monsieur apparemment n'aime pas la musique.

Then turning round, he join'd th'ungrateful noise;

And the loud Chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O sooth me with some soft *Italian* air,

Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!

Q q 2

When

When *Anastasia's* voice commands the strain,
 The melting warble thrills through ev'ry vein;
 Thought stands suspense, and silence pleas'd attends,
 While in her notes the heav'nly Choir descends.

But you'll imagine I'm a *Frenchman* grown,
 Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
 So strongly with this prejudice possess'd,
 He thinks *French* musick and *French* painting best.
 Mention the force of learn'd *Corelli's* notes,
 Some scraping fidler of their Ball he quotes;
 Talk of the spirit *Raphael's* pencil gives,
 Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
 Yes Sir, says he, in colour and design,
Rigaut and *Raphael* are extreamly fine!

'Tis true his country's love transports his breast
 With warmer zeal, than your old *Greeks* profess.
Ulysses lov'd his *Ithaca* of yore,
 Yet that sage trav'ler left his native shore;
 What stronger vertue in the *Frenchman* shines!
 He to dear *Paris* all his life confines.

I'm

I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
Things which might make me love my country less.
I should not think my *Britain* had such charms,
If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms;
France has her *Richlieus* and her *Colberts* known,
And then, I grant it, *France* in science shone:
We too, I own, without such aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival *France*.

But let me not forget *Corneille*, *Racine*,
Boileau's strong sense and *Moliere's* hum'rous Scene.
Let *Cambray's* name be sung above the rest,
Whose maxims, *Pult'ney*, warm thy patriot breast;
In *Mentor's* precepts wisdom strong and clear
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.
Hear all ye Princes, who the world controul,
What cares, what terrors haunt the tyrant's soul;
His constant train are anger, fear, distrust.
To be a King, is be good and just;
His people he protects, their rights he saves,
And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy

Happy, thrice happy shall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws despotic power restrain !
There shall the plough-share break the stubborn land,
And bending harvests tire the peasant's hand ;
There liberty her settled mansion boasts,
There commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
O *Britain*, guard thy laws, thy rights defend,
So shall these blessings to thy sons descend !

You'll think 'tis time some other theme to chuse,
And not with Beaus and Fops fatigue the Muse :
Should I let Satyr loose on *English* ground,
There fools of various character abound ;
But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
All *Frenchmen* are of *Petit-maitre* kind.



E P I S T L E



E P I S T L E IV.

To the Right Honourable

PAUL METHUEN Esq;



ES, I'll maintain what you have often said,
That 'tis encouragement makes Science
spread;

True gen'rous Spirits prosp'rous vice detest,
And love to cherish vertue when distrest:

But e'er our mighty Lords this scheme pursue,
Our mighty Lords must think and act like you.

Why must we climb the *Alpine* mountain's sides
To find the seat where Harmony resides?

Why,

Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
The cheerful haut-boy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' *Italian* clime improves the sound,
But there the Patrons of her sons are found.

Why flourish'd verse in great *Augustus*' reign?
He and *Mecænas* lov'd the Muse's strain.
But now that wight in poverty must mourn
Who was (O cruel stars!) a Poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write ranc'rous libels to reform the State:
Or if you chuse more sure and readier ways,
Spatter a Minister with fulsome praise;
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not, all men are dedication-proof.
Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He, who his pen in party quarrels draws,
Lifts a hir'd bravo to support the cause;
He must indulge his Patron's hate and spleen,
And stab the fame of those he ne'er has seen.

Why

Why then should authors mourn their desp'rate case?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.

Why art thou poor? exert the gifts to rise,
And banish tim'rous vertue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold :
Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,
And fancy learning starves because they're poor.
Yet why should learning hope success at Court?
Why should our Patriots vertue's cause support?
Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that vertue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meanest of the Muse's train)
Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting, why she loves *Hesperian* air.
Go view, she crys, my glorious labours there :
There in rich palaces I reign in state,
And on the temple's lofty domes create.

R r

The

The Nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the science, and the painter prize.

Why didst thou, *Kent*, forgo thy native land,
To emulate in picture *Raphael's* hand?
Think'ft thou for this to raise thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of *Rome*;
There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And *Raphael* live again in thy design.
Yet stay awhile; call all thy genius forth,
For *Burlington* unbiass'd knows thy worth;
His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire and *Guido's* softer grace;
But, oh consider, e'er thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of envy hear?
Censure will blame, her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the Eminent.
While *Burlington's* proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn *Palladio's* rules.

If

If *Chandois* with a lib'ral hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show ;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.

Had *Pope* with groveling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.

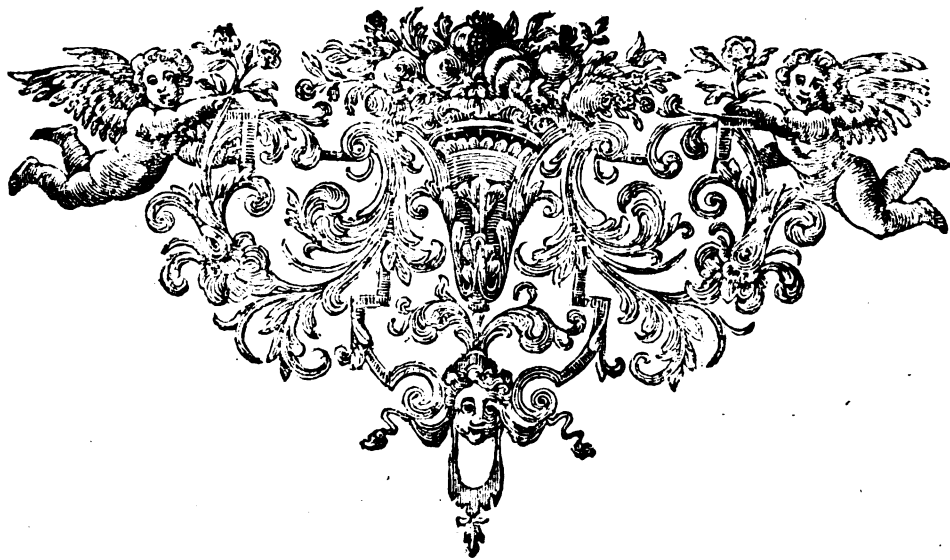
'Tis the sublime that hurts the Critic's ease ;
Write nonsense and he reads and sleeps in peace.
Were *Prior*, *Congreve*, *Swift* and *Pope* unknown,
Poor slander-felling *Curll* would be undone.

He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.

But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.

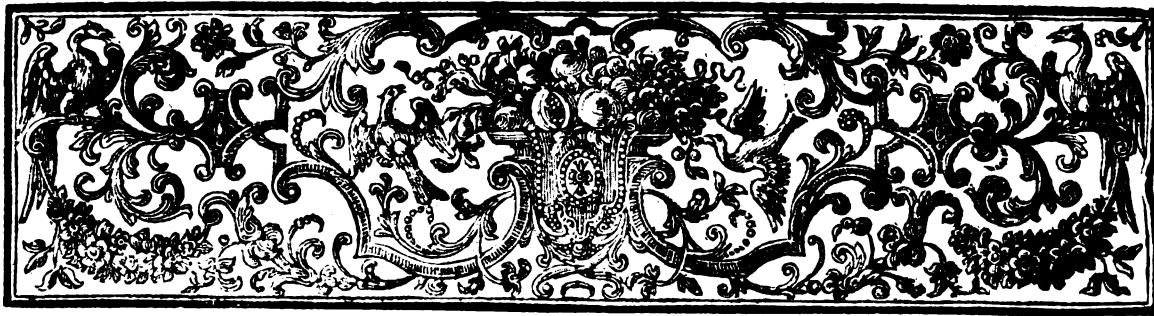
A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain.
The crow bespoke him thus with solemn grace.
Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race,
What force of lungs! how clear! how sweet you sing!
And no bird soars upon a stronger wing.

The lark, who scorn'd soft flatt'ry, thus replys,
True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise;
Yet let me pass my life from envy free,
For what advantage are these gifts to me?
My song confines me to the wiry cage,
My flight provokes the faulcon's fatal rage.
But as you pass, I hear the fowlers say,
To shoot at crows is powder flung away.



T A L E S .

T A L E S.



T A L E S.

*An Answer to the Sompner's Prologue
of Chaucer.*

In imitation of Chaucer's style.



THE *Sompner* leudly hath his Prologue told,
And faine on the Freers his tale japing
and bold ;

How that in Hell they searchen near and
wide,

And ne one Freer in all thilke place espyde,
But lo! the devil turned his erse about,
And twenty thousand Freers wend in and out.
By which in *Jeoffrys* rhyming it appears,
The devil's belly is the hive of Freers.

Now

Now listneth lordings! forthwith ye shall hear,
What happend at a house in *Lancashire*.

A misere that had londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
Owned a house which emptye long y-stood,
Full deeply sitid in a derkning wood,
Murmring a shallow brook runneth along,
Mong the round stons it maken doleful song.

Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms ihaunted been by many a sprite,
The miller avoucheth, and all there about,
That they full oft' hearen the hellish rout;
Some faine they hear the jingling of chains,
And some hath yheard the psautries straines,
At midnight some the headless horse imeet,
And some espien a corse in a white sheet,
And oother things, faye, elfin and elfe,
And shapes that feare createn to it selfe.

Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey Freers a faire and rich Abbaye,

Where

Where liven a Freer ycleped *Pere Thomas*,
Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds pass:

This Freer would lye in thilke house all night,
In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
And legends eke of Saintes, and bookes of prayere.
He entreth the room, and looketh round about,
And haspen the door to haspen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put close by the bed,
And in low tone his *ave marye* said.
With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
And maken cros on key-hole of the doore.
Ne was there not a mause-hole in thilke place,
But he y-crossed hath by God his grace ;
He crossed hath this, and eke he crossed that,
With *benedicite* and God knows what.

Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had just stricken the twelfth soun.
Bethinketh hem now what the cause had ibeen,
Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.

S f

Hem

Hem remembreth how *Dan Plutarch* hath y-fed
That *Cæsar's* sprite came to *Brute* his bed;
Of chains that frighten erst *Artemidore*,
The tales of *Pline*, *Valere*, and many more.
Hem thinketh that some murdere here been done,
And he mought see some bloodye ghost anone,
Or that some orphlines writings here be stor'd,
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board:
Or thinketh hem, if he mought see no sprite,
The Abbaye mought buy this house cheape outright.

As hem thus thinketh, anone asleep he lies.
Up starten *Sathanas* with faucer eyes.
He turneth the Freer upon his face downright,
Displaying his nether cheeks ful broad and white.
Then quoth *Dan Sathanas* as he thwacked him fore,
Thou didst forget to guard thy postern door.
There is an hole which hath not crossed been:
Farewel, from whence I came, I creepen in.

Now plain it is ytellen in my verse,
If Devils in hell bear Freers in their erse,

On

On earth the Devil in Freers doth y-dwell;
 Were there no Freers, the Devil mought keep in hell.

W O R K *for a* C O O P E R.

A T A L E.

A Man may lead a happy life,
 Without that needful thing a wife:
 This long have lusty Abbots known,
 Who ne'er knew spouses---of their own.

What, though your house be clean and neat,
 With couches, chairs, and beds compleat;
 Though you each day invite a friend,
 Though he should ev'ry dish commend,
 On *Bagshot-heath* your mutton fed,
 Your fowls at *Brandford* born and bred;
 Though purest wine your cellars boast,
 Wine worthy of the fairest Toast;

S f 2

Yet

Yet there are other things requir'd:
Ring, and let's see the maid you hir'd---
Bless me! those hands might hold a broom,
Twirl round a mop, and wash a room:
A batchelor his maid should keep,
Not for that servile use to sweep,
Let her his humour understand,
And turn to ev'ry thing her hand.
Get you a lass that's young and tight,
Whose arms are, like her apron, white;
What though her shift be seldom seen?
Let that though course be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She crys, oh dear Sir, don't be naught!
And blushes speak her last night's fault.
To her your household cares confide,
Let your keys gingle at her side,

A

A footman's blunders teaze and fret ye,
Ev'n while you chide you smile on *Betty*.
Discharge him then, if he's too spruce,
For *Betty's* for his master's use.

Will you your am'rous fancy baulk,
For fear some prudish neighbour talk?
But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid;
Besides your wiser heads will say,
That she who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your silver spoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilf'ring trade?
For Love all *Betty's* wants supplies,
Laces her shoes, her manteau dyes,
All her stuff suits she flings away,
And wears thread sattin every day.

Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen fire?

When

When all must own, were *Betty* put
To the black dutys of the flut,
As well she scowers or scrubs a floor,
And still is good for something more.

Thus, to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a Priest, of conscience nice,
To quell his lust for neighbour's spouse,
Keep fornication in his house.

But you're impatient all this time,
Fret at my counsel, curse my rhyme,
Be satisfy'd. I'll talk no more,
For thus my tale begins--- Of yore
There dwelt at *Blois* a Priest full fair,
With rolling eye and crisped hair,
His chin hung low, his brow was sleek,
Plenty lay basking on his cheek,
Whole days at cloyster grates he sat,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly; the Nuns lamented
That double barrs were e'er invented.

If

If he the wanton wife confest
With downcast eye, and heaving breast;
He stroak'd her cheek to still her fear,
And talk'd of sins *en Cavalier*.
Each time enjoyn'd her pennance mild,
And fondled on her like his child.
At ev'ry jovial gossip's feast
Pere Bernard was a welcome guest,
Mirth suffer'd not the least restraint,
He could at will shake off the saint;
Nor frown'd he when they freely spoke,
But shook his sides, and took the joke;
Nor fail'd he to promote the jest,
And shar'd the sins, which they confest.

Yet that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniencies at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for ev'ry social duty;
He meddled with no household cares,
To her consign'd his whole affairs;

She

She of his Study kept the keys,
For he was studious—of his ease:
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage ev'ry chest and box,
Her honesty such credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was restrain'd.

In troth it was a goodly show,
Lin'd with full hogsheds all a-row;
One vessel, from the rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the rest he lov'd.
Pour faire bon bouche 'twas set aside,
To all but choicest friends deny'd.
He now and then would send a quart,
To warm some wife's retentive heart,
Against confession's fullen hour:
Wine has all secrets in its power.
At common feasts it had been waste,
Nor was it fit for layman's taste;
If monk or friar were his guest,
They drank it, for they know the best.

Nay,

Nay, he at length so fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.

Who shall recount his civil labours,
In pious visits to his neighbours?
Whene'er weak husbands went astray,
He guest their wives were in the way,
'Twas then his charity was shown,
He chose to see them when alone.

Now was he bent on cuckoldom:
He knew friend *Dennis* was from home;
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a husband's duty)
Had often told him at confession,
How hard she struggled 'gainst transgression.
He now resolves, in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue stood.
He knew that wine (to love best aid)
Has oft' made bold the shamefac'd maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd up at *Smith's* or *Needham's*.

T t

A

A mighty bottle strait he chose,
Such as might give two Friars their dose:
Nannette he call'd: the cellar door
She strait unlocks, descends before,
He follow'd close. But when he spys
His fav'rite cask; with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he crys.
Heigh day! my darling wine astoop!
It must, alas! have sprung a hoop;
That there's a leak is past all doubt,
(Reply'd the maid)---I'll find it out.
She sets the candle down in haste,
Tucks her white apron round her waste,
The hog'shead's mouldy side ascends,
She straddles wide, and downward bends;
So low she stoops to seek the flaw,
Her coats rose high, her master saw---
I see---he crys---(then claspt her fast)
The leak through which my wine has past.
Then all in haste the maid descended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.

He

He found in *Nannette* all he wanted.
So *Dennis*' brows remain'd unplanted.

E'er since this time all lusty Friars
(Warm'd with predominant desires,
Whene'er the flesh with spirit quarrels)
Look on the sex, as leaky barrels.
Beware of these, ye jealous spouses,
From such like coopers guard your houses;
For if they find not work at home,
For jobs through all the town they roam.



The E Q U I V O C A T I O N.

A T A L E.

AN Abbot rich (whose taste was good
Alike in science and in food)
His Bishop had resolv'd to treat;
The Bishop came, the Bishop eat;
'Twas silence, 'till their stomachs fail'd;
And now at Hereticks they rail'd;
What Heresy (the Prelate said)
Is in that Church where Priests may wed!
Do not we take the Church for life?
But those divorce her for a wife,
Like laymen keep her in their houses,
And own the children of their spouses.
Vile practices! the Abbot cry'd,
For pious use were set aside!
Shall we take wives? marriage at best
Is but carnality profess.

Now

Now as the Bishop took his glaſs,
He ſpy'd our Abbot's buxom laſs
Who croſs'd the room, he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulſe beat high.
Fye, father, fye, (the Prelate crys)
A maid ſo young! for ſhame, be wiſe.
Theſe indiscretions lend a handle
To lewd lay tongues, to give us ſcandal;
For your vows ſake, this rule I give t' ye,
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty:

The Priſt reply'd, I have not ſwerv'd,
But your chaſt precept well obſerv'd;
That laſs full twenty five has told,
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one ſum their ages caſt;
So both my maids have fifty paſt.

The Prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame;
For why? his Lordſhip did the ſame.

Let thoſe who reprimand their brothers
Firſt mend the faults they find in others.

A

A true STORY of an APPARITION.

SCepticks (whose strength of argument makes out
That wisdom's deep enquirys end in doubt)
Hold this assertion positive and clear,
That sprites are pure delusions rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghost, which in prefaging sound
Call'd *Brutus* to *Philippi's* fatal ground;
Nor can *Tiberius Gracchus'* goary shade
These ever-doubting disputants persuade.
Strait they with smiles reply; those tales of old
By visionary Priests were made and told:
Oh might some ghost at dead of night of appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
That with such idle legends frights the Muse:
But think not that I tell those vulgar sprites,
Which frightened boys relate on winter nights;

How

How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How headless horses drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghosts, by saucer eye-balls known,
The common spectres of each country town.
No, I such fables can like you despise,
And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies.
Yet has not oft the fraudulent guardian's fright
Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right?
And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murd'rer's steps attend?
Hear then, and let attested truth prevail,
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where *Arden's* forest spreads its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A trav'ler took his solitary way;
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
And now the skies with gath'ring darkness lour,
The branches rustle with the threaten'd shower;
With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud,

Thunder.

Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And heav'n discharges all its watry stores.

The wand'ring trav'ler shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain;
On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noise foretold a village near.

At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he speeds, and as he nearer came
Joyfull he knew the lamp's domestick flame
That trembled through the window; cross the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
Upon the borders of the spacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements arise,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruine lyes;
Some Lord this mansion held in days of yore,
To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:

How

How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been !

'Tis now degraded to a publick Inn.

Strait he dismounts, repeats his loud commands ;

Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands ;

With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,

His house was full, and ev'ry bed in use.

What not a garret, and no straw to spare ?

Why then the kitchen fire, and elbow-chair

Shall serve for once to nod away the night.

The kitchen ever is the servant's right,

Replies the host ; there, all the fire around,

The Count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,

With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate.

Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest,

Our haunted room was ever held the best ;

If then your valour can the fright sustain

Of rattling curtains, and the clinking chain,

If your courageous tongue have power to talk,

When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk ;

U u

If

If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well-air'd, and show the room.
Soon as the frightened maid her tale had told,
The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
Where Ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall;
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding stairs ascent,
And to the lonesome room of terrors went.
When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn, tuckt warm in bed was laid
The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
When lo, the spectre came with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!

In

In human form the ghastful Phantom stood,
Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood,
Then silent pointing to his wounded breast,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted guest
The bed-cords trembled, and with shudd'ring fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
Then mutt'ring hasty pray'rs, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud; Say, whence and who thou art.
The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted, since with mortal eyes
I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain!
See, still the planks the bloody mark retain;
Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
And see the steel impending o'er my heart;
The barb'rous hostess held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
My treasure now they seize, the golden spoil
They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,

Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on justice, bid her not retard
To punish murder; lay my ghost at rest,
So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest;
And when beneath these boards my bones are found,
Decent interr them in some sacred ground.

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from bed,
And boldly follows where the Phantom led,
The half worn stony stairs they now descend,
Where passages obscure their arches bend
Silent they walk; and now through groves they pass,
Now through wet meads their steps imprint the grass;
At length amidst a spacious field they came:
There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.
Amaz'd he stood, no bush, no briar was found,
To teach his morning search to find the ground;
What cou'd he do? the night was hideous dark,
Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the mark:

With

With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the statesman's vast ambitions scheme,
But a short vision, and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title elevate his hope;
He wakes. But for a garter finds a rope.



The

The M A D - D O G.

A T A L E.

A Prude, at morn and ev'ning prayer,
Had worn her velvet cushion bare;
Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
As if she watch'd her soaring soul;
And when devotion warm'd the croud,
None sung, or smote their breast so loud:
Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre signs of grace.
Her mass-book was compleatly lin'd
With painted Saints of various kind:
But when in ev'ry page she view'd
Fine Ladys who the flesh subdu'd;
As quick her beads she counted o'er,
She cry'd—such wonders are no more!

She

She chose not to delay confession,
To bear at once a year's transgression,
But ev'ry week set all things even,
And ballanc'd her accounts with heav'n.

Behold her now in humble guise,
Upon her knees with downcast eyes
Before the Priest: she thus begins,
And fobbing, blubbers forth her sins;

Who could that tempting man resist?
My virtue languish'd, as he kiss'd;
I strove,---till I could strive no longer,
How can the weak subdue the stronger?

The Father ask'd her where and when?
How many? and what sort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft' the frailty was repeated?
Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flush'd with guilt before the bench,
The Judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault,

They

They leer, they simper at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.

And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft' to tell her beads;
Shows her what Saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips; perhaps to prayer.
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste?
The clock has struck, the hour is past,
And on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.

Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confess the same;
The Priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.

But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow?

No,

No, none; for next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love.

Confession day was come about,
And now again it all must out,
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes,
What now, my child, the father cries.
Again, says she!--- with threatening looks,
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes.

Madam, I grant there's something in it,
That virtue has th'unguarded minute;
But pray now tell me what are whores,
But women of unguarded hours?
Then you must sure have lost all shame.
What ev'ry day, and still the same,
And no fault else! 'tis strange to find
A woman to one sin confin'd!
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day slander is in fashion;
Gaming succeeds; if fortune crosses,
Then virtue's mortgag'd for her losses;

X x

By

By use her fav'rite vice she loaths,
And loves new follies like new cloaths:
But you, beyond all thought, unchaste,
Have all sin center'd near your waste!
Whence is this appetite so strong?
Say, Madam, did your mother long?
Or is it lux'ry and high diet
That won't let virtue sleep in quiet?
She tells him now with meekest voice,
That she had never err'd by choice,
Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.

That she a fav'rite lap-dog had,
Which, (as she stroak'd, and kiss'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
First set her youthful blood fermenting.

The Priest reply'd with zealous fury,
You should have sought the means to cure ye.
Doctors by various ways, we find,
Treat these distempers of the mind.

Let

Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
To her, who raves with scornful pride;
And if religion crack her notions,
Lock up her volumes of devotions;
But if for man her rage prevail,
Barr her the sight of creatures male.
Or else to cure such venom'd bites,
And set the shatter'd thoughts arights;
They fend you to the ocean's shore,
And plunge the Patient o'er and o'er.

The dame reply'd; alas! in vain
My kindred forc'd me to the main;
Naked, and in the face of day:
Look not, ye fishermen, this way!
What virgin had not done as I did?
My modest hand, by nature guided,
Debarr'd at once from human eyes
The seat where female honour lyes,
And though thrice dipt from top to toe,
I still secur'd the post below,

X x 2

And

And guarded it with grasp so fast
Not one drop thro' my fingers past;
Thus owe I to my bashful care,
That all the rage is settled there.

Weigh well the projects of mankind;
Then tell me, Reader, canst thou find
The man from madness wholly free?
They all are mad—save you and me.
Do not the statesman, fop and wit
By daily follies prove they're bit?
And when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part still kept above the tide?

Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers save:
Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive;
Or more expert in pilf'ring vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge in a courtier; strait his fears
Direct his hands to stop his ears.

And

And now truth seems a grating noise,
He loves the slanderer's whisp'ring voice;
He hangs on flatt'ry with delight,
And thinks all fulsome praise his right.

All women dread a watry death:
They shut their lips to hold their breath,
And though you duck them ne'er so long,
Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue;
'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lyes still



E C L O G U E S.



THE
BIRTH of the SQUIRE
An ECLOGUE.

In Imitation of the POLLIO of VIRGIL.



E sylvan Muses, loftier strains recite,
Not all in shades, and humble cott's de-
light.

Hark! the bells ring; along the distant
grounds

The driving gales convey the swelling sounds;
Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.

Y y

What

What sudden news alarms the waking morn ?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags ; and all ye beasts of chase,
This hour destruction brings on all your race :
See the pleas'd tenants duteous off'rings bear,
Turkeys and geese and grocer's sweetest ware ;
With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
And old *October* reddens ev'ry nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip and gently lick his hand ;
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to list the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'er-flow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow ;
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
To give metheglin for his morning hours ;
For him the clustring hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowles.
His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears ;

How

How when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty *Nimrod* of the plains;
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;
Tells, how this stag thro' three whole Countys fled,
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desp'rate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd sev'n coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch!
These storys which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar schools?

* *The most common accident to Sportsmen; to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.*

Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into *Latin* by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace:
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?

When rip'ning youth with down o'er shades his chin,
And ev'ry female eye incites to sin;
The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft and the grove
Shall oft' be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, *Priscilla*, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watry qualms shall own thy crime;
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge her shame,
And the young Squire forestall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,
On fam'd *St. Hubert's* feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the morn:

This

This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his groveling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar bone;
O vent'rous youth, thy thirst of game allay,
Mayst thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive; and in late years be sent
To snore away Debates in *Parliament*.

The time shall come, when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense;
A Justice with grave Justices shall sit,
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;

Poachers

Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

. Assist me, *Bacchus*, and ye drunken Pow'rs,
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours!

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when *Phæbus* warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in *Scorpio* shine.
Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung!
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
O where is wisdom, when by this o'erpower'd?
The State is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk his servile crew supinely snore;

Trium-

Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious Sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.



T H E



T H E
T O I L E T T E
A Town ECLOGUE.
L Y D I A.



OW twenty springs had cloath'd the Park
with green,
Since *Lydia* knew the blossom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her Toilette half undrest;
The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more,
No chairs, no coaches croud her silent door;

Her

Her midnights once at cards and *Hazard* fled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed.
Around her wait Shocks, monkeys and mockaws,
To fill the place of Fops, and perjur'd Beaus;
In these she views the mimickry of man,
And smiles when grinning *Pug* gallants her fan;
When *Poll* repeats, the sounds deceive her ear,
For sounds, like his, once told her *Damon's* care.
With these alone her tedious mornings pass;
Or at the dumb devotion of her glass,
She smooths her brow, and frizles forth her hairs,
And fancys youthful drefs gives youthful airs;
With crimson wooll she fixes ev'ry grace,
That not a blush can discompose her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive fate,
And curs'd th'inconstancy of youth too late.

O Youth! O spring of life! for ever lost!
No more my name shall reign the fav'rite Toast,
On glass no more the di'mond grave my name,
And rhymes mispell'd record a lover's flame:

Z z

Nor

Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
 And as they catch the glance in rows arise
 With humble bows; nor white-glov'd Beaus encroach
 In crouds behind, to guard me to my coach.
 Ah hapless nymph! such conquests are no more,
 For *Chloe's* now what *Lydia* was before!

'Tis true, this *Chloe* boasts the peach's bloom.
 But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
 I own her taper shape is form'd to please.
 Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays!
 She doubly to fifteen may make pretence,
 Alike we read it in her face and sense.
 Her reputation! but that never yet
 Could check the freedoms of a young Coquet.
 Why will ye then, vain Fops, her eyes believe?
 Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.

What shall I do? how spend the hateful day?
 At chappel shall I wear the morn away?
 Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
 But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,

And

And gray religious maids? my presence there
Amid that sober train would own despair;
Nor am I yet so old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.

Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted range
Through ev'ry *Indian* shop, through all the *Change*;
Where the tall jarr erects his costly pride,
With antic shapes in *China's* azure dy'd;
There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd,
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold;
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice false *Damon* threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize.
'Twas there he first convers'd with *Chloe's* eyes;
Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart,
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But soon thy perj'ry in the gift was found,
The shiver'd *China* dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove;
Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.

O happy *Poll*, in wiry prison pent;
Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant,
And *Pug* with pleasure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear!
How am I curst! (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn!
False are the loose Coquet's inveigling airs,
False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
False is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
False are the dice when gamesters stamp the board,
False is the sprightly widow's publick tear;
Yet these to *Damon's* oaths are all sincere.

Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain;
Let servile *Chloe* wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.
He games; he swears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
Yet *Chloe* can believe he fondly loves.
Mistress and wife can well supply his need,
A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.

But

But *Chloe's* air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold,
Powder'd with di'monds; free from thought and care,
A husband's fullen humours she can bear.

Why are these fobs? and why these streaming eyes?
Is love the cause? no, I the sex despise;
I hate, I loath his base perfidious name.
Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?
But *Chloe* boasts and triumphs in my pains,
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me, he feigns.
Thus love-sick *Lydia* rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her steady hand she bears.
How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face,
She crys, in raptures! then, so sweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.
Strait *Lydia* smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks,
And at the Play-house *Harry* keeps her box.

T H E



T H E
T E A - T A B L E
A Town ECLOGUE.

D O R I S and M E L A N T H E.



*S*AIN'T James's noon-day bell for pray-
ers had toll'd,
And coaches to the Patron's *Levée* roll'd,
When *Doris* rose. And now through all
the room

From flow'ry Tea exhales a fragrant fume,
Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits,
For *Doris* here and there *Melanthe* sits.

Doris

Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
 Nice of her own alike and others fame;
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
 And sooner gave than sunk a circumstance;
 Lock'd in her mem'ry secrets never dy'd;
Doris begun, *Melanthe* thus reply'd.

D O R I S.

Sylvia the vain fantastic Fop admires,
 The Rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires;
Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves,
 In liking them she but her self approves.

M E L A N T H E

Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
 Their vice condemns, or at their folly smiles.
 Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
 Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

D O R I S.

Last *Masquerade* was *Sylvia* nymphlike seen,
 Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
 An am'rous shepherd led her through the croud,
 The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd;

But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust;
So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

M E L A N T H E.

Name but the licence of the modern stage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining Tragic love she scarce can bear,
But nauseous Comedy ne'er shock'd her ear;
Yet in the gall'ry mob'd, she sits secure,
And laughs at jests that turn the Box demure.

D O R I S.

Trust not, ye Ladys, to your beauty's pow'r,
For beauty withers, like a shrivell'd flow'r;
Yet those fair flow'rs that *Sylvia's* temples bind,
Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind;
Like those her face defys the rolling years,
For art her roses and her charms repairs.

M E L A N T H E.

Laura despises ev'ry outward grace,
The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
For other beauties Nature has deny'd;

If affectation show a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to *Laura's* merits blind?

D O R I S .

Sylvia be sure defies the town's reproach,
Whose *Deshabille* is soil'd in hackney coach;
What though the fash was clos'd? must we conclude,
That she was yielding, when her Fop was rude?

M E L A N T H E.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a cost.
What Fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost?
Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?

D O R I S.

Though *Laura's* homely taste descends so low;
Her footman well may vye with *Sylvia's* Beau.

M E L A N T H E.

Yet why should *Laura* think it a disgrace,
When proud *Miranda's* groom wears *Flander's* lace?

A a a

D O R I S.

D O R I S.

What, though for musick *Cynthia* boasts an ear?

Robin perhaps can hum an *Opera* air.

Cynthia can bow, takes snuff, and dances well,

Robin talks common sense, can write and spell;

Sylvia's vain fancy drefs and show admires,

But 'tis the man alone who *Laura* fires.

M E L A N T H E.

Plato's wife morals *Laura*'s soul improve:

And this no doubt must be *Platonic* love!

Her soul to gen'rous acts was still inclin'd;

What shows more virtue than an humble mind?

D O R I S.

What, though young *Sylvia* love the Park's cool shade,

And wander in the dusk the secret glade?

Masqu'd and alone (by chance) she met her Spark,

That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.

M E L A N T H E.

But *Laura* for her flame has no pretence;

Her footman is a footman too in sense.

All

All Prudes I hate, and those are rightly curst
With scandal's double load, who censure first.

D O R I S.

And what if *Cynthia Sylvia's* garter ty'd!
Who such a foot and such a leg would hide;
When crook-knee'd *Phillis* can expose to view
Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?

M E L A N T H E.

If pure Devotion center in the face,
If cens'ring others show intrinsic grace,
If guilt to publick freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

D O R I S.

Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint;
She neither is, nor would be thought a Saint.

M E L A N T H E.

Love is a trivial passion, *Laura* crys,
May I be blest with friendship's stricter ties;
To such a breast all secrets we commend;
Sure the whole *Drawing-room* is *Laura's* friend.

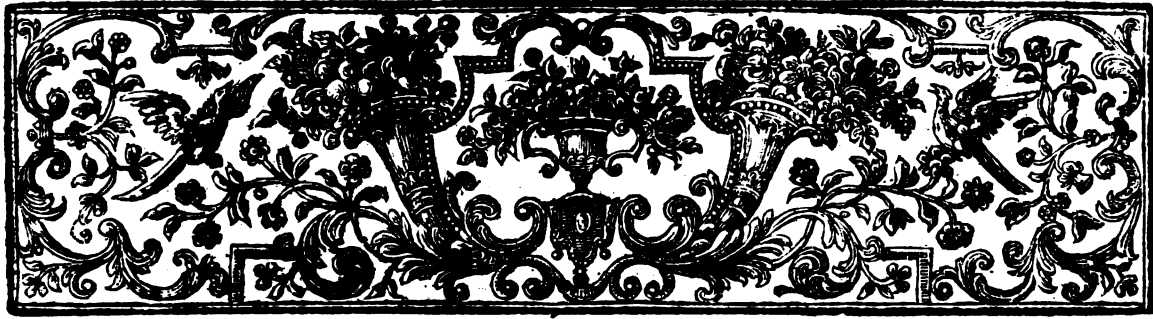
A a a 2

D O R I S.

At marriage *Sylvia* rails ; who men would trust ?
Yet husband's jealousies are sometimes just.
Her favours *Sylvia* shares among mankind,
Such gen'rous love should never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thund'ring raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura with *Sylvia* came ; the nymphs arise :
This unexpected visit, *Doris* crys,
Is doubly kind ! *Melanthe Laura* led,
Since I was last so blest, my dear, she said,
Sure 'tis an age ! they fate ; the hour was set ;
And all again that night at *Ombre* met.





THE
FUNERAL
A TOWN ECLOGUE.
SABINA LUCY.



TWICE had the moon perform'd her
monthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast *Sabina's* face.
Then dy'd the tender partner of her bed.
And lives *Sabina* when *Fidelio's* dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet *Sabina* lives.
But see the tribute of her tears she gives;

The

Their absent Lord her rooms in sable moun,
 And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
 Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,
 While oft' the snowy Cambric wipes her eyes.
 Now enter'd *Lucy*, trusty *Lucy* knew
 To roll a sleeve, or bear a *Billet-doux*;
 Her ready tongue, in secret service try'd,
 With equal fluency spoke truth or ly'd,
 She well could flush, or humble a gallant,
 And serve at once as maid and confidant;
 A letter from her faithful stays she took:
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
 And thus in hasty words her grief confest,
 While *Lucy* strove to sooth her troubled breast.

S A B I N A.

What, still *Myrtillo's* hand! his flame I scorn,
 Give back his passion with the seal untorn.
 To break our soft repose has man a right,
 And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?

Not

Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move;
My life's a life of sorrow, not of love.
May *Lydia's* wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And *Celia's* paleness sicken o'er my face,
May Fops of mine, as *Flavia's* favours, boast,
And Coquets triumph in my honour lost;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May these curst eyes behold a Matadore!
Break *Chino*, perish *Shock*, die *Perrequet*!
When I *Fidelio's* dearer love forget.
Fidelio's judgment scorn'd the foppish train,
His air was easy, and his dress was plain,
His words sincere, respect his presence drew,
And on his lips sweet conversation grew.
Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; *Fidelio's* dead!

L U C Y.

Yet when he liv'd, he wanted ev'ry grace;
That easy air was then an aukward pace:

Have

Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
His drefs was flovenly, his fpeech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a fecret tear,
Call that fweet converfe fullen and fevere?
Think not I come to take *Myrtillo's* part,
Let *Chloe*, *Daphne*, *Doris* fhare his heart.
Let *Chloe's* love in ev'ry ear exprefs
His graceful perfon and genteel addrefs.
All well may judge, what shaft has *Daphne* hit,
Who can be filent to admire his wit.
His equipage and liv'ries *Doris* move,
But *Chloe*, *Daphne*, *Doris* fondly love.
Sooner fhall Cits in fafhions guide the Court,
And Beaus upon the bufy *Change* refort;
Sooner the nation fhall from fuff be freed,
And Fop's apartments fmoak with *India's* weed,
Sooner I'd wifh and figh through nunn'ry grates,
Than recommend the flame *Sabina* hates.

S A B I N A.

S A B I N A.

Because some widows are in haste subdu'd ;
 Shall ev'ry Fop upon our tears intrude ?
 Can I forget my lov'd *Fidelio's* tongue,
 Soft as the warbling of *Italian* song ?
 Did not his rosy lips breathe forth perfume,
 Fragrant as steams from Tea's imperial bloom ?

L U C Y.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curse
 Than squawles of children for an absent nurse.
 Have you not fancy'd in his frequent kifs
 Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy Miss ?

S A B I N A.

Love, I thy pow'r defie ; no second flame,
 Shall ever raze my dear *Fidelio's* name.
Fannia without a tear might lose her Lord,
 Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board.
 And why should sorrow sit on *Lesbia's* face ?
 Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace ?

B b b

No

No friend, no lover is to *Lesbia* dead,
 For *Lesbia* long had known a sep'rate bed.
 Gush forth, ye tears; waste, waste, ye sighs, my breast;
 My days, my nights were by *Fidelio* blest!

L U C Y.

You cannot sure forget how oft' you said
 His teasing fondness jealousy betray'd!
 When at the Play the neighb'ring box he took,
 You thought you read suspicion in his look;
 When cards and counters flew around the board,
 Have you not wish'd the absence of your Lord?
 His company was then a poor pretence,
 To check the freedoms of a wife's expence!

S A B I N A.

But why should I *Myrtilla's* passion blame,
 Since Love's a fierce involuntary flame?

L U C Y.

Could he the sallies of his heart withstand,
 Why should he not to *Chloe* give his hand?
 For *Chloe's* handsome, yet he flights her flame;
 Last night she fainted at *Sabina's* name.

Why, *Daphne*, dost thou blast *Sabina's* charms?

Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.

At *Crimp Myrtillo* play'd, in kind regards

Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards;

Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan he rent,

Flew from the table and to tears gave vent.

Why, *Doris*, dost thou curse *Sabina's* eyes?

To her *Myrtillo* is a vulgar prize.

S A B I N A,

Yet say, I lov'd; how loud would censure rail!

So soon to quit the duties of the veil!

No, sooner Plays and Op'ras I'd forswear,

And change these *China* jars for *Tunbridge* ware;

Or trust my mother as a Confidant,

Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt;

Than till--- to morrow throw my Weeds away,

Yet let me see him, if he come to day!

Hasty she snatch'd the letter, tore the seal;

She read, and blushes glow'd beneath the veil.

B b b 2

T H E



THE
E S P O U S A L.
A Sober E C L O G U E.

Between two of the People called Quakers.

C A L E B. T A B I T H A.



Eneath the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek *Caleb* at a silent meeting fate;
His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
While *Tabitha* demure, return'd the glance.
The Meeting ended, *Caleb* silence broke,
And *Tabitha* her inward yearnings spoke.

C A L E B.

C A L E B.

Beloved, see how all things follow love,
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure;
O fairest of our sisters, let me be
The billing dove, and fondling lamb to thee.

T A B I T H A.

But, *Caleb*, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind,
Not the mockaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modest hearts aside;
But thou, vain man, beguil'd by Popish shows,
Doatest on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in summer skies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

C A L E B.

Name not the frailtys of my youthful days,
When vice mis-led me through the harlot's ways;

When I with wanton look thy sex beheld,
 And nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
 Then parti-colour'd pride my heart might move
 With lace; the net to catch unhallow'd love.
 All such-like love is fading as the flower,
 Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
 But now I feel the spousal love within,
 And spousal love no sister holds a sin.

T A B I T H A.

I know thou longest for the flaunting maid,
 Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd;
 The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
 But truth is ever read in woman's eyes;
 O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
 Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

C A L E B.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to tease,
 I too might blame---but love delights to please.
 Why should I tell thee, that when last the sun
 Painted the downy peach of *Newington*,

Josiah

Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
 And mingled melting kisses with his talk?
 Ah Jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside,
 How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
 For verily no gift the sisters take
 For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

T A B I T H A.

I own, *Josiah* gave the golden toy,
 Which did the righteous hand of *Quare* employ;
 When *Caleb* hath assign'd some happy day,
 I look on this and chide the hours delay:
 And when *Josiah* would his love pursue,
 On this I look and shun his wanton view.
 Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move,
 The only present love demands is love.

C A L E B.

Ah *Tabitha*, to hear these words of thine,
 My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
 When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
 The spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,

How

How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
Red as the cherry from the *Kentish* tree ;
When Ecstasie had warm'd thy look so meek,
Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek.
With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes,
How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs !
Words that with holy sighs might others move,
But, *Tabitha*, my sighs were sighs of love.

T A B I T H A.

Is *Tabitha* beyond her wishes blest ?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast ?
Then hear me, *Caleb*, witness what I speak,
This solemn promise death alone can break ;
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodest fav'rites shade my face,
Sooner like *Babylon's* lewd whore be drest
In flaring di'monds and a scarlet vest,
Or make a curtsie in Cathedral pew,
Than prove inconstant, while my *Caleb's* true.

C A L E B.

C A L E B.

When I prove false, and *Tabitha* forsake,
 Teachers shall dance a jig at country wake;
 Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
 And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

T A B I T H A.

If that *Josiah* were with passion fir'd,
 Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd;
 In steady love though he might persevere,
 Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
 And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
 Light as the feather on the head of Beaus;
 Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign,
 Sisters, take all the rest—be *Caleb* mine.

C A L E B.

Though I had all that sinful love affords,
 And all the concubines of all the Lords,
 Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
 Whose velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame;

C c c

Ev'n

Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I wou'd not sip
 The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
 I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
 More sweet than powder which the merchants sell;
 O solace me with kisses pure like thine!
 Enjoy, ye Lords, the wanton concubine.
 The spring now calls us forth; come, sister, come,
 To see the primrose, and the daisie bloom.
 Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
 Sisters esteem the breth'rens word sincere.

T A B I T H A.

Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence,
 For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw.
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
 This tenent all the holy sect allows.
 So *Tabitha* took earnest of a spouse.

M I S C E L

M I S C E L L A N I E S.



To my ingenious and worthy Friend

W_____ L_____ Esq;

*Author of that celebrated treatise in folio,
called the LAND-TAX BILL.*



WHEN Poets print their works, the scrib-
bling crew

Stick the Bard o'er with Bays, like Christ-
mas pew:

Can meagre Poetry such fame deserve?

Can Poetry; that only writes to starve?

And shall no laurel deck that famous head,

In which the Senate's annual law is bred?

That

That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
 By nobler *ways* and *means* true fame acquires.
 O had I *Virgil's* force to sing the man,
 Whose learned lines can millions raise *per ann.*
 Great *L-----* his praise should swell the trump of fame,
 And *Rapes* and *Wapentakes* resound his name.

If the blind Poet gain'd a long renown
 By singing ev'ry *Grecian* chief and town;
 Sure *L---* his prose much greater fame requires,
 Which sweetly counts five thousand Knights and
 Their seats, their citys, parishes and shires. [Squires, }

Thy copious Preamble so smoothly runs
 Taxes no more appear like legal duns,
 Lords, Knights, and Squires th' Assessor's power obey,
 We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.

Ah why did *C-----* thy works defame!
 That author's long harangue betrays his name;
 After his speeches can his pen succeed?
 Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under

Under what science shall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not Poet born and bred;
Or dost thou boast th' Historian's lasting pen,
Whose annals are the *Acts* of worthy men?
No. Satyr is thy talent; and each lash
Makes the rich Miser tremble o'er his cash;
What on the Drunkard can be more severe,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?

Ev'n *Button's* Wits are nought compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his Tea,
While Thou through *Britain's* distant isle shalt spread,
In ev'ry *Hundred* and *Division* read.
Criticks in *Classicks* oft' interpolate,
But ev'ry word of thine is fix'd as Fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night
In blazing fringes round a tallow light,
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like *S----* (when unassisted by a friend)
But thou shalt live a year in spite of fate:
And where's your author boasts a longer date?

Poets

Poets of old had such a wondrous power,
That with their verses they could raise a tower;
But in thy Prose a greater force is found;
What Poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragon's teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the poys'nous seed.
Thy labours, *L---*, can greater wonders do,
Thou raisest armys, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy Annals cease;
Why need we armys when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way,
When once they're rais'd, they're curst hard to lay.



P A N.

PANTHEA.

An ELEGY.

Long had *Panthea* felt Love's secret smart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Consenting glances had her flame confest.
(In woman's eyes her very soul's exprest)
Perjur'd *Alexis* saw the blushing maid,
He saw, he swore, he conquer'd and betray'd:
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Those oaths oft' whisper'd in *Panthea's* ears,
He now again to *Galatea* swears.
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful solitude enjoys the shade;

D d d

Pale

There with faint voice she breath'd these moving strains,
While sighing Zephyrs shar'd her am'rous pains.

Pale settled sorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms; *Alexis*, breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear shepherd, on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my swain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move,
And think yet more---that all my fault was love.
Ah, could you view me in this wretched state!
You might not love me, but you could not hate.
Could you behold me in this conscious shade,
Where first thy vows, where first my love was paid,
Worn out with watching, sullen with despair,
And see each eye swell with a gushing tear?
Could you behold me on this mossy bed,
From my pale cheek the lively crimson fled,
Which in my softer hours you oft' have sworn,
With rosie beauty far out-blush'd the morn;
Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
And would not lost *Panthea* claim a tear?

You

You could not sure---tears from your eyes would steal,
And unawares thy tender soul reveal.

Ah, no!-- thy soul with cruelty is fraught,
No tenderness disturbs thy savage thought;
Sooner shall tygers spare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
Sooner shall vultures from their quarry fly,
Than false *Alexis* for *Panthea* sigh.

Thy bosom ne'er a tender thought confess,
Sure stubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breast;
But hardest flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the soft drops dissolve their solid veins;
While thy relentless heart more hard appears,
And is not soften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah, what is love! *Panthea's* joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reason flown!
And when I view me in the watry glass,
I find *Panthea* now, not what she was.
As northern winds the new-blown roses blast,
And on the ground their fading ruins cast;

As sudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure spoil the mournful plain;
So hapless love on blooming features preys,
So hapless love destroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle sleep, relieve these weary'd eyes,
All sorrow in thy soft embraces dies:
There, spite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithless *Alexis* languishingly kind;
Sometimes he leads me by the mazy stream,
And pleasingly deludes me in my dream;
Sometimes he guides me to the secret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk is love.
Oh, could I thus consume each tedious day,
And in sweet slumbers dream my life away;
But sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes,
To my sad soul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the sun dart forth his chearful rays?
Why do the woods resound with warbling lays?
Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?

Why

Why do the streams with murm'ring musick flow,
And why do groves their friendly shade bestow?
Let fable clouds the chearful sun deface,
Let mournful silence seize the feather'd race;
No more, ye roses, grateful fragrance yield,
Droop, droop, ye cowslips, in the blasted field;
No more, ye streams, with murm'ring musick flow,
And let not groves a friendly shade bestow:
With sympathizing grief let nature mourn,
And' never know the youthful spring's return:
And shall I never more *Alexis* see?

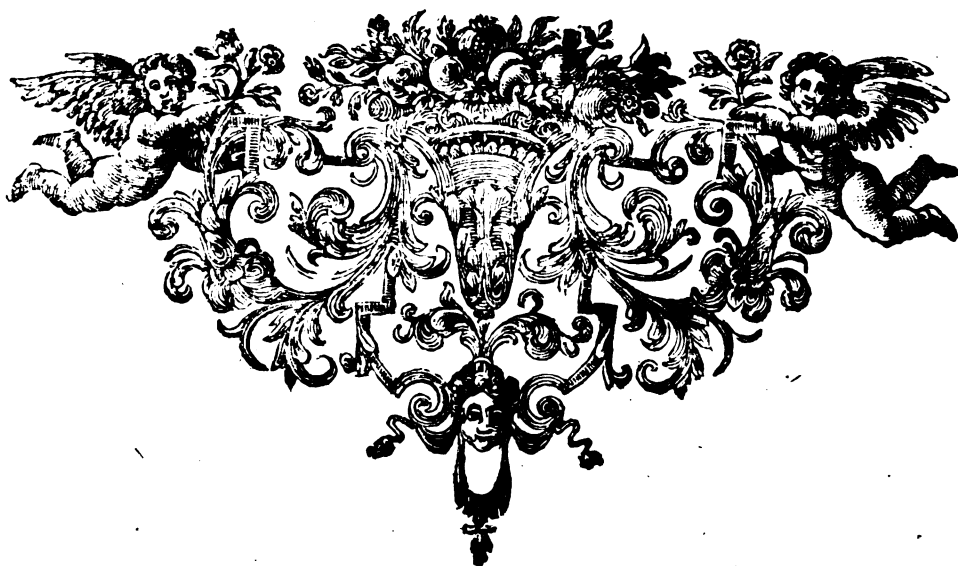
Then what is spring, or grove or stream to me?

Why sport the skipping lambs on yonder plain?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain?
Why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.

Oh! lead me to some melancholy cave,
To lull my sorrows in a living grave;
From the dark rock where dashing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall,

Where

Where I may waste in tears my hours away,
And never know the seasons or the day.
Dye, dye, *Panthea*----flie this hateful grove,
For what is life without the Swain I love?



A R A-

A R A M I N T A .

An E L E G Y.

NOW *Phæbus* rose; and with his early beams
Wak'd slumb'ring *Delia* from her pleasing dreams;
Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,
And in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
With secret joy she saw the morning ray
Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
The happy morn that shall her bliss compleat,
And all her rivals envious hopes defeat.
In haste she rose; forgetful of her pray'rs,
Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs:
Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist;
Some round her neck a circling light display,
Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
The silver knot o'erlooks the *Mechlen* lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face:.

Brocaded

Brocaded flow'rs o'er the gay manteau shine,
 And the rich stays her taper shape confine;
 Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
 And sporting Loves surround th' expecting bride,
 For *Daphnis* now attends the blushing maid,
 Before the Priest their solemn vows are paid;
 This day which ends at once all *Delia's* cares,
 Shall swell a thousand eyes with secret tears:
 Cease, *Araminta*, 'tis in vain to grieve,
 Canst thou from *Hymen's* bonds the youth retrieve?
 Disdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn:
 Recall my love, and find a sure return.

But still the wretched maid no comfort knows,
 And with resentment cherishes her woes;
 Alone she pines, and in these mournful strains,
 Of *Daphnis'* vows, and her own fate complains.

Was it for this I sparkled at the *Play*,
 And loiter'd in the *Ring* whole hours away?
 When if thy chariot in the circle shone,
 Our mutual passion by our looks was known:

Through

Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where-e'er I pass thy grateful eyes pursue.

*Ah faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

Think, *Daphnis*, think that scarce five days are fled,
Since (O false tongue!) those treach'rous things you said;
How did you praise my shape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments sincere.
Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame,
And in soft sighs breath *Araminta's* name?
Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
And with an awful trembling, say--- I love?

*Ah faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

How could'st thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive?
How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe?
Sure thou canst well recall that fatal night,
When subtle love first enter'd at my sight:
When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!

E e e

My

My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
 My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;
 My looks spoke love; while you with answer'ing eyes,
 In killing glances made as kind replies.
 Think, *Daphnis*, think, what tender things you said,
 Think what confusion all my soul betray'd;
 You call'd my graceful presence *Cynthia's* air,
 And when I sung, the *Sirens* charm'd your ear;
 My flame blown up by flatt'ry stronger grew,
 A gale of love in ev'ry whisper flew.

*Ah faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
 For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

Whene'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
 Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name;
 Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
 That thy dear image rose before my view;
 She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
 And wounded *Delia's* fame to sooth my spleen:
 When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
 Strait to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;

And

And when thy matchless charms were quite run o'er,
I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.

Oh, *Daphnis*! from thy *Araminta* fled!

Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!

Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,

And ever part me from the man I love.

*Ah faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
In some retreat far from this hateful town!
Vain dress and glaring equipage, adieu!
Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue,
Me, let some melancholy shade surround,
Where not the print of human step is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove;
No more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound,
And from the sleeping strings call forth the sound;
Musick adieu, farewell *Italian* airs!
The croaking raven now shall sooth my cares.

On some old ruine lost in thought I rest,
And think how *Araminta* once was blest;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
And all my grief in one kind sentence lose,
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles;
Why is this dawn of joy? flow tears again;
Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain;
Daphnis, alas! the *Gordian* knot has ty'd,
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.

*Ah faithless youth! since eyes the soul explain,
Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?*



A N

E L E G Y *on a* L A P - D O G.

S H O C K's fate I mourn ; poor *Shock* is now no more,
Ye Muses mourn, ye chamber-maids deplore.

Unhappy *Shock* ! yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care !
Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
And tie the fav'rite ribband round his neck ;
No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.

Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid ;
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade :
Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd,
And love, best gift of heav'n, not long enjoy'd.

Methinks I see her frantick with despair,
Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair ;
Her *Mechlen* pinnners rent the floor bestrow,
And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.

Hence

Hence Superstition, that tormenting guest,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breast;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend.

Tho' certain omens oft' forewarn a state,
And dying lyons show the monarch's fate;
Why should such fears bid *Celia's* sorrow rise?
For when a Lap-dog falls, no lover dyes,

Cease, *Celia*, cease; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispell thy cares.
In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd.
*Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid;
Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd.*

T O

T O

A young Lady, with some LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The Lady saw that love was meant.
Fair *Atalanta*, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her Hero gave her;
Nor could the bristly thing affront her,
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
When Squires send woodcocks to the dame,
It serves to show their absent flame:
Some by a snip of woven hair,
In posied lockets bribe the fair;
How many mercenary matches
Have sprung from Di'mond-rings and watches!
But hold----- a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a Poet's pocket;

He

He should send songs that cost him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.

Why then send Lampreys? fye, for shame!
'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame.

This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend sixty five a lift.

I know your maiden Aunt will scold,
And think my present somewhat bold.
I see her lift her hands and eyes.

What eat it, Niece; eat *Spanish* flies!
Lamprey's a most immodest diet:
You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet.
Should I to night eat Sago cream,
Twould make me blush to tell my dream;
If I eat Lobster, 'tis so warming,
That ev'ry man I see looks charming;
Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
Laid *Rochester* upon your pillow?
I vow and swear, I think the present
Had been as modest and as decent.

Who

Who has her virtue in her power?
Each day has its unguarded hour;
Always in danger of undoing,
A prawn, a shrimp may prove our ruin!
The shepherdes, who lives on fallad,
To cool her youth, controuls her palate;
Should *Dian's* turn liqu'rish livers,
And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
Then all beside each glade and Visto,
You'd see Nymphs lying like *Calisto*.

The man who meant to heat your blood,
Needs not himself such vicious food----

In this, I own, your Aunt is clear,
I sent you what I well might spare:
For when I see you, (without joking)
Your eyes, lips, breasts, are so provoking,
They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole seas of craw-fish soupe.

P R O L O G U E

Design'd for the Pastoral Tragedy of DIONE.

TH E R E was a time (Oh were those days renew'd!)
 E'er tyrant laws had woman's will subdu'd;
 Then nature rul'd, and love, devoid of art,
 Spoke the consenting language of the heart.
 Love uncontroul'd! insipid, poor delight!
 'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.
 Behold the beasts who range the forests free,
 Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
 In their amours see nature's power appear!
 And do they love? Yes—One month in the year.
 Were these the pleasures of the golden reign?
 And did free nature thus instruct the swain?
 I envy not, ye nymphs, your am'rous bowers:
 Such harmless swains!—I'm ev'n content with ours.
 But yet there's something in these sylvan scenes
 That tells our fancy what the lover means;

Name

Name but the mossy bank, and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love!

To night we treat you with such country fare,
Then for your lover's sake our author spare.
He draws no *Hemskirk* boors, or home-bred clowns,
But the soft shepherds of *Arcadia's* downs.

When *Paris* on the throne his judgment past;
I hope, you'll own the shepherd show'd his taste:
And *Jove*, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph *Calisto* break her duty;
Then was the country nymph no awkward thing.
See what strange revolutions time can bring!

Yet still methinks our author's fate I dread.
Were it not safer beaten paths to tread
Of Tragedy; than o'er wide heaths to stray,
And seeking strange adventures lose his way?
No trumpet's clangor makes his Heroine start,
And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart;
He, foolish bard! nor pomp nor show regards.
Without the witness of a hundred guards

F f f 2

His

His Lovers sigh their vows.---if sleep should take ye,
He has no battel, no loud drum to wake ye.
What, no such shifts? there's danger in't, 'tis true;
Yet spare him, as he gives you something new.



Sweet

Sweet *WILLIAM*'s Farewell
to Black-Ey'd *SUSAN*.

A B A L L A D.

I.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd *Susan* came aboard.
Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial failors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* fails among the crew.

II.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, (quick as lightning,) on the deck he stands.

III. So

III.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest Captain in the *British* fleet,
Might envy *William's* lip those kisses sweet.

IV.

O *Susan, Susan*, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

V.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

VI.

If to far *India's* coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright,
Thy breath is *Africk's* spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white.
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely *Sue*.

VII.

Though battel call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his Dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye.

VIII.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat, unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, she cries! and wav'd her lilly hand,

THE
LADY'S LAMENTATION.
A BALLAD.

I.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the stream;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What, alas! should fill her head,
But a fountain or a mead,
Water and a willow?

II.

Love in citys never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which sweet wood-bine covers.
What are your *Assemblys* then?
There, 'tis true, we see more men;
But much fewer lovers.

III. Oh,

III.

Oh, how chang'd the prospect grows!
Flocks and herds to Fops and Beaus,
Coxcombs without number!
Moon and stars that shone so bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at *Ombre*,

IV.

Pleasant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
Ev'n of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay'd, when we're away,
What we lent to others.

V.

Though the fav'rite *Toast* I reign;
Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
Ev'ry day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation?

G g g

VI. Thus

VI.

Thus the Fair to sighs gave way,

Her empty purse beside her lay.

Nymph, ah cease thy sorrow.

Though curst fortune frown to night ;

This odious town can give delight

If you win to morrow.



D A M O N

DAMON *and* CUPID,
A SONG.

I.

THE sun was now withdrawn,
The shepherds home were sped;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her silver mantle spread;
When *Damon* stay'd behind,
And faunter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?

II.

Oh! those were golden hours,
When Love, devoid of cares,
In all *Arcadia's* bow'rs
Lodg'd swains and nymphs by pairs!
But now from wood and plain
Flys ev'ry sprightly lass,

G g g 2

No

No joys for me remain,
In shades, or on the grafs.

III.

The winged boy draws near,
And thus the fwain reproves.

While beauty revell'd here,

My game lay in the groves ;

At Court I never fail

To scatter round my arrows,

Men fall as thick as hail ;

And maidens love like sparrows.

IV.

Then, fwain, if me you need,

Strait lay your sheep-hook down ;

Throw by your oaten reed,

And haft away to town.

So well I'm known at Court,

None ask where *Cupid* dwells ;

But readily resort

To B---n's or L---ll's.

D A P H N I S

DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE.

A S O N G.

I.

D *Aphnis* stood pensive in the shade,
With arms a-crofs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
My *Chloe* is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets cease your strains;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
My *Chloe's* voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why should you your song forbear?
Your mates delight your song to hear.
But *Chloe* mine disdains.

As

III.

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove;
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the sound; my heart-strings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
No. 'Tis my *Chloe's* sweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what says my love!

IV.

How foolish is the nymph (she cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O *Daphnis*, *Daphnis*, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd.
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his hold withdrew.

'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain.
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosie cheek;
Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
That lip should other pleasures seek:
Much, much thy musick I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee speak.

VII.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis I fear is ever gone;
Last night with *Delia's* dog he play'd,
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah *Chloe*, thou art won!

The

VIII.

The youth step'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing *Chloe* lay;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
At last in broken words, she cry'd;
To morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to day!



A
C O N T E M P L A T I O N
O N
N I G H T.

W Hether amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-pow'ful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure cloaths the smiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show,

H h h

The

The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
 And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
 But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
 Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost;
 No distant landships draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
 Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness cloaths the land,
 We view the traces of th'almighty hand;
 Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send,
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are;

But

But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful *Word* shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends,
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise,
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
And when those lands the busie sun forsakes,
With us again the rosie morning wakes;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall night's alternate reign be known:
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.

H h h z

Oh,

Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.



A

A
T H O U G H T
O N
E T E R N I T Y.

E'ER the foundations of the world were laid,
E'er kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be; still, as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.

O

O endless thought! divine eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound:
To day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To morrow death destroys his airy schemes;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?

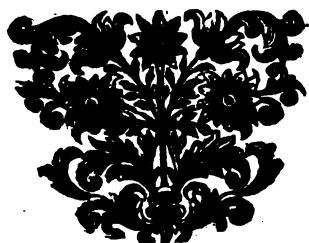
The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:

She

She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

My own E P I T A P H.

L I F E is a jest; and all things show it,
I thought so once; but now I know it.



D I O N E



D I O N E.

A

Pastoral Tragedy.

*Sunt numina amanti,
Sævit et injustâ lege relicta Venus.*
Tibull. Eleg. 5. Lib. 1.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Evander under the name of *Lycidas*.

Cleanthes.

Shepherds.

W O M E N.

Dione under the name of *Alexis*.

Parthenia.

Laura.

Scene *A R C A D I A*.



ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Plain, at the foot of a steep craggy
mountain.*

DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA.



HY dost thou fly me? stay, unhappy fair,
Seek not these horrid caverns of despair;
To trace thy steps the midnight air I bore,
Trod the brown desert, and unshelter'd moor:
Three times the lark has sung his matin lay,
And rose on dewy wing to meet the day,

Since first I found thee, stretch'd in pensive mood,
Where laurels border *Ladon's* silver flood.

D I O N E.

O let my soul with grateful thanks o'erflow!

'Tis to thy hand my daily life I owe.

Like the weak lamb you rais'd me from the plain,

Too faint to bear bleak winds and beating rain;

Each day I share thy bowl and clean repast,

Each night thy roof defends the chilly blast.

But vain is all thy friendship, vain thy care:

Forget a wretch abandon'd to despair.

L A U R A.

Despair will fly thee, when thou shalt impart

The fatal secret that torments thy heart;

Disclose thy sorrows to my faithful ear,

Instruct these eyes to give thee tear for tear.

Love, love's the cause; our forests speak thy flame,

And rocks have learnt to sigh *Evander's* name.

If faulting shame thy bashful tongue restrain,

If thou hast look'd, and blush'd, and sigh'd in vain;

Say,

Say, in what grove thy lovely shepherd strays,
 Tell me what mountains warble with his lays;
 Thither I'll speed me, and with moving art
 Draw soft confessions from his melting heart.

D I O N E.

Thy gen'rous care has touch'd my secret woe;
 Love bids these scalding tears incessant flow,
 Ill-fated love! O, say, ye sylvan maids,
 Who range wide forests and sequester'd shades,
 Say where *Evander* bled, point out the ground
 That yet is purple with the savage wound.
 Yonder he lies; I hear the bird of prey;
 High o'er those cliffs the raven wings his way;
 Hark, how he croaks! he scents the murder near.
 O may no greedy beak his visage tear!
 Shield him, ye *Cupids*; strip the *Paphian* grove,
 And strow unfading myrtle o'er my love!
 Down, heaving heart.

L A U R A

The mournful tale disclose.

D I O N E.

D I O N E.

Let not my tears intrude on thy repose.
 Yet if thy friendship still the cause request;
 I'll speak; though sorrow rend my lab'ring breast.
 Know then, fair shepherdes, no honest swain
 Taught me the duties of the peaceful plain:
 Unus'd to sweet content, no flocks I keep,
 Nor browsing goats that overhang the steep.
 Born where *Orchomenos*' proud turrets shine,
 I trace my birth from long illustrious line.
 Why was I train'd amidst *Arcadia's* Court?
 Love ever revells in that gay resort.
 Whene'er *Evander* past, my smitten heart
 Heav'd frequent sighs, and felt unusual smart.
 Ah! hadst thou seen with what sweet grace he mov'd!
 Yet why that wish? for *Laura* then had lov'd.

L A U R A

Distrust me not; thy secret wrongs impart.

D I O N E.

Forgive the fallies of a breaking heart.

Evander's

Evander's sighs his mutual flame confess,
 The growing passion labour'd in his breast;
 To me he came; my heart with rapture sprung,
 To see the blushes, when his faltering tongue
 First said, I love. My eyes consent reveal,
 And plighted vows our faithful passion seal.
 Where's now the lovely youth? he's lost, he's slain,
 And the pale corse lies breathless on the plain!

L A U R A

Are thus the hopes of constant lovers paid?
 If thus—ye Powers, from love defend the maid!

D I O N E.

Now have twelve mornings warm'd the purple east,
 Since my dear hunter rous'd the tusky beast;
 Swift flew the foaming monster through the wood,
 Swift as the wind, his eager steps pursu'd:
 'Twas then the savage turn'd; then fell the youth,
 And his dear blood stain'd the barb'rous tooth.

L A U R A

Was there none near? no ready succour found?
 Nor healing herb to stanch the spouting wound?

D I O N E.

In vain thro' pathless woods the hunters crost,
 And fought with anxious eye their master lost;
 In vain their frequent hollows eccho'd shrill,
 And his lov'd name was sent from hill to hill;
Evander hears you not. He's lost, he's slain,
 And the pale corse lies breathless on the plain.

L A U R A.

Has yet no clown (who, wandring from the way,
 Beats ev'ry bush to raise the lamb astray)
 Observ'd the fatal spot?

D I O N E.

————— O, if ye pass
 Where purple murder dies the wither'd grass,
 With pious finger gently close his eyes,
 And let his grave with decent verdure rise. [Weeps.

L A U R A.

Behold the turtle who has lost her mate;
 Awhile with drooping wing she mourns his fate,
 Sullen, awhile she seeks the darkest grove,
 And cooing meditates the murder'd dove:

But time the rueful image wears away,
 Again she's cheer'd, again she seeks the day.
 Spare then thy beauty, and no longer pine.

D I O N E.

Yet sure some turtle's love has equall'd mine,
 Who, when the hawk has snatch'd her mate away,
 Has never known the glad return of day.

When my fond father saw my faded eye,
 And on my livid cheek the roses dye;
 When catching sighs my wasted bosom mov'd,
 The certain signs confirm'd him that I lov'd.
 He knew not that *Evander* was my flame,
Evander dead! my passion still the same!
 Now he with threats asserts paternal sway,
 With rich *Cleantes* names my nuptial day;
Cleantes long his ardent vows had prest;
 But I his honours and his wealth detest.

L A U R A.

How vain is force! Love ne'er can be compell'd.

D I O N E.

Though bound by duty, yet my heart rebell'd.
 One night, when sleep had hush'd all busy spys,
 And the pale moon had journey'd half the skies;
 Softly I rose and drest; with silent tread,
 Unbarr'd the gates; and to these mountains fled.
 Here let me sooth the melancholy hours!
 Close me, ye woods, within your twilight bow'rs!
 Where my calm soul may settled sorrow know,
 And no *Cleanthes* interrupt my woe.

[*Melancholy musick is heard at a distance.*

With importuning love.---On yonder plain
 Advances slow a melancholy train;
 Black Cypress boughs their drooping heads adorn.

L A U R A.

Alas! *Menalcas* to his grave is born.
 Behold the victim of *Parthenia's* pride!
 He saw, he sigh'd, he lov'd, was scorn'd and dy'd.

D I O N E.

Where dwells this beauteous tyrant of the plains?
 Where may I see her?

L A U R A.

L A U R A.

————— Ask the sighing swains.
 They best can speak the conquests of her eyes,
 Whoever sees her, loves; who loves her, dies.

D I O N E.

Perhaps untimely fate her flame has crost,
 And she, like me, has her *Evander* lost.
 How my soul pities her!

L A U R A.

————— If pity move
 Your generous bosom, pity those who love.
 There late arriv'd among our sylvan race
 A stranger shepherd, who with lonely pace
 Visits those mountain pines at dawn of day,
 Where oft' *Parthenia* takes her early way
 To rouse the chase; mad with his am'rous pain,
 He stops and raves; then sullen walks again.
Parthenia's name is born by passing gales,
 And talking hills repeat it to the dales.

K k k 2

Come,

Come, let us from this vale of sorrow go,
Nor let the mournful scene prolong thy woe. [Exeunt.]

* S C E N E II.

*Shepherds and Shepherdesses, (crown'd with garlands of
Cypress and Yew) bearing the body of Menalcas.*

I S H E P H E R D.

Here gently rest the corse,---With fault'ring breath
Thus spake *Menalcas* on the verge of death.

‘ Belov’d *Palemon*, hear a dying friend ;
‘ See, where yon hills with craggy brows ascend,
‘ Low in the valley where the mountain grows,
‘ There first I saw her, there began my woes.
‘ When I am cold, may there this clay be laid ;
‘ There often strays the dear the cruel maid,
‘ There as she walks, perhaps you’ll hear her say,
‘ (While a kind gushing tear shall force its way)

* *This and the following Scene are form’d upon the novel of Marcella in Don Quixote.*

‘ How

‘ How could my stubborn heart relentless prove ?

‘ Ah poor *Menalcas*----all thy fault was love !

2 S H E P H E R D.

When pitying lions’ o’er a carcase groan,

And hungry tygers bleeding kids bemoan ;

When the lean wolf laments the mangled sheep ;

Then shall *Parthenia* o’er *Menalcas* weep.

1 S H E P H E R D.

When famish’d panthers seek their morning food,

And monsters roar along the desert wood ;

When hissing vipers rustle through the brake,

Or in the path-way rears the speckled snake ;

The wary swain th’approaching peril spys,

And through some distant road securely flies.

Fly then, ye swains, from beauty’s surer wound.

Such was the fate our poor *Menalcas* found !

2 S H E P H E R D.

What shepherd does not mourn *Menalcas* slain ?

Kill’d by a barbarous woman’s proud disdain !

Whoe’er

Whoe'er attempts to bend her scornful mind,
Crys to the desarts, and pursues the wind.

1. S H E P H E R D.

With ev'ry grace *Menalcas* was endow'd,
His merits dazzled all the sylvan croud.
If you would know his pipe's melodious sound,
Ask all the ecchoes of these hills around,
For they have learnt his strains; who shall rehearse
The strength, the cadence of his tuneful verse?
Go, read those lofty poplars; there you'll find
Some tender sonnet grow on ev'ry rind.

2. S H E P H E R D.

Yet what avails his skill? *Parthenia* flies.
Can merit hope success in woman's eyes?

1. S H E P H E R D.

Why was *Parthenia* form'd of softest mould?
Why does her heart such savage nature hold?
O ye kind gods! or all her charms efface,
Or tame her heart!---so spare the shepherd race.

2. S H E P H E R D.

2. S H E P H E R D.

As fade the flowers which on the grave I cast;
 So may *Parthenia*'s transient beauty waste!

1. S H E P H E R D.

What woman ever counts the fleeting years,
 Or sees the wrinkle which her forehead wears?
 Thinking her feature never shall decay,
 This swain she scorns, from that she turns away.
 But know, as when the rose her bud unfolds,
 Awhile each breast the short-liv'd fragrance holds;
 When the dry stalk lets drop her shrivell'd pride,
 The lovely ruin's ever thrown aside.
 So shall *Parthenia* be.

2. S H E P H E R D.

————— See, she appears,
 To boast her spoils, and triumph in our tears.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Parthenia appears from the mountain.

P A R T H E N I A. S H E P H E R D S.

I S H E P H E R D.

Why this way dost thou turn thy baneful eyes,
Pernicious Basilisk? Lo! there he lies,
There lies the youth thy cursed beauty slew;
See, at thy presence, how he bleeds anew!
Look down, enjoy thy murder.

P A R T H E N I A.

Spare my fame;
I come to clear a virgin's injur'd name.
If I'm a Basilisk, the danger fly,
Shun the swift glances of my venom'd eye:
If I'm a murd'rer, why approach ye near,
And to the dagger lay your bosom bare?

I S H E P H E R D.

I S H E P H E R D.

What heart is proof against that face divine?
 Love is not in our power.

P A R T H E N I A

————— Is love in mine?

If e'er I trifled with a shepherd's pain,
 Or with false hope his passion strove to gain;
 Then might you justly curse my savage mind,
 Then might you rank me with the serpent kind:
 But I ne'er trifled with a shepherd's pain,
 Nor with false hope his passion strove to gain:
 'Tis to his rash pursuit he owes his fate,
 I was not cruel; he was obstinate.

I S H E P H E R D.

Hear this, ye sighing shepherds, and despair.
 Unhappy *Lycidas*, thy hour is near!
 Since the same barb'rous hand has sign'd thy doom,
 We'll lay thee in our lov'd *Menalcas'* tomb.

P A R T H E N I A.

Why will intruding man my peace destroy?
 Let me content, and solitude enjoy;
 Free was I born, my freedom to maintain,
 Early I fought the unambitious plain.
 Most women's weak resolves like reeds, will ply,
 Shake with each breath, and bend with ev'ry sigh;
 Mine, like an oak, whose firm roots deep descend,
 No breath of love can shake, no sigh can bend.
 If ye unhappy *Lycidas* would save;
 Go seek him, lead him to *Menalcas*' grave;
 Forbid his eyes with flowing grief to rain,
 Like him *Menalcas* wept, but wept in vain;
 Bid him his heart-consuming groans give o'er:
 Tell him, I heard such piercing groans before,
 And heard unmov'd, O *Lycidas*, be wise,
 Prevent thy fate.---Lo! there *Menalcas* lies.

I. S H E P H E R D.

Now all the melancholy rites are paid,
 And o'er his grave the weeping marble laid;

Let's

Let's seek our charge; the flocks dispersing wide,
 Whiten with moving fleece the mountain's side.
 Trust not, ye swains, the lightning of her eye,
 Left ye like him should love, despair, and dye.

[*Ex. Shepherds &c. Parthenia remains in a melancholy posture looking on the grave of Menalcas.* Enter Lycidas.

S C E N E IV.

LYCIDAS. PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

When shall my steps have rest? through all the wood,
 And by the winding banks of *Ladon's* flood
 I sought my love. O say, ye skipping fawns,
 (Who range entangled shades and daisy'd lawns)
 If ye have seen her! say, ye warbling race,
 (Who measure on swift wing th' aerial space,
 And view below hills, dales, and distant shores)
 Where shall I find her whom my soul adores!

S C E N E V.

LYCIDAS. PARTHENIA. DIONE. LAURA.

[Dione and Laura at a distance.]

LYCIDAS.

What do I see? no. Fancy mocks my eyes,
And bids the dear deluding vision rise.
'Tis she. My springing heart her presence feels.
See, prostrate *Lycidas* before thee kneels.

[Kneeling to Parthenia.]

Why will *Parthenia* turn her face away?

PARTHENIA.

Who calls *Parthenia*? hah!

[She starts from her melancholy; and seeing Lycidas,
flies into the wood.]

LYCIDAS.

————— Stay, virgin, stay.

O

O wing my feet, kind Love. See, see, the bounds,
Fleet as the mountain roe, when preſt by hounds.

[He purſues her. Dione faints in the arms of Laura.]

L A U R A

What means this trembling? all her colour flies,
And life is quite unſtrung. Ah! lift thy eyes,
And answer me; ſpeak, ſpeak, 'tis *Laura* calls.
Speech has forſook her lips.—She faints, ſhe falls.
Fan her, ye Zephyrs, with your balmy breath,
And bring her quickly from the ſhades of death:
Blow, ye cool gales. See, ſee, the foreſt ſhakes
With coming winds! ſhe breaths, ſhe moves, ſhe wakes.

D I O N E.

Ah falſe *Evander*!

L A U R A

————— Calm thy ſobbing breaſt.
Say, what new ſorrow has thy heart oppreſt.

D I O N E.

Didſt thou not hear his ſighs and ſuppliant tone?
Didſt thou not hear the pitying mountain groan?

Didſt

Didst thou not see him bend his suppliant knee?
 Thus in my happy days he knelt to me,
 And pour'd forth all his soul! see how he strains,
 And lessens to the sight o'er yonder plains
 To keep the fair in view! run, virgin, run,
 Hear not his vows; I heard, and was undone!

L A U R A.

Let not imaginary terrors fright.
 Some dark delusion swims before thy sight.
 I saw *Parthenia* from the mountain's brow,
 And *Lycidas* with prostrate duty bow;
 Swift, as on falcon's wing, I saw her fly,
 And heard the cavern to his groans reply.
 Why stream thy tears for sorrows not thy own?

D I O N E.

Oh! where is honour, faith, and justice flown?
 Perjur'd *Evander*!

L A U R A.

————— Death has laid him low.
 Touch not the mournful string that wakes thy woe.

D I O N E.

D I O N E.

That am'rous swain, whom *Lycidas* you name,
 (Whose faithless bosom feels another flame)
 Is my once kind *Evander*—yes — 'twas he.
 He lives,—but lives, alas! no more for me.

L A U R A.

Let not thy frantick words confess despair.

D I O N E.

What, know I not his voice, his mien, his air?
 Yes, I that treach'rous voice with joy believ'd,
 That voice, that mien, that air my soul deceiv'd.
 If my dear shepherd love the lawns and glades,
 With him I'll range the lawns and seek the shades,
 With him through solitary deserts rove.
 And can he leave me for another love?
 O base ingratitude!

L A U R A

————— Suspend thy grief,
 And let my friendly counsel bring relief

To

To thy desponding soul. *Parthenia's* ear
 Is barr'd for ever to the lover's prayer;
Evander courts disdain, he follows scorn,
 And in the passing winds his vows are born.
 Soon will he find that all in vain he strove
 To tame her bosom; then his former love
 Shall wake his soul, then, will he sighing blame
 His heart inconstant and his perjur'd flame:
 Then shall he at *Dione's* feet implore,
 Lament his broken faith, and change no more.

D I O N E.

Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
 Forbidding speech, coy looks, and cold disdain,
 To raise his passion. Such are female arts,
 To hold in safer snares inconstant hearts!

L A U R A.

Parthenia's breast is steel'd with real scorn.

D I O N E.

Canst thou believe *Evander* will return?

L A U R A.

L A U R A.

If thou the secrets of his heart wouldst find,
 And try to cure the fever of his mind;
 If thy soft speech his passions knows to move,
 If thou canst plead *Dione's* injur'd love,
 Forgo thy sex, lay all thy robes aside.
 Strip off these ornaments of female pride;
 The shepherd's vest must hide thy graceful air,
 With the bold manly step a swain appear;
 Then with *Evander* mayst thou rove unknown,
 Then let thy tender eloquence be shown;
 Then the new fury of his heart controul,
 And with *Dione's* sufferings touch his soul.

D I O N E.

Sweet as refreshing dews, or summer showers
 To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers;
 Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains,
 And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains,
 Such are thy words. The sex shall be resign'd,
 No more shall breaded gold these tresses bind;

M m m

The

The shepherd's garb the woman shall disguise.
 If he has lost all love, may friendship's ties
 Unite me to his heart!

L A U R A.

————— Go, prosp'rous maid,
 May smiling love thy faithful wishes aid.
 Be now *Alexis* call'd. With thee I'll rove,
 And watch thy wand'rer through the mazy grove;
 Let me be honour'd with a sister's name;
 For thee, I feel a more than sister's flame.

D I O N E.

Come then my guardian, sister, friend and guide;
 Strait let these female robes be laid aside.
 Perhaps my shepherd has outstript her haste.
 Think'st thou, when out of sight, she flew so fast?
 One sudden glance might turn her savage mind;
 May she like *Daphne* fly, nor look behind,
 Maintain her scorn, his eager flame despise,
 Nor view *Evander* with *Dione's* eyes!

A C T



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Lycidas lying on the grave of Menalcas.

L Y C I D A S.

When shall these scalding fountains cease to flow?
 How long will life sustain this load of woe?
 Why glows the morn? roll back, thou source of light,
 And feed my sorrows with eternal night.
 Come, fable Death; give, give the welcome stroke;
 The raven calls thee from yon' blasted oak.
 What pious care my ghastful lid shall close?
 What decent hand my frozen limbs compose?
 O happy shepherd, free from anxious pains,
 Who now art wandering in the fighting plains
 Of blest *Elysium*; where in myrtle groves
 Enamour'd ghosts bemoan their former loves.
 Open, thou silent grave; for lo! I come
 To meet *Menalcas* in the fragrant gloom;

M m m 2

There

There shall my bosom burn with friendship's flame,
 The same our passion, and our fate the same ;
 There, like two nightingales on neighb'ring boughs,
 Alternate strains shall mourn our frustrate vows.
 But if cold Death should close *Parthenia's* eye,
 And should her beauteous form come gliding by ;
 Friendship would soon in jealous fear be lost,
 And kindling hate pursue thy rival ghost.

S C E N E II.

LYCIDAS. DIONE in a shepherd's habit.

LYCIDAS.

Hah! who comes here? turn hence, be timely wise ;
 Trust not thy safety to *Parthenia's* eyes.
 As from the bearing falcon flies the dove,
 So wing'd with fear, *Parthenia* flies from love.

DIONE.

If in these vales the fatal beauty stray,
 From the cold marble rise; let's haste away.

Why

Why liest thou panting, like the smitten deer;
Trust not the dangers, which thou bid'st me fear.

L Y C I D A S.

Bid the lur'd lark, whom tangling nets surprise,
On soaring pinion rove the spacious skies;
Bid the cag'd linnet range the leafy grove;
Then bid my captive heart get loose from love.
The snares of death are o'er me. Hence; beware;
Lest thou should'st see her, and like me despair.

D I O N E.

No. Let her come; and seek this vale's recess,
In all the beauteous negligence of dress;
Though *Cupid* send a shaft in ev'ry glance,
Though all the Graces in her step advance,
My heart can stand it all. Be firm, my breast;
Th'ensnaring oath, the broken vow detest:
That flame, which other charms have power to move,
O give it not the sacred name of love!
'Tis perjury, fraud, and meditated lies.
Love's seated in the soul; and never dies.

What

What then avail her charms? my constant heart
Shall gaze secure, and mock a second dart.

L Y C I D A S.

But thou perhaps a happier fate hast found,
And the same hand that gave, now heals the wound;
Or art thou left abandon'd and forlorn,
A wretch, like me, the sport of pride and scorn?

D I O N E.

O tell me, shepherd, has thy faithless maid
False to her vow thy flatter'd hope betray'd?
Did her smooth speech engage thee to believe?
Did she protest and swear, and then deceive?
Such are the pangs I feel!

L Y C I D A S.

————— The haughty fair
Contemns my suff'rings, and disdains to hear.
Let meaner Beauties learn'd in female snares
Entice the swain with half-consenting airs;
Such vulgar arts ne'er aid her conqu'ring eyes,
And yet where-e'er she turns a lover sighs.

Vain

Vain is the steady constancy your boast;
All other love at sight of her is lost.

D I O N E.

True constancy no time no power can move.
He that has known to change, ne'er knew to love.
Though the dear author of my hapless flame
Pursues another; still my heart's the same.
Am I for ever left? (excuse these tears)
May thy kind friendship soften all my cares!

L Y C I D A S.

What comfort can a wretch, like me, bestow?

D I O N E.

He best can pity who has felt the woe.

L Y C I D A S.

Since diff'rent passions have our souls possess'd,
No rival fears our friendship shall molest.

D I O N E.

Come, let us leave the shade of these brown hills,
And drive our flocks beside the steaming rills.

Should

Should thy fair tyrant to these vales return,
How would thy breast with double fury burn!
Go hence, and seek thy peace.

S C E N E III.

*LYCIDAS DIONE. LAURA.**LAURA.*

Fly, fly this place;
Beware of love; the proudest of her race
This way approaches: from among the pines,
Where from the steep the winding path declines,
I saw the nymph descend.

LYCIDAS.

She comes, she comes;
From her the passing Zephyrs steal perfumes,
As from the violet's bank; with odours sweet
Breaths ev'ry gale; spring blooms beneath her feet.

Yes,

Yes, 'tis my fairest; here she's wont to rove.

L A U R A.

Say, by what signs I might have known thy Love?

L Y C I D A S.

My Love is fairer than the snowy breast
Of the tall swan, whose proudly-swelling chest
Divides the wave; her tresses loose behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread,
Are op'ning roses in the lilly's bed.
Know'st thou *Parthenia*?

L A U R A.

————— Wretched is the slave
Who serves such pride! behold *Menalcas*' grave!
Yet if *Alexis* and this fighting swain
Wish to behold the Tyrant of the plain,
Let us behind these myrtle's twining arms
Retire unseen; from thence survey her charms.
Wild as the chaunting thrush upon the spray,
At man's approach she swiftly flies away.

N n n

Like

Like the young hare, I've seen the panting maid
Stop, listen, run; of ev'ry wind afraid.

LYCIDAS.

And wilt thou never from thy vows depart?
Shepherd, beware---now fortifie thy heart. [*To Dione.*

[*Lycidas, Dione, and Laura retire behind the boughs.*

S C E N E IV.

PARTHENIA. LYCIDAS. DIONE.
LAURA.

PARTHENIA.

This melancholy scene demands a groan.
Hah! what inscription marks the weeping stone?
O pow'r of beauty! here Menalcas lies:
Gaze not, ye shepherds, on Parthenia's eyes.
Why did heav'n form me with such polish'd care?
Why cast my features in a mold so fair?
If blooming beauty was a blessing meant,
Why are my sighing hours deny'd content? The

The downy peach, that glows with funny dyes,
 Feeds the black snail, and lures voracious flies;
 The juicy pear invites the feather'd kind,
 And pecking finches scoop the golden rind;
 But beauty suffers more pernicious wrongs,
 Blasted by envy, and censorious tongues.
 How happy lives the nymph, whose comely face
 And pleasing glances boast sufficient grace
 To wound the swain she loves! no jealous fears
 Shall vex her nuptial state with nightly tears,
 Nor am'rous youths, to push their foul pretence,
 Infest her days with dull impertinence.
 But why talk I of love? my guarded heart
 Disowns his power, and turns aside the dart.
 Hark! from his hollow tomb *Menalcas* cries,
Gaze not, ye shepherds, on Parthenia's eyes.
 Come, *Lycidas*, the mournful lay peruse,
 Lest thou, like him, *Parthenia's* eyes accuse.

[She stands in a melancholy posture, looking on the tomb.]

L Y C I D A S.

Call'd she not *Lycidas*?--- I come, my fair;
 See, gen'rous pity melts into a tear,
 And her heart softens. Now's the tender hour,
 Assist me, Love, exert thy sov'raign power
 To tame th' obdurate maid.

D I O N E.

————— Rash swain, be wise:
 'Tis not from thee or him, from love she flies.
 Leave her, forget her. *[They hold Lycidas.]*

L A U R A.

————— Why this furious haste?

L Y C I D A S.

Unhand me; loose me.

D I O N E.

————— Sister, hold him fast.

To follow her, is, to prolong despair.

Shepherd, you must not go.

L Y C I D A S.

————— Bold youth, forbear

Hear

Hear me, *Parthenia*.

P A R T H E N I A

————— From behind the shade,
Methought a voice some list'ning spy betray'd.

Yes, I'm observ'd. *[She runs out.]*

L Y C I D A S.

————— Stay, nymph; thy flight suspend.
She hears me not—when will my sorrows end?
As over-spent with toil, my heaving breast
Beats quick. 'Tis death alone can give me rest.

[He remains in a fixt melancholy.]

S C E N E V.

L Y C I D A S. D I O N E. L A U R A.

L A U R A.

Recall thy scatter'd sense, bid reason wake,
Subdue thy passion,

L Y C I D A S.

----- Shall I never speak?

She's gone, she's gone.--- Kind shepherd, let me rest
My troubled head upon thy friendly breast.

The forest seems to move.--- O curst state!

I doom'd to love, and she condemn'd to hate!

Tell me, *Alexis*, art thou still the same?

Did not her brighter eyes put out the flame

Of thy first love? did not thy flutt'ring heart,

Whene'er she rais'd her look, confess the dart?

D I O N E.

I own the nymph is fairest of her race,

Yet I unmov'd can on this beauty gaze,

Mindful of former promise; though my love,

Inconstant like the bee, the meadows rove,

And skim each beauteous flower; nor time nor place

Shall the dear image from my breast efface.

Since all thy hopes are lost; let friendship's tie

Calm our distress, and slighted love supply;

Let

Let us together drive our fleecy store,
And of ungrateful woman think no more.

L Y C I D A S.

'Tis death alone can raise her from my breast.

L A U R A.

Why shines thy Love so far above the rest?
Nature, 'tis true, in ev'ry outward grace,
Her nicest hand employ'd; her lovely face
With beauteous feature stamp'd; with rosy dyes
Warm'd her fair cheek; with lightning arm'd her eyes:
But if thou search the secrets of her mind,
Where shall thy cheated soul a virtue find?
Sure hell with cruelty her breast supply'd.
How did she glory when *Menalcas* dy'd!
Pride in her bosom reigns; she's false, she's vain;
She first entices, then insults the swain;
Shall female cunning lead thy heart astray?
Shepherd, be free; and scorn for scorn repay.

L Y C I D A S.

How woman talks of woman!

D I O N E

D I O N E.

Hence depart;
 Let a long absence cure thy love-sick heart.
 To some far grove retire, her sight disclaim,
 Nor with her charms awake the dying flame.
 Let not an hour thy happy flight suspend;
 But go not, *Lycidas*, without thy friend.
 Together let us seek the chearful plains,
 And lead the dance among the sportive swains,
 Devoid of care.

L A U R A.

Or else the groves disdain,
 Nor with the sylvan walk indulge thy pain.
 Haste to the town; there (I have oft' been told)
 The courtly nymph her tresses binds with gold,
 To captivate the youths; the youths appear
 In fine array; in ringlets waves their hair
 Rich with ambrosial scents, the fair to move,
 And all the business of the day is love.

There

There from the gawdy train select a dame,
Her willing glance shall catch an equal flame.

L R C I D A S.

Name not the Court.— The thought my soul confounds,
And with *Dione's* wrongs my bosom wounds.
Heav'n justly vindicates the faithful maid ;
And now are all my broken vows repaid.
Perhaps she now laments my fancy'd death
With tears unfeign'd; thinks, how my gasping breath
Sigh'd forth her name. O guilt, no more upbraid!
Yes. I fond innocence and truth betray'd. [*Aside.*

[*Dione and Laura apart.*

D I O N E.

Hark! how reflection wakes his conscious heart.
From my pale lids the trickling sorrows start;
How shall my breast the swelling sighs confine!

L A U R A.

O smooth thy brow, conceal our just design:
Be yet awhile unknown. If grief arise,
And force a passage through thy gushing eyes,

O o o

Quickly

Quickly retire, thy sorrows to compose;
Or with a look serene disguise thy woes.

[Dione is going out. Laura walks at a distance.

L E C I D A S.

Canst thou, *Alexis*, leave me thus distressed?
Where's now the boasted friendship of thy breast?
Hast thou not oft' survey'd the dappled deer
In social herds o'er-spread the pastures fair,
When op'ning hounds the warmer scent pursue,
And force the destin'd victim from the crew,
Oft' he returns, and fain would join the band,
While all their horns the panting wretch withstand?
Such is thy friendship; thus might I confide.

D I O N E.

Why wilt thou censure what thou ne'er hast try'd?
Should some lean wolf to seize thee swift descend,
And gnawing famine wide his jaws distend;
I'd rush between, the monster to engage,
And my life's blood should glut his thirsty rage.

Sooner

Sooner shall swallows leave their callow brood,
Who with their plaintive chirpings cry for food;
Sooner shall hens expose their infant care,
When the spread kite sails wheeling in the air,
Than I forsake thee when by danger prest;
Wrong not by jealous fears a faithful breast.

L Y C I D A S.

If thy fair-spoken tongue thy bosom shows,
There let the secrets of my soul repose.

D I O N E.

Far be suspicion; in my truth confide.
O let my heart thy load of cares divide!

L Y C I D A S.

Know then, *Alexis*, that in vain I strove
To break her chain, and free my soul from love;
On the lim'd twig thus finches beat their wings,
Still more entangled in the clammy strings.
The slow-pac'd days have witness'd my despair,
Upon my weary couch sits wakeful care;

Down my flush'd cheek the flowing sorrows run,
 As dews descend to weep the absent sun.
 O lost *Parthenia*!

D I O N E.

————— These wild thoughts suspend;
 And in thy kind commands instruct thy friend.

L Y C I D A S.

Whene'er my fault'ring tongue would urge my cause,
 Deaf is her ear, and fullen she withdraws.
 Go then, *Alexis*; seek the scornful maid,
 In tender eloquence my sufferings plead;
 Of slighted passion thou the pangs hast known;
 O judge my secret anguish by thy own!

D I O N E.

Had I the skill inconstant hearts to move,
 My longing soul had never lost my Love.
 My feeble tongue, in these soft arts untry'd,
 Can ill support the thunder of her pride;
 When she shall bid me to thy bower repair,
 How shall my trembling lips her threats declare!

How

How shall I tell thee, that she could behold,
 With brow serene, thy corse all pale and cold
 Beat on the dashing billow? shouldst thou go
 Where the tall hill o'erhangs the rocks below,
 Near thee thy tyrant could unpitying stand,
 Nor call thee back, nor stretch a saving hand.
 Wilt thou then still persist to tempt thy fate,
 To feed her pride and gratify her hate?

L Y C I D A S.

Know, unexperienc'd youth, that woman's mind
 Oft shifts her passions, like th' inconstant wind;
 Sudden she rages, like the troubled main,
 Now sinks the storm, and all is calm again.
 Watch the kind moment, then my wrongs impart,
 And the soft tale shall glide into her heart.

D I O N E.

No. Let her wander in the lonely grove,
 And never hear the tender voice of love.
 Let her awhile, neglected by the swain,
 Pass by, nor sighs molest the cheerful plain;

Thus

Thus shall the fury of her pride be laid ;

Thus humble into love the haughty maid.

L Y C I D A S.

Vain are attempts my passion to controul.

Is this the balm to cure my fainting soul ?

D I O N E.

Deep then among the green-wood shades I'll rove,

And seek with weary pace thy wander'd Love ;

Prostrate I'll fall, and with incessant prayers

Hang on her knees, and bath her feet with tears ;

If sighs of pity can her ear incline,

(O *Lycidas*, my life is wrapt in thine!) [*Aside.*

I'll charge her from thy voice to hear the tale,

Thy voice more sweet than notes along the vale

Breath'd from the warbling pipe: the moving strain

Shall stay her flight, and o'er her passions gain.

Yet if she hear: should love the message speed,

Then dies all hope ;—then must *Dione* bleed. [*Aside.*

L Y C I D A S.

Haste then, dear faithful swain. Beneath those yews

Whose fable arms the brownest shade diffuse,

Where all around, to shun the fervent skie,
 The panting flocks in ferny thickets lye;
 There with impatience shall I wait my friend,
 O'er the wide prospect frequent glances send
 To spy thy wish'd return. As thou shalt find
 A tender welcome, may thy Love be kind!

[*Ex.* Lycidas.]

S C E N E VI.

D I O N E. L A U R A

D I O N E.

Methinks I'm now surrounded by despair,
 And all my with'ring hopes are lost in air.
 Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough
 Hears through long woods autumnal tempests blow,
 With hollow blasts the clashing branches bend,
 And yellow show'rs of rustling leaves descend;

She

She sees the friendly shelter from her fly,
 Nor dare her little pinions trust the sky;
 But on the naked spray in wintry air,
 All shiv'ring, hopeless, mourns the dying year.
 What have I promis'd? rash, unthinking maid!
 By thy own tongue thy wishes are betray'd!

[*Laura advances.*]

L A U R A.

Why walk'st thou thus disturb'd with frantick air?
 Why roll thy eyes with madness and despair?

D I O N E.

[*musing.*]

How wilt thou bear to see her pride give way?
 When thus the yielding nymph shall bid thee say,
 ' Let not the shepherd seek the silent grave,
 ' Say, that I bid him live.---if hope can save.

L A U R A.

Has he discern'd thee through the swain's disguise,
 And now alike thy love and friendship flies?

D I O N E.

Yes. Firm and faithful to the promise made,
 I'll range each sunny hill, each lawn and glade.

L A U R A.

Wilt thou not answer? calm thy troubled mind.

D I O N E.

Where shall my search this happy rival find?
 I'll go, my faithless shepherd's cause to plead,
 And with my tears accuse th' ungrateful maid.
 Yet, should her soften'd heart to love incline!

L A U R A.

If those are all thy fears; *Evander's* thine.

D I O N E.

Why should we both in sorrow waste our days?
 If love unfeign'd my constant bosom sways,
 His happiness alone is all I prize,
 And that is center'd in *Parthenia's* eyes.
 Haste then, with earnest zeal her love implore,
 To bless his hours;---when thou shalt breathe no more.

P p p

A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Dione lying on the ground by the side of a Fountain.

D I O N E.

H E R E let me rest: and in the liquid glass
 View with impartial look my fading face.
 Why are *Parthenia's* striking beauties priz'd?
 And why *Dione's* weaker glance despis'd?
 Nature in various molds has beauty cast,
 And form'd the feature for each different taste:
 This sighs for golden locks and azure eyes;
 That, for the gloss of fable tresses, dyes.
 Let all mankind these locks, these eyes detest,
 So I were lovely in *Evander's* breast!
 When o'er the garden's knot we cast our view,
 While summer paints the ground with various hue;

Some

Some praise the gaudy tulip's streaky red,
And some the silver lilly's bending head;
Some the junquil in shining yellow drest,
And some the fring'd carnation's varied vest;
Some love the sober vi'let's purple dyes.
Thus beauty fares in diff'rent lovers eyes.
But bright *Parthenia* like the rose appears,
She in all eyes superior lustre bears.

S C E N E II.

D I O N E. L A U R A.

L A U R A.

Why thus beneath the silver willow laid,
Weeps fair *Dione* in the pensive shade?
Hast thou yet found the over-arching bower,
Which guards *Parthenia* from the sultry hour?
Has not her pride confirm'd the youth's despair?
Or does thy passion still a rival fear?

Ppp 2

D I O N E.

D I O N E.

With weary step in paths unknown I stray'd,
And fought in vain the solitary maid.

L A U R A.

Seest thou the waving tops of yonder woods,
Whose aged arms imbrown the cooling floods?
The cooling floods o'er breaking pebbles flow,
And wash the soil from the big roots below;
From the tall rock the dashing waters bound.
Hark, o'er the fields the rushing billows sound!
There, lost in thought, and leaning on her crook,
Stood the sad nymph, nor rais'd her pensive look;
With settled eye the bubbling waves survey'd,
And watch'd the whirling eddys, as they play'd.

D I O N E.

Thither to know my certain doom I speed,
For by this sentence life or death's decreed. [Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

L A U R A. C L E A N T H E S.

L A U R A.

But see! some hasty stranger bends this way;
 His broider'd vest reflects the sunny ray:
 Now through the thinner boughs I mark his mien,
 Now veil'd, in thicker shades he moves unseen.
 Hither he turns; I hear a mutt'ring sound;
 Behind this rev'rend oak with ivie bound
 Quick I'll retire; with busy thought possess'd,
 His tongue betrays the secrets of his breast.

[*She hides her self.*]

C L E A N T H E S.

The skillful hunter with experienc'd care
 Traces the doubles of the circling hare;
 The subtle fox (who breaths the weary hound
 O'er hills and plains) in distant brakes is found;
 With ease we track swift hinds and skipping roes.
 But who th' inconstant ways of woman knows?

They

They say, she wanders with the sylvan train,
 And courts the native freedoms of the plain;
 Shepherds explain their wish without offence,
 Nor blush the nymphs;—for Love is innocence.
 O lead me where the rural youth retreat,
 Where the slope hills the warbling voice repeat.
 Perhaps on daisy'd turf reclines the maid,
 And near her side some rival clown is laid.
 Yet, yet I love her.—O lost nymph return,
 Let not thy fire with tears incessant mourn;
 Return, lost nymph; bid sorrow cease to flow,
 And let *Dione* glad the house of woe.

L A U R A.

Call'd he not lost *Dione*? hence I'll start,
 Cross his slow steps, and sift his op'ning heart. [*Aside.*]

C L E A N T H E S.

Tell me, fair nymph, direct my wandring way;
 Where, in close bowers, to shun the sultry ray,
 Repose the swains; whose flocks with bleating fill
 The bord'ring forest and the thymy hill.

But

But if thou frequent join these sylvan bands,
Thy self can answer what my soul demands.

L A U R A.

Seven years I trod these fields, these bowers, and glades,
And by the less'ning and the length'ning shades
Have mark'd the hours; what time my flock to lead
To sunny mountains, or the watry mead:
Train'd in the labours of the sylvan crew,
Their sports, retreats, their cares and loves I knew.

C L E A N T H E S.

Instruct me then, if late among your race;
A stranger nymph is found of noble grace,
In rural arts unskill'd, no charge she tends;
Nor when the morn and ev'ning dew descends
Milks the big-udder'd ewe. Her mien and dress
The polish'd manners of the Court confess.

L A U R A.

Each day arrive the neighb'ring nymphs and swains
To share the pastime of our jovial plains;

How

How can I there thy roving beauty trace,
Where not one nymph is bred of vulgar race?

C L E A N T H E S.

If yet she breath, what tortures must she find!
The curse of disobedience tears her mind.
If e'er your breast with filial duty burn'd,
If e'er you sorrow'd when a parent mourn'd;
Tell her, I charge you, with incessant groans
Her drooping sire his absent child bemoans.

L A U R A.

Unhappy man!

C L E A N T H E S.

————— With storms of passion tost,
When first he learnt his vagrant child was lost,
On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
And with thick blows his hollow bosom rung;
Then up he started, and with fixt surprise,
Upon her picture threw his frantick eyes,
While thus he cry'd. ' In her my life was bound,
' Warm in each feature is her mother found!

' Perhaps

' Perhaps despair has been her fatal guide;
 ' And now she floats upon the weeping tide;
 ' Or on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,
 ' All pale and cold she wavers in the wind.
 ' Did I not force her hence by harsh commands?
 ' Did not her soul abhor the nuptial bands?

L A U R A.

Teach not, ye fires, your daughters to rebell.
 By counsel rein their wills, but ne'er compel.

C L E A N T H E S.

Ye duteous daughters, trust these tender guides;
 Nor think a parent's breast the tyrant hides.

L A U R A.

From either lid the scalding sorrows roll;
 The moving tale runs thrilling to my soul.

C L E A N T H E S.

Perhaps she wanders in the lonely woods,
 Or on the sedgy borders of the floods;
 Thou knowst each cottage, forest, hill and vale,
 And pebbled brook that winds along the dale.

Q q q

Search

Search each sequestered dell to find the fair;
And just reward shall gratifie thy care.

L A U R A.

O ye kind boughs protect the virgin's flight,
And guard *Dione* from his prying sight! [Aside.

C L E A N T H E S.

Mean while I'll seek the shepherd's cool abodes,
Point me, fair nymph, along these doubtful roads.

L A U R A.

Seest thou yon' mountain rear his shaggy brow?
In the green valley graze the flocks below:
There ev'ry gale with warbling musick floats,
Shade answers shade, and breaths alternate notes.

[Ex. Cleanthes.

He's gone; and to the distant vales is sent,
Nor shall his force *Dione's* love prevent.
But see, she comes again with hasty pace,
And conscious pleasure dimples on her face.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

L A U R A D I O N E.

D I O N E.

I found her laid beside the crystal brook,
 Nor rais'd she from the stream her settled look,
 Till near her side I stood; her head she rears,
 Starts sudden, and her shrieks confess her fears.

L A U R A.

Did not thy words her thoughtful soul surprise,
 And kindle sparkling anger in her eyes?

D I O N E.

Thus she reply'd, with rage and scorn possess'd.
 ' Will importuning love ne'er give me rest?
 ' Why am I thus in desarts wild pursu'd,
 ' Like guilty consciences when stain'd with blood?
 ' Sure boding ravens, from the blasted oak,
 ' Shall learn the name of *Lycidas* to croak,

Q q q 2

To

' To found it in my ears! As swains pass by,
 ' With look askance, they shake their heads and cry,
 ' Lo! this is she for whom the shepherd dy'd!
 ' Soon *Lycidas*, a victim to her pride,
 ' Shall seek the grave; and in the glimm'ring glade,
 ' With look all pale, shall glide the restless shade
 ' Of the poor swain; while we with haggard eye
 ' And bristled hair the fleeting phantom fly.
 Still let their curses innocence upbraid:
 Heav'n never will forsake the virtuous maid.

L A U R A

Didst thou persist to touch her haughty breast?

D I O N E.

She still the more disdain'd, the more I prest.

L A U R A.

When you were gone, these walks a stranger crost,
 He turn'd through ev'ry path, and wander'd lost;
 To me he came; with courteous speech demands
 Beneath what bowers repos'd the shepherd bands;

Then

Then further asks me, if among that race
 A shepherdes was found of courtly grace;
 With proffer'd bribes my faithful tongue effays;
 But for no bribe the faithful tongue betrays.
 In me *Dione's* safe. Far hence he speeds,
 Where other hills resound with other reeds.

D I O N E.

Should he come back; Suspicion's jealous eyes
 Might trace my feature through the swain's disguise.
 Now ev'ry noise and whistling wind I dread,
 And in each sound approaches human tread.

L A U R A.

He said, he left your house involv'd in cares,
 Sighs swell'd each breast, each eye o'erflow'd with tears;
 For his lost child thy pensive father mourns,
 And sunk in sorrow to the dust returns.
 Go back, obedient daughter; hence depart,
 And still the sighs that tear his anxious heart.
 Soon shall *Evander*, wearied with disdain,
 Forgo these fields, and seek the town again.

D I O N E.

D I O N E.

Think, *Laura*, what thy hasty thoughts persuade.
 If I return, to Love a victim made,
 My wrathful Sire will force his harsh command,
 And with *Cleanthes* join my trembling hand.

L A U R A.

Yet the kind parent soft persuasion tries,
 And what his power compells not, may advise.

D I O N E.

On the high nuptials of the Court look round;
 Where shall, alas, one happy pair be found?
 There, marriage is for servile int'rest sought:
 Is love for wealth or power or title bought?
 'Tis hence domestick jars their peace destroy,
 And loose adult'ry steals the shameful joy.
 But search we wide o'er all the blisful plains,
 Where love alone, devoid of int'rest, reigns.
 What concord in each happy pair appears!
 How fondness strengthens with the rolling years!

Superiour

Superiour power ne'er thwarts their soft delights,
Nor jealous accusations wake their nights.

L A U R A.

May all those blessings on *Dione* fall.

D I O N E.

Grant me *Evander*, and I share them all:
Shall a fond father give perpetual strife,
And doom his child to be a wretch for life?
Though he bequeath'd me all these woods and plains,
And all the flocks the russet down contains;
With all the golden harvests of the year,
Far as where yonder purple mountains rear;
Can these the broils of nuptial life prevent?
Can these, without *Evander*, give content?
But see, he comes.

L A U R A.

I'll to the vales repair,

Where wanders by the stream my fleecy care.

Mayst thou the rage of this new flame controul,

And wake *Dione* in his tender soul!

[*Ex. Laura.*

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

D I O N E. L Y C I D A S.

L Y C I D A S.

Say, my *Alexis*, can thy words impart
Kind rays of hope to cheer a doubtful heart?
How didst thou first my pangs of love disclose?
Did her disdainful brow confirm my woes?
Or did soft pity in her bosom rise,
Heave on her breast, and languish in her eyes?

D I O N E.

How shall my tongue the fault'ring tale explain!
My heart drops blood to give the shepherd pain.

L Y C I D A S.

Pronounce her utmost scorn; I come prepar'd
To meet my doom. Say, is my death declar'd?

D I O N E.

Why should thy fate depend on woman's will?
Forget this tyrant, and be happy still.

L Y C I D A S.

L Y C I D A S.

Didst thou beseech her not to speed her flight,
 Nor shun with wrathful glance my hated sight?
 Will she consent my sighing plaint to hear,
 Nor let my piercing crys be lost in air?

D I O N E.

Can mariners appease the tossing storm,
 When foaming waves the yawning deep deform?
 When o'er the sable cloud the thunder flies,
 Say, who shall calm the terror of the skies?
 Who shall the lion's famish'd roar assuage?
 And can we still proud woman's stronger rage?
 Soon as my faithful tongue pronounc'd thy name,
 Sudden her glances shot resentful flame:
 Be dumb, she crys, this whining love give o'er,
 And vex me with th' ungrateful theme no more.

L Y C I D A S.

'Tis pride alone that keeps alive her scorn.
 Can the mean swain in humble cottage born,

Can Poverty that haughty heart obtain,
 Where avarice and strong ambition reign?
 If Poverty pass by in tatter'd coat,
 Curs vex his heels and stretch their barking throat;
 If chance he mingle in the female croud,
 Pride tosses high her head, Scorn laughs aloud;
 Each nymph turns from him to her gay gallant,
 And wonders at the impudence of Want.
 'Tis vanity that rules all woman-kind,
 Love is the weakest passion of their mind.

D I O N E.

Though one is by those servile views possess'd,
 O *Lycidas*, condemn not all the rest.

L Y C I D A S.

Though I were bent beneath a load of years,
 And seventy winters thin'd my hoary hairs;
 Yet if my olive branches dropt with oil,
 And crooked shares were brighten'd in my soil,
 If lowing herds my fatning meads possess'd,
 And my white fleece the tawny mountain drest;

Then

Then would she lure me with love-darting glance,
 And with fond mercenary smiles advance.
 Though hell with ev'ry vice my soul had stain'd,
 And froward anger in my bosom reign'd,
 Though avarice my coffers cloath'd in rust,
 And my joints trembled with enfeebled lust;
 Yet were my ancient name with titles great,
 How would she languish for the gawdy bait!
 If to her love all-tempting wealth pretend,
 What virtuous woman can her heart defend!

D I O N E.

Conquests, thus meanly bought, men soon despise,
 And justly flight the mercenary prize.

L Y C I D A S.

I know these frailties in her breast reside,
 Direct her glance and ev'ry action guide.
 Still let *Alexis'* faithful friendship aid,
 Once more attempt to bend the stubborn maid.
 Tell her, no base-born swain provokes her scorn,
 No clown, beneath the sedge cottage born;

R r r 2

Tell

Tell her, for her this sylvan dress I took;
 For her my name and pomp of Courts forsook;
 My lofty roofs with golden sculpture shine,
 And my high birth descends from ancient line.

D I O N E.

Love is a sacred voluntary fire,
 Gold never bought that pure, that chaste desire.
 Who thinks true love for lucre to possess,
 Shall grasp false flattery and the feign'd caress;
 Can we believe that mean, that servile wife,
 Who vilely sells her dear-bought love for life,
 Would not her virtue for an hour resign,
 If in her sight the proffer'd treasure shine.

LYCIDAS.

Can reason (when by winds swift fires are born
 O'er waving harvests of autumnal corn)
 The driving fury of the flame reprove?
 Who then shall reason with a heart in love!

D I O N E.

Yet let me speak, O may my words persuade
 The noble youth to quit this sylvan maid!

Resign thy crook, no more to plains resort,
Look round on all the beauties of the Court;
There shall thy merit find a worthy flame,
Some nymph of equal wealth and equal name.
Think, if these offers should thy wish obtain,
And should the rustick beauty stoop to gain;
Thy heart could ne'er prolong th' unequal fire,
The sudden blaze would in one year expire;
Then thy rash folly thou too late shalt chide,
To Poverty and base-born blood ally'd;
Her vulgar tongue shall animate the strife,
And hourly discord vex thy future life.

L Y C I D A S.

Such is the force thy faithful words impart,
That like the galling goad they pierce my heart!
Thou think'st fair virtue in my breast resides,
That honest truth my lips and actions guides;
Deluded shepherd, couldst thou view my soul,
Thou'dst see it with deceit and treach'ry foul;
I'm base, perfidious. E'er from Court I came,
Love singled from the train a beauteous dame;

The tender maid my fervent vows believ'd,
 My fervent vows the tender maid deceiv'd.
 Why dost thou tremble?— why thus heave thy sighs?
 Why steal the silent sorrows from thy eyes?

D I O N E.

Sure the soft lamb hides rage within his breast,
 And cooing turtles are with hate possess'd;
 When from so sweet a tongue flow fraud and lies,
 And those meek looks a perjur'd heart disguise.
 Ah! who shall now on faithless man depend?
 The treach'rous lover proves as false a friend.

L Y C I D A S.

When with *Dione's* love my bosom glow'd,
 Firm constancy and truth sincere I vow'd;
 But since *Parthenia's* brighter charms were known,
 My love, my constancy and truth are flown.

D I O N E.

Are not thy hours with conscious anguish stung?
 Swift vengeance must o'ertake the perjur'd tongue.

The

The Gods the cause of injur'd love assert,
And arm with stubborn pride *Parthenia's* heart.

L R C I D A S.

Go, try her; tempt her with my birth and state,
Stronger ambition will subdue her hate.

D I O N E.

O rather turn thy thoughts on that lost maid,
Whose hourly sighs thy faithless oath upbraid!
Think thou behold'st her at the dead of night,
Plac'd by the glimm'ring taper's paly light,
With all thy letters spread before her view,
While trickling tears the tender lines bedew;
Sobbing she reads the perjury's o'er and o'er,
And her long nights know peaceful sleep no more.

L R C I D A S.

Let me forget her.

D I O N E.

O false youth, relent;
Think should *Parthenia* to thy hopes consent;

When

When *Hymen* joins your hands, and musick's voice
 Makes the glad ecchoes of thy domes rejoyce,
 Then shall *Dione* force the crouded hall,
 Kneel at thy feet and loud for justice call:
 Could'st thou behold her weltring on the ground,
 The purple dagger reeking from the wound?
 Could'st thou unmov'd this dreadful sight survey?
 Such fatal scenes shall stain thy bridal day.

L Y C I D A S.

The horrid thought sinks deep into my soul,
 And down my cheek unwilling sorrows roll.

D I O N E.

From this new flame thou may'st as yet recede.
 Or hast thou doom'd that guiltless maid shall bleed?

L Y C I D A S.

Name her no more.---Haste, seek the sylvan Fair.

D I O N E.

Should the rich proffer tempt her list'ning ear,
 Bid all thy peace adieu. O barb'rous youth,
 Canst thou forgo thy honour, love and truth?

Yet

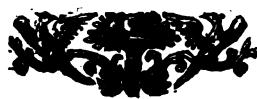
Yet should *Parthenia* wealth and title slight,
 Would justice then restore *Dione's* right?
 Would'st thou then dry her ever-falling tears;
 And blest with love and joy thy future years?

L Y C I D A S.

I'll in yon' shade thy wish'd return attend;
 Come, quickly come, and cheer thy sighing friend.
 [Ex. Lycidas.]

D I O N E.

Should her proud soul resist the tempting bait,
 Should she contemn his proffer'd wealth and state,
 Then I once more his perjur'd heart may move,
 And in his bosom wake the dying love.
 As the pale wretch involv'd in doubts and fears,
 All trembling in the judgment-hall appears;
 So shall I stand before *Parthenia's* eyes,
 For as she dooms, *Dione* lives or dies.



S f f

A C T



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

LYCIDAS. PARTHENIA asleep in a bower.

LYCIDAS.

MAY no rude wind the rustling branches move;
 Breathe soft, ye silent gales, nor wake my Love.
 Ye shepherds, piping homeward on the way,
 Let not the distant ecchoes learn your lay;
 Strain not, ye nightingales, your warbling throat,
 May no loud shake prolong the shriller note,
 Lest she awake; O sleep, secure her eyes,
 That I may gaze; for if she wake, she flies.
 While easy dreams compose her peaceful soul,
 What anxious cares within my bosom roll!
 If tir'd with sighs beneath the beech I lye,
 And languid slumber close my weeping eye,

Her

Her lovely vision rises to my view,
 Swift flies the nymph, and swift would I pursue;
 I strive to call, my tongue has lost its sound;
 Like rooted oaks, my feet benumm'd are bound;
 Struggling I wake. Again my sorrows flow,
 And not one flatt'ring dream deludes my woe.
 What innocence! how meek is ev'ry grace!
 How sweet the smile that dimples on her face,
 Calm as the sleeping seas! but should my sighs
 Too rudely breathe, what angry storms would rise!
 Though the fair rose with beauteous blush is crown'd,
 Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found;
 The peach, that with inviting crimson blooms,
 Deep at the heart the cank'ring worm consumes;
 'Tis thus, alas! those lovely features hide
 Disdain and anger and resentful pride.



S f f 2

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

LYCIDAS. DIONE. PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

Has proffer'd greatness yet o'ercome her hate?
 And does she languish for the glitt'ring bait?
 Against the swain she might her pride support.
 Can she subdue her sex, and scorn a Court?
 Perhaps in dreams the shining vision charms,
 And the rich bracelet sparkles on her arms;
 In fancy'd heaps the golden treasure glows:
Parthenia, wake; all this thy swain bestows.

DIONE.

Sleeps she in these close bowers?

LYCIDAS.

————— Lo! there she lies.

DIONE.

O may no startling sound unseal her eyes,

And

And drive her hence away. 'Till now, in vain
 I trod the winding wood and weary plain;
 Ign'rant as yet what grandeur courts her scorn,
 She thinks thee train'd in fields, and vulgar-born.
 Hence, *Lycidas*; beyond those shades repose,
 While I thy fortune and thy birth disclose.

L Y C I D A S.

May kind success upon the message wait.

D I O N E.

O rather think on lost *Dione's* fate!
 Must she thy broken faith for ever mourn,
 And will that juster passion ne'er return?

L Y C I D A S.

I'll hear no more: go then, her slumbers chase,
 And in her view the bright temptation place.

[*Ex. Lycidas.*]



S C E N E

S C E N E III.

D I O N E. P A R T H E N I A.

D I O N E.

Now flames the western skie with golden beams,
 And the ray kindles on the quiv'ring streams;
 Long flights of crows, high-croaking from their food,
 Now seek the nightly covert of the wood;
 The tender grass with dewy crystal bends,
 And gath'ring vapour from the heath ascends.
 Shake off this downy rest; wake, gentle maid,
 Trust not thy charms beneath the noxious shade.
Parthenia, rise.

P A R T H E N I A.

———What voice alarms my ear?
 Away. Approach not. Hah! *Alexis* there!
 Let us together to the vales descend,
 And to the folds our bleating charge attend;
 But let me hear no more that shepherd's name,
 Vex not my quiet with his hateful flame.

D I O N E.

Can I behold him gasping on the ground,
 Nor seek a healing herb to stanch the wound:
 For thee continual sighs consume his heart,
 'Tis thou alone canst cure the bleeding smart.
 Once more I come the moving cause to plead,
 If still his suff'rings cannot intercede,
 Yet let my friendship do his passion right,
 And show thy lover in his native light.

P A R T H E N I A

Why in dark myst'ry are thy words involv'd?
 If *Lycidas* you mean; know, I'm resolv'd.

D I O N E.

Let not thy kindling rage my words restrain.
 Know then; *Parthenia* flights no vulgar swain.
 For thee he bears the scip and sylvan crook,
 For thee the glories of a Court forsook.
 May not thy heart the wealthy flame decline,
 His honours, his possessions, all are thine.

P A R T H E N I A.

P A R T H E N I A.

If he's a Courtier, O ye Nymphs, beware;
 Those who most promise are the least sincere.
 The quick-ey'd hawk shoots headlong from above,
 And in his pounces bears the trembling dove;
 The pilf'ring wolf o'er-leaps the fold's defence.
 But the false Courtier preys on innocence.
 If he's a Courtier; O ye Nymphs, beware:
 Those who most promise are the least sincere.

D I O N E.

Alas! thou ne'er hast prov'd the sweets of State,
 Nor known that female pleasure, to be great.
 'Tis for the town ripe clusters load the poles,
 And all our Autumn crowns the Courtier's bowles;
 For him our woods the red-ey'd pheasant breed,
 And annual coveys in our harvest feed;
 For him with fruit the bending branch is stor'd,
 Plenty pours all her blessings on his board.
 If (when the market to the city calls)
 We chance to pass beside his palace walls,

Does

Does not his hall with musick's voice resound,
 And the floor tremble with the dancer's bound?
 Such are the pleasures *Lycidas* shall give,
 When thy relenting bosom bids him live.

P A R T H E N I A.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from spray to spray,
 Who sings a farewell to the parting day;
 At large he flies o'er hill and dale and down;
 Is not each bush, each spreading tree his own?
 And canst thou think he'll quit his native brier,
 For the bright cage o'er-arch'd with golden wire?
 What then are honours, pomp and gold to me?
 Are those a price to purchase liberty!

D I O N E.

Think, when the *Hymeneal* torch shall blaze,
 And on the solemn rites the virgins gaze;
 When thy fair locks with glitt'ring gems are grac'd,
 And the bright zone shall sparkle round thy waste,
 How will their hearts with envious sorrow pine,
 When *Lycidas* shall join his hand to thine!

T t t

P A R T H E

And yet, *Alexis*, all that pomp and show
Is oft' the varnish of internal woe.

When the chaste lamb is from her sisters led,
And interwoven garlands paint her head;
The gazing flock, all envious of her pride,
Behold her skipping by the Priests' side;
Each hopes the flow'ry wreath with longing eyes;
While she, alas! is led to sacrifice!
Thus walks the bride in all her state array'd,
The gaze and envy of each thoughtless maid.

D I O N E.

As yet her tongue resists the tempting snare,
And guards my panting bosom from despair. [*Aside.*]
Can thy strong soul this noble flame forgo?
Must such a lover waste his life in woe?

P A R T H E N I A.

Tell him, his gifts I scorn; not all his art,
Not all his flatt'ry shall seduce my heart.

Courtiers

Courtiers, I know, are disciplin'd to cheat,
 Their infant lips are taught to lisp deceit;
 To prey on easy nymphs they range the shade,
 And vainly boast of innocence betray'd;
 Chast hearts, unlearn'd in falsehood, they assail,
 And think our ear will drink the grateful tale:
 No. *Lycidas* shall ne'er my peace destroy,
 I'll guard my virtue, and content enjoy.

D I O N E.

So strong a passion in my bosom burns,
 Whene'er his soul is griev'd, *Alexis* mourns!
 Canst thou this importuning ardor blame?
 Would not thy tongue for friendship urge the same?

P A R T H E N I A

Yes, blooming swain. Thou show'st an honest mind;
 I see it, with the purest flame refin'd.
 Who shall compare love's mean and gross desire
 To the chaste zeal of friendship's sacred fire?
 By whining love our weakness is confest;
 But stronger friendship shows a virtuous breast.

In Folly's heart the short-liv'd blaze may glow,
 Wisdom alone can purer friendship know.
 Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays,
 Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;
 Not daily benefits exhaust the flame,
 It still is giving, and still burns the same;
 And could *Alexis* from his soul remove
 All the low images of grosser love;
 Such mild, such gentle looks thy heart declare,
 Fain would my breast thy faithful friendship share.

D I O N E.

How dar'st thou in the diff'rent sex confide?
 And seek a friendship which thou ne'er hast try'd?

P A R T H E N I A.

Yes, I to thee could give up all my heart.
 From thy chaste eye no wanton glances dart;
 Thy modest lips convey no thought impure,
 With thee may strictest virtue walk secure.

D I O N E.

Yet can I safely on the nymph depend;
 Whose unrelenting scorn can kill my friend?

P A R T H E N I A.

Accuse me not, who act a generous part;
Had I, like city maids, a fraudulent heart,
Then had his proffers taught my soul to feign,
Then had I vilely stoopt to fordid gain,
Then had I sigh'd for honours, pomp and gold,
And for unhappy chains my freedom fold.
If thou would'st save him, bid him leave the plain,
And to his native city turn again:
There, shall his passion find a ready cure,
There, not one dame resists the glitt'ring lure.

D I O N E.

All this I frequent urg'd, but urg'd in vain:
Alas! thou only canst assuage his pain!

*S C E N E*

S C E N E IV.

D I O N E. P A R T H E N I A L Y C I D A S,
[listening.]

L Y C I D A S.

Why stays *Alexis*? can my bosom bear
Thus long th'alternate storm of hope and fear?
Yonder they walk; no frowns her brow disguise,
But love consenting sparkles in her eyes;
Here will I listen, here, impatient wait.
Spare me, *Parthenia*, and resign thy hate. [Aside.]

P A R T H E N I A.

When *Lycidas* shall to the Court repair,
Still let *Alexis* love his fleecy care;
Still let him chuse cool grots and sylvan bowers,
And let *Parthenia* share his peaceful hours.

L Y C I D A S.

What do I hear? my friendship is betray'd;
The treach'rous rival has seduc'd the maid. [Aside.]

P A R T H E N I A.

P A R T H E N I A.

With thee, where bearded goats descend the steep,
 Or where, like winter's snow, the nibbling sheep
 Cloath the slope hills; I'll pass the cheerful day,
 And from thy reed my voice shall catch the lay.
 But see, still Ev'ning spreads her dusky wings,
 The flocks, slow-moving from the misty springs,
 Now seek their fold. Come, shepherd, let's away,
 To close the latest labours of the day.

[Exeunt hand in hand.]

S C E N E V.

L Y C I D A S.

My troubled heart what dire disasters rend!
 A scornful mistress, and a treach'rous friend!
 Would ye be cozen'd, more than woman can;
 Unlock your bosom to perfidious man.
 One faithful woman have these eyes beheld;
 And against her this perjur'd heart rebell'd:

But

But search as far as earth's wide bounds extend,
Where shall the wretched find one faithful friend?

S C E N E VI.

*LYCIDAS. DIONE.**LYCIDAS.*

Why starts the swain? why turn his eyes away,
As if amidst his path the viper lay?
Did I not to thy charge my heart confide?
Did I not trust thee near *Parthenia's* side,
As here she slept?

DIONE.

She strait my call obey'd,
And downy slumber left the lovely maid;
As in the morn awakes the folded rose,
And all around her breathing odour throws;
So wak'd *Parthenia*.

LYCIDAS.

L Y C I D A S.

————— Could thy guarded heart,
 When her full beauty glow'd, put by the dart?
 Yet on *Alexis* let my soul depend.
 'Tis most ungen'rous to suspect a friend.
 And thou, I hope, hast well that name profest.

D I O N E.

O could thy piercing eye discern my breast!
 Could'st thou the secrets of my bosom see,
 There ev'ry thought is fill'd with cares for thee.

L Y C I D A S.

Is there, against hypocrisie, defence,
 Who cloaths her words and looks with innocence!

[*Afide.*

Say, shepherd, when you proffer'd wealth and state,
 Did not her scorn and suppled pride abate?

D I O N E.

As sparkling di'monds to the feather'd train,
 Who scrape the winnow'd chaff in search of grain;

U u u

Such

Such to the shepherdes the Court appears:
Content she seeks, and spurns those glitt'ring cares.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis not in woman grandeur to despise,
'Tis not from Courts, from me alone she flies.
Did not my passion suffer like disgrace,
While she believ'd me born of sylvan race?
Dost thou not think, this proudest of her kind
Has to some rival swain her heart resign'd?

DIONE.

No rival shepherd her disdain can move;
Her frozen bosom is averse to love.

LYCIDAS.

Say, art thou sure, that this ungrateful fair
Scorns all alike, bids all alike despair?

DIONE.

How can I know the secrets of her heart!

LYCIDAS.

Answer sincere, nor from the question start.

Say,

Say, in her glance was never love confest,
And is no swain distinguish'd from the rest?

D I O N E.

O *Lycidas*, bid all thy troubles cease;
Let not a thought on her disturb thy peace.
May justice bid thy former passion wake;
Think how *Dione* suffers for thy sake:
Let not a broken oath thy honour stain,
Recall thy vows, and seek the town again.

L Y C I D A S.

What means *Alexis*? where's thy friendship flown?
Why am I banish'd to the hateful town?
Has some new shepherd warm'd *Parthenia*'s breast?
And does my love her am'rous hours molest?
Is it for this thou bid'st me quit the plain?
Yes, yes, thou fondly lov'st this rival swain.
When first my cheated soul thy friendship woo'd,
To my warm heart I took the vip'rous brood.
O false *Alexis*!

U u u 2

D I O N E

D I O N E.

Why am I accus'd?

Thy jealous mind is by weak fears abus'd.

L Y C I D A S.

Was not thy bosom fraught with false design?
 Didst thou not plead his cause, and give up mine?
 Let not thy tongue evasive answer seek;
 The conscious crimson rises on thy cheek:
 Thy coward conscience, by thy guilt dismaid,
 Shakes in each joint, and owns that I'm betray'd.

D I O N E.

How my poor heart is wrong'd! O spare thy friend!

L Y C I D A S.

Seek not detected falsehood to defend.

D I O N E.

Beware; lest blind suspicion rashly blame.

L Y C I D A S.

Own thy self then the rival of my flame.
 If this be she for whom *Alexis* pin'd,
 She now no more is to thy vows unkind.

Behind

Behind the thicket's twisted verdure laid,
 I witness'd ev'ry tender thing she said;
 I saw bright pleasure kindle in her eyes,
 Love warm'd each feature at thy soft replies.

D I O N E.

Yet hear me speak.

L Y C I D A S.

————— In vain is all defence.

Did not thy treach'rous hand conduct her hence?
 Haste, from my sight. Rage burns in ev'ry vein;
 Never approach my just revenge again.

D I O N E.

O search my heart; there injur'd truth thou'lt find.

L Y C I D A S.

Talk not of Truth; long since she left mankind.
 So smooth a tongue! and yet so false a heart!
 Sure Courts first taught thee fawning friendship's art!
 No. Thou art false by nature.

D I O N E.

————— Let me clear

This heavy charge, and prove my trust sincere.

Boast then her favours ; say, what happy hour
 Next calls to meet her in th' appointed bower ;
 Say, when and where you met.

D I O N E.

————— Be rage suppress.

In stabbing mine, you wound *Parthenia's* breast.
 She said, she still defy'd Love's keenest dart ;
 Yet purer friendship might divide her heart,
 Friendship's sincerer bands she wish'd to prove.

L Y C I D A S.

A woman's friendship ever ends in love.
 Think not these foolish tales my faith command ;
 Did not I see thee press her snowy hand ?
 O may her passion like thy friendship last !
 May she betray thee e'er a day be past !
 Hence then. Away. Thou'rt hateful to my sight,
 And thus I spurn the fawning hypocrite.

[*Ex.* Lycidas.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

D I O N E:

Was ever grief like mine! O wretched maid!
My friendship wrong'd! my constant love betray'd!
Misfortune haunts my steps where-e'er I go,
And all my days are over-cast with woe.
Long have I strove th' encreasing load to bear,
Now faints my soul, and sinks into despair.
O lead me to the hanging mountain's cell,
In whose brown cliffs the fowls of darkness dwell;
Where waters, trickling down the rifted wall,
Shall lull my sorrows with the tinkling fall.
There, seek thy grave. How canst thou bear the light,
When banish'd ever from *Evander's* sight!



S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

D I O N E. L A U R A.

L A U R A.

Why hangs a cloud of grief upon thy brows?
Does the proud nymph accept *Evander's* vows?

D I O N E.

Can I bear life with these new pangs oppress?
Again he tears me from his faithless breast:
A perjur'd Lover first he fought these plains,
And now my friendship like my love disdains.
As I new offers to *Parthenia* made,
Conceal'd he stood behind the woodbine shade.
He says, my treach'rous tongue his heart betray'd,
That my false speeches have mis-led the maid;
With groundless fear he thus his soul deceives;
What frenzy dictates, jealousy believes.

L A U R A.

Resign thy crook, put off this manly vest,
And let the wrong'd *Dione* stand confest;

When he shall learn what sorrows thou hast born,
And find that nought relents *Parthenia's* scorn;
Sure he will pity thee.

D I O N E.

————— No, *Laura*, no.

Should I, alas! the sylvan dress forgo,
Then might he think that I her pride foment,
That injur'd love instructs me to resent;
Our secret enterprize might fatal prove:
Man flies the plague of persecuting love.

L A U R A.

Avoid *Parthenia*; lest his rage grow warm,
And jealousy resolve some fatal harm.

D I O N E.

O *Laura*, if thou chance the youth to find,
Tell him what torments vex my anxious mind;
Should I once more his awful presence seek,
The silent tears would bathe my glowing cheek;
By rising sighs my fault'ring voice be stay'd,
And trembling fear too soon confess the maid.

X x x

Haste

Haste, *Laura*, then; his vengeful foul asswage,
 Tell him, I'm guiltless; cool his blinded rage;
 Tell him that truth sincere my friendship brought,
 Let him not cherish one suspicious thought.
 Then to convince him, his distrust was vain,
 I'll never, never see that nymph again.
 This way he went.

L A U R A

————— See, at the call of night,
 The star of ev'ning sheds his silver light
 High o'er yon western hill: the cooling gales
 Fresh odours breathe along the winding dales;
 Far from their home as yet our shepherds stray,
 To close with cheerful walk the sultry day.
 Methinks from far I hear the piping swain;
 Hark, in the breeze now swells, now sinks the strain!
 Thither I'll seek him.

D I O N E.

————— While this length of glade
 Shall lead me pensive through the sable shade;

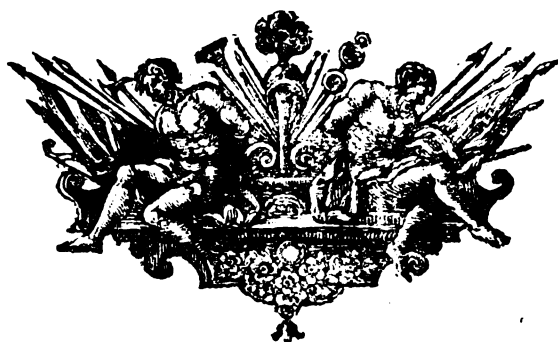
Where

Where on the branches murmur rushing winds,
Grateful as falling floods to love-sick minds.

O may this path to Death's dark vale descend!

There only, can the wretched hope a friend.

[Ex. severally.]



X X X 2

A C T



A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Wood.

D I O N E. C L E A N T H E S, (*who lyes
wounded in a distant part of the stage*)

D I O N E.

TH E Moon serene now climbs th' aerial way ;
 See, at her sight ten thousand stars decay :
 With trembling gleam she tips the silent grove,
 While all beneath the checquer'd shadows move.
 Turn back thy silver axles, downward roll,
 Darkness best fits the horrors of my soul.
 Rise, rise, ye clouds ; the face of heav'n deform,
 Veil the bright Goddess in a fable form :
 O look not down upon a wretched maid !
 Let thy bright torch the happy lover aid,

And

And light his wandring footsteps to the bower,
 Where the kind nymph attends th' appointed hour.
 Yet thou hast seen unhappy love, like mine ;
 Did not thy lamp in Heav'n's blue forehead shine,
 When *Thisbe* sought her Love along the glade ?
 Didst thou not then behold the gleaming blade,
 And gild the fatal point that stabb'd her breast ?
 Soon I, like her, shall seek the realms of rest.
 Let groves of mournful yew this wretch surround !
 O sooth my ear with melancholy sound !
 The village curs now stretch their yelling throat,
 And dogs from distant cotts return the note ;
 The rav'nous wolf along the valley prowls,
 And with his famish'd crys the mountain howls.
 But hark ! what sudden noise advances near ?
 Repeated groans alarm my frightened ear !

C L E A N T H E S.

Shepherd, approach ; ah ! fly not through the glade.
 A wretch all dy'd with wounds invokes thy aid.

D I O N E.

Say then, unhappy stranger, how you bled ;
Collect thy spirits, raise thy drooping head.

[Cleanthes raises himself on his arm.

O horrid fight ! *Cleanthes* gasping lies ;
And Death's black shadows float before his eyes.
Unknown in this disguise, I'll check my woe,
And learn what bloody hand has struck the blow.

[*Afide.*

Say, youth, e'er Fate thy feeble voice confounds,
What led thee hither ? whence these purple wounds ?

C L E A N T H E S.

Stay, fleeting life ; may strength a-while prevail,
Lest my clos'd lips confine th' imperfect tale.
E'er the streak'd East grew warm with amber ray,
I from the city took my doubtful way,
Far o'er the plains I sought a beauteous maid,
Who from the Court, in these wide forests stray'd,
Wanders unknown ; as I, with weary pain,
Try'd ev'ry path, and op'ning glade in vain ;

A

A band of thieves, forth-rushing from the wood,
Unsheath'd their daggers warm with daily blood;
Deep in my breast the barb'rous steel is dy'd,
And purple hands the golden prey divide.
Hence are these mangling wounds. Say, gentle swain,
If thou hast known among the sylvan train
The vagrant nymph I seek?

D I O N E.

What mov'd thy care,
Thus, in these pathless wilds to search the fair?

C L E A N T H E S.

I charge you, O ye daughters of the grove,
Ye *Naiads*, who the mossy fountains love,
Ye happy swains, who range the pastures wide,
Ye tender nymphs, who feed your flocks beside;
If my last gasping breath can pity move,
If e'er ye knew the pangs of flighted love,
Show her, I charge you, where *Cleanthes* dy'd;
The grass yet reeking with the sanguine tide.

A

A father's power to me the virgin gave,
 But she disdain'd to live a nuptial slave;
 So fled her native home.

D I O N E.

————— 'Tis then from thee
 Springs the foul source of all her misery.
 Couldst thou, thy selfish appetite to please,
 Condemn to endless woes another's peace?

C L E A N T H E S.

O spare me; nor my hapless love upbraid,
 While on my heart Death's frozen hand is laid!
 Go, seek her, guide her where *Cleantes* bled;
 When she surveys her lover pale and dead,
 Tell her, that since she fled my hateful fight,
 Without remorse I sought the realms of night.
 Methinks I see her view these poor remains,
 And on her cheek indecent gladness reigns!
 Full in her presence cold *Cleantes* lies,
 And not one tear stands trembling in her eyes!

O let a sigh my hapless fate deplore!

Cleanthes now controuls thy love no more.

D I O N E.

How shall my lids confine these rising woes? [*Aside.*

C L E A N T H E S.

O might I see her, e'er Death's finger close

These eyes for ever! might her soften'd breast

Forgive my love with too much ardor prest!

Then I with peace could yield my latest breath.

D I O N E.

Shall I not calm the fable hour of death,

And show my self before him!—Hah! he dies.

See, from his trembling lip the spirit flies! [*Aside.*

Stay yet awhile. *Dione* stands confest.

He knows me not. He faints, he sinks to rest.

C L E A N T H E S.

Tell her, since all my hopes in her were lost,

That death was welcome----- [*Dies.*

Y y y

D I O N E

D I O N E.

What sudden gusts of grief my bosom rend!
A parent's curses o'er my head impend
For disobedient vows; O wretched maid,
Those very vows *Evander* has betray'd.
See, at thy feet *Cleantes* bath'd in blood!
For love of thee he trod this lonely wood;
Thou art the cruel authress of his fate;
He falls by thine, thou, by *Evander's* hate.
When shall my soul know rest? *Cleantes* slain
No longer sighs and weeps for thy disdain,
Thou still art curst with love. Bleed, virgin, bleed.
How shall a wretch from anxious life be freed!
My troubled brain with sudden frenzy burns,
And shatter'd thought now this now that way turns.
What do I see thus glitt'ring on the plains?
Hah! the dread sword yet warm with crimson stains!
[Takes up the dagger.]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

D I O N E. P A R T H E N I A,

P A R T H E N I A.

Sweet is the walk when night has cool'd the hour.
 This path directs me to my sylvan bower. [*Aside.*

D I O N E.

Why is my soul with sudden fear dismay'd?
 Why drops my trembling hand the pointed blade?
 O string my arm with force! [*Aside.*

P A R T H E N I A.

————— Methought a noise
 Broke through the silent air, like human voice.
 [*Aside.*

D I O N E.

One well-aim'd blow shall all my pangs remove,
 Grasp firm the fatal steel, and cease to love. [*Aside.*

Y y y 2

P A R T H E.

D I O N E.

P A R T H E N I A.

Sure 'twas *Alexis*. Hah! a sword display'd!
The streaming lustre darts a-crofs the shade. [*Aside.*

D I O N E.

May Heav'n new vigour to my soul impart,
And guide the desp'rate weapon to my heart! [*Aside.*

P A R T H E N I A.

May I the meditated death arrest! [*Holds Dione's hand.*
Strike not, rash shepherd; spare thy guiltless breast.
O give me strength to stay the threaten'd harm,
And wrench the dagger from his lifted arm!

D I O N E.

What cruel hand with-holds the welcome blow?
In giving life, you but prolong my woe.
O may not thus th' expected stroke impend!
Unloose thy grasp, and let swift death descend.
But if yon' murder thy red hands has dy'd;
Here. Pierce me deep; let forth the vital tide.
[*Dione quits the dagger.*

P A R T H E-

P A R T H E N I A.

Wait not thy fate; but this way turn thy eyes:
 My virgin hand no purple murder dyes.
 Turn then, *Alexis*; and *Parthenia* know,
 'Tis she protects thee from the fatal blow.

D I O N E.

Must the night-watches by my sighs be told?
 And must these eyes another morn behold
 Through dazling floods of tears? ungen'rous maid,
 The friendly stroke is by thy hand delay'd;
 Call it not mercy to prolong my breath;
 'Tis but to torture me with lingring death.

P A R T H E N I A.

What moves thy hand to act this bloody part?
 Whence are these gnawing pangs that tear thy heart?
 Is that thy friend who lies before thee slain?
 Is it his wound that reeks upon the plain?
 Is't *Lycidas*?

D I O N E.

————— No. I the stranger found,
 E'er chilly death his frozen tongue had bound.

He said; as at the rosy dawn of day,
He from the city took his vagrant way,
A murd'ring band pour'd on him from the wood,
First seiz'd his gold, then bath'd their swords in blood.

P A R T H E N I A.

You, whose ambition labours to be great,
Think on the perils which on riches wait.
Safe are the shepherd's paths; when sober Even
Streaks with pale light the bending arch of heaven,
From danger free, through deserts wild he hies,
The rising smoak far o'er the mountain spies,
Which marks his distant cottage; on he fares,
For him no murd'ers lay their nightly snares;
They pass him by, they turn their steps away:
Safe Poverty was ne'er the villain's prey.
At home he lies secure in easy sleep,
No bars his ivie-mantled cottage keep;
No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagger hold,
And drag him to detect the buried gold;

Nor

Nor starts he from his couch aghast and pale,
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.
While he, whose iron coffers rust with wealth,
Harbours beneath his roof Deceit and Stealth;
Treach'ry with lurking pace frequents his walks,
And close behind him horrid Murder stalks.
'Tis tempting lucre makes the villain bold.
There lies a bleeding sacrifice to gold.

D I O N E.

To live, is but to wake to daily cares,
And journey through a tedious vale of tears.
Had you not rush'd between, my life had flown;
And I, like him, no more had sorrow known.

P A R T H E N I A.

When anguish in the gloomy bosom dwells,
The counsel of a friend the cloud dispells.
Give thy breast vent, the secret grief impart,
And say what woe lies heavy at thy heart.
To save thy life kind Heav'n has succour sent,
The Gods by me thy threaten'd fate prevent.

D I O N E.

D I O N E.

No. To prevent it, is beyond thy power;
 Thou only canst defer the welcome hour.
 When you the lifted dagger turn'd aside,
 Only one road to death thy force deny'd;
 Still fate is in my reach. From mountains high,
 Deep in whose shadow craggy ruins lie,
 Can I not headlong fling this weight of woe,
 And dash out life against the flints below?
 Are there not streams, and lakes, and rivers wide,
 Where my last breath may bubble on the tide?
 No. Life shall never flatter me again,
 Nor shall to-morrow bring new sighs and pain.

P A R T H E N I A.

Can I this burthen of thy soul relieve,
 And calm thy grief?

D I O N E.

————— If thou wilt comfort give;
 Plight me thy word, and to that word be just;
 When poor *Alexis* shall be laid in dust,

That

That pride no longer shall command thy mind,
 That thou wilt spare the friend I leave behind.
 I know his virtue worthy of thy breast.
 Long in thy love may *Lycidas* be blest!

P A R T H E N I A.

That swain (who would my liberty controul,
 To please some short-liv'd transport of his soul)
 Shows, while his importuning flame he moves,
 That 'tis not me, himself alone he loves.
 O live, nor leave him by misfortune prest;
 'Tis shameful to desert a friend distressed.

D I O N E.

Alas! a wretch like me no loss would prove,
 Would kind *Parthenia* listen to his love.

P A R T H E N I A.

Why hides thy bosom this mysterious grief?
 Ease thy o'erburthen'd heart and hope relief.

D I O N E.

What profits it to touch thy tender breast,
 With wrongs, like mine, which ne'er can be redrest?

Z z z

Let

Let in my heart the fatal secret dye,
Nor call up sorrow in another's eye!

S C E N E III.

D I O N E. P A R T H E N I A. L Y C I D A S.

L Y C I D A S.

If *Laura* right direct the darksome ways,
Along these paths the pensive shepherd strays. [*Aside.*

D I O N E.

Let not a tear for me roll down thy cheek.
O would my throbbing sighs my heart-strings break!
Why was my breast the lifted stroke deny'd?
Must then again the deathful deed be try'd?
Yes. 'Tis resolv'd. [*Snatches the dagger from Parthenia.*

P A R T H E N I A

——— Ah, hold; forbear, forbear!

L Y C I D A S.

Methought Distress with shrieks alarm'd my ear!

P A R T H E-

P A R T H E N I A.

Strike not. Ye Gods, defend him from the wound!

L Y C I D A S.

Yes. 'tis *Parthenia's* voice, I know the sound.

Some sylvan ravisher would force the maid,

And *Laura* sent me to her virtue's aid.

Die, villain, die; and seek the shades below.

[*Lycidas snatches the dagger from Dione,
and stabs her.*]

D I O N E.

Whoe'er thou art, I bless thee for the blow.

L Y C I D A S.

Since Heav'n ordain'd this arm thy life should guard,

O hear my vows! be love the just reward.

P A R T H E N I A.

Rather let vengeance, with her swiftest speed

Overtake thy flight, and recompense the deed!

Why stays the thunder in the upper skie?

Gather, ye clouds; ye forked lightnings, fly:

Z z z 2

On

On thee may all the wrath of heav'n descend,
 Whose barb'rous hand has slain a faithful friend.
 Behold *Alexis*!

L Y C I D A S.

————— Would that treach'rous boy
 Have forc'd thy virtue to his brutal joy?
 What rous'd his passion to this bold advance?
 Did e'er thy eyes confess one willing glance?
 I know, the faithless youth his trust betray'd;
 And well the dagger has my wrongs repay'd.

D I O N E. [raising her self on her arm.

Breaks not *Evander's* voice along the glade?
 Hah! is it he who holds the reeking blade!
 There needed not or poyson, sword, or dart;
 Thy faithless vows, alas! had broke my heart. [*Aside.*

P A R T H E N I A.

O tremble, shepherd, for thy rash offence,
 The sword is dy'd with murder'd innocence!
 His gentle soul no brutal passion seiz'd,
 Nor at my bosom was the dagger rais'd;

Self-

Self-murder was his aim; the youth I found
 Whelm'd in despair, and stay'd the falling wound.

D I O N E.

Into what mischiefs is the lover led,
 Who calls down vengeance on his perjur'd head!
 O may he ne'er bewail this desperate deed,
 And may, unknown, unwept, *Dione* bleed! [*Aside.*]

L Y C I D A S.

What horrors on the guilty mind attend!
 His conscience had reveng'd an injur'd friend,
 Hadst thou not held the stroke. In death he sought
 To lose the heart-consuming pain of thought.
 Did not the smooth-tongu'd boy perfidious prove,
 Plead his own passion, and betray my love?

D I O N E.

O let him ne'er this bleeding victim know;
 Left his rash transport, to revenge the blow,
 Should in his dearer heart the dagger stain!
 That wound would pierce my soul with double pain.

[*Aside.*]

P A R T H E.

P A R T H E N I A.

How did his faithful lips (now pale and cold)
With moving eloquence thy griefs unfold!

L Y C I D A S.

Was he thus faithful? thus, to friendship true?
Then I'm a wretch. All peace of mind, adieu!
If ebbing life yet beat within thy vein,
Alexis, speak; unclose those lids again.

[*Flings himself on the ground near Dione.*

See at thy feet the barb'rous villain kneel!
'Tis *Lycidas* who grasps the bloody steel,
Thy once lov'd friend.—Yet e'er I cease to live,
Canst thou a wretched penitent forgive?

D I O N E.

When low beneath the sable mould I rest,
May a sincerer friendship share thy breast!
Why are those heaving groans? (ah! cease to weep!)
May my lost name in dark oblivion sleep;
Let this sad tale no speaking stone declare,
From future eyes to draw a pitying tear:

Let

Let o'er my grave the lev'ling plough-share pass,

Mark not the spot; forget that e'er I was.

Then may'st thou with *Parthenia's* love be blest,

And not one thought on me thy joys molest!

My swimming eyes are over-power'd with light,

And darkning shadows fleet before my sight.

May'st thou be happy! ah! my soul is free. [dies.

LYCIDAS.

O cruel shepherdes, for love of thee [To *Parthenia*,

This fatal deed was done.

S C E N E *the last.*

LYCIDAS. PARTHENIA.

LAURA.

LAURA.

Alexis slain!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Twas I did it. See this crimson stain!

My

My hands with blood of innocence are dy'd.

O may the Moon her silver beauty hide

In rolling clouds! my foul abhors the light;

Shade, shade the murd'rer in eternal night!

L A U R A.

No rival shepherd is before thee laid;

There bled the chastest, the sincerest maid

That ever sigh'd for love. On her pale face,

Cannot thy weeping eyes the feature trace

Of thy once dear *Dione*? with wan care

Sunk are those eyes, and livid with despair!

L Y C I D A S.

Dione!

L A U R A.

———— There pure Constancy lies dead!

L Y C I D A S.

May Heav'n shower vengeance on this perjur'd head!

As the dry branch that withers on the ground,

So, blasted be the hand that gave the wound!

Off

Off; hold me not. This heart deserves the stroke;
'Tis black with treach'ry. Yes: the vows are broke

[*Stabs himself*]

Which I so often swore. Vain world, adieu!
Though I was false in life, in death I'm true. [*Dies*]

L A U R A.

To morrow shall the funeral rites be paid,
And these Love victims in one grave be laid.

P A R T H E N I A.

There shall the yew her sable branches spread,
And mournful cypresses rear her fringed head.

L A U R A.

From thence shall thyme and myrtle send perfume,
And laurel ever-green o'ershade the tomb.

P A R T H E N I A.

Come, *Laura*; let us leave this horrid wood,
Where steams the purple grass with lovers blood;
Come to my bower. And as we forrowing go,
Let poor *Dione's* story feed my woe
With heart-relieving tears.---

A a a a

L A U R A.

————— Unhappy maid,
Hadst thou a Parent's just command obey'd,
Thou yet hadst liv'd.--- But who shall Love advise :
Love scorns command, and breaks all other tyes.
Henceforth, ye swains, be true to vows profess;
For certain vengeance strikes the perjur'd breast.

F I N I S.



